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Drawn by R. Lamb A.R.A.

MALVERN WELLS

THE WYCHE

Malvern A.R.A.

THE BEACON

GREAT MALVERN

NORTH MALVERN

in Stone's G. Childs

4-7579

LIFE AT THE WATER CURE

OR

A MONTH AT MALVERN

A Diary

BY RICHARD J. LANE

LITHOGRAPHER TO HER MAJESTY AND H. R. H. THE PRINCE ALBERT
A. R. A.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE SEQUEL

IN AQUIS SALUS

"Wherever the stream glides pure, wherever the spring sparkles fresh, there, for the vast proportion of the maladies which Art produces, Nature yields the benignant healing."

"At the Water Cure the whole life is one remedy."—SIR EDWARD BELWER LYTTON



LONDON

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS

PATERNOSTER ROW

M D C C C X I V I



LONDON

WIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,

PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

TO
PRIESSNITZ


This Volume

WRITTEN IN THE EARNEST DESIRE TO HELP IN EXTENDING
A KNOWLEDGE OF HIS INVALUABLE DISCOVERY

IS INSCRIBED

BY A STRANGER

WITH CHERISHED SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE



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PREFACE



“Having a high forehead, with less hair on the top of his head than gentlemen of forty, or thereabout, usually carry, he is supposed to be literary.”—DICKENS.

I AM persuaded—very easily—to print the following Journal. Indeed, I am not sure that the idea of publication did not first occur to me; but I am quite certain that I conceived no such fancy until I had nearly completed what was simply designed to record my experience for the amusement and the benefit of my own family, and to remind me of the blessings of that happy month, of the deep obligations that I owe to the “Water Cure”—to the kind Friend who dispensed its benefits, and to the happy circle assembled in his house, whose generous attention ren-

dered the absence from home—to which I was only prepared to submit by patience—full of domestic comfort, of social delights, and wholesome recreation.

How far, however, what is here printed was designed for publication, is a point of very little interest to the reader, who, if he take the trouble to infer any thing, will have no difficulty in detecting here and there, sufficient evidence of ill-disguised effort to carry out an anxious and paramount object.

While journalizing my daily experience, I did not deem it necessary to make the Doctor, in any degree, the depositary of my secret. It was evident that if he, or any of my fellow-patients, knew that there was “a chiel amang ‘em, takin’ notes,” the idea that “faith he’ll *prent* it,” might have occurred to them before it was conceived by *me*, and would have either induced reserve, or made

our intercourse constrained and stilted. I present an earnest and a faithful record, in the full conviction that I am assisting in a great and good cause; without which ruling motive, no "consideration" could have tempted me to entertain, for one moment, the idea of "going to press." In reporting long conversations, I have as full confidence in the tenacity of my memory as in the purity of my motive; and, thus qualified, I have noted down my own progress—I have talked with my fellow-patients—with those who were going to the Cure—with those who were undergoing the Cure—with those who had passed through the Cure; and with our faithful and generous friend the Doctor, who, ever frank and without disguise, was communicating all that I desired—transparent and true as the element of which he is the zealous and efficient minister.

Thus, not being influenced by any written opinion—professional or otherwise, I have observed with an impartial eye and steady interest (not obscured by the natural enthusiasm of renewed faculties), every thing that could mature my judgment, and bring me to a safe conclusion on this vitally important subject.

I yet felt convinced that to achieve any good by publication, it would be well to delay until the result of the unspeakable benefit effected during the “month at Malvern” had been confirmed and tested by time; and, in September last, while actuated by renewed desire to make known my experience, I saw a paper put forth by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in Colburn’s “New Monthly Magazine,” “The Confessions of a Water Patient.”*

* Since published in a separate form.

The sensation which has been awakened by this eloquent and forcible advocacy of the Water Cure, may well prepare the way for other workmen in the same field; in which number I desire to enlist, as I may plead that I possess *one* qualification in common with its author, being actuated by "enthusiasm, built on experience, and prompted by sympathy."

In his Letter the charm of style is not more calculated to appeal to the intellect, than are the simplicity and truth with which he has detailed his experience, to enlist reason and common sense on his side; and with this paper before me, at once encouraging and forbidding to tread the same ground, my plan was matured.

Having often attempted, and as often failed, adequately to depict my appreciation of the serene sympathies arising out of our

enjoyment of the genial influences of the Water Treatment, I went through what I had written, cutting away all that I deemed either feeble or overstrained (through my attempts at well turned or persuasive language), that I might intertwine the flowers of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in which I saw mirrored and put into shape much that I had vainly tried to describe: and in thus adorning my plain detail, I am more than satisfied to think that what I have written, with the same singleness of motive, may be read as a sort of running commentary on his "revelations."

I have also (in my enumeration of the Malvern party) ventured to retain his name: while, with the exception of our Host and Hostess, the other personages are disguised.

To indulge any sensitiveness respecting the publication of *my own* name would be

very absurd. I could not make up my mind to write anonymously, nor to *speak out* behind a mask, as the cur who breaks into a bark when he has retreated behind a fence. Besides, in transferring my name from no enviable position in the windows of a print shop, to the title-page of my Diary, I cannot affect any sense of degradation; nor do I find any thing distressing in the idea that I may be better known as an Hydropathist than as an Artist—the ordeal that I court is the “*purgatio per aquam*”—the step is “from the frying-pan into the” *water*.

To carry out, therefore, my designation on the title-page, and desirous to emulate CRESWICK, in the completeness of his delineations of the running brook, diverted in its course by obstacles that for a moment arrest, but to give the current new life and

motion, as it glances off in playful foam, or falls in bold and deepening masses; I *had* prepared to introduce, here and there, a STONE, judiciously thrown in as a *break-water*, but this whim having been thwarted by the presiding power in Paternoster Row, from whose dictum there is no appeal, the less ponderous obstruction of wood blocks has been substituted; and now—having gone to press, and got into the Publisher's "wet sheets," although *he* has not thought fit to damp my ardour, or to throw cold water on my adventurous spirit—I am beset by vague misgivings regarding the under-current of *personalities* running through my "rivulet of text," and enlivening the else monotonous stream. Although I have been bold enough to retain these items of my Diary, I certainly could not have summoned courage to print it *without* them, as the integrity of my plan

demands an exhibition of all that illustrates our habits and tempers; of which none is more characteristic of a Water Patient than the expansive feeling that will not be wrapped in the cloak of selfishness. If my details be regarded by any one as a sort of "breaking out" (of bounds), let me earnestly plead that, having laboured to separate from my pages every thing of a personal nature, and having found it impossible to do so without destroying the interest which justifies my title, I found no alternative, but publication, or entire suppression. And, seriously, the hostility of the Medical Professors (except those who have *retired from practice*) demands from us something more than a private acknowledgment of our obligations; it calls upon us to disabuse the mind of the vague and groundless notions which are industriously put forth, that there is any

danger in its processes: and while those who sound the alarm—who

“Pervert pure Nature’s healthful rules,”

still refuse to give any attention to the simple and rational principles upon which Hydropathy is securely based, it calls upon the patients to form a LEAGUE, whose movement shall be irresistible.

Dr. Wilson says, that “the Water Cure is the *Cold Water Cure* in time and place.” There are many states of disease in which he applies *hot* fomentations, and when even a *blister* is advisable, with cordial draughts, and active internal stimulants. These cases are very rare; but I have heard the Doctor say, that, with *hot fomentations* to the stomach, and *stimulants* administered internally, he has often *saved life*, that the body may be afterwards cured by the Cold Water.

It cannot be too strongly urged, that the rules of Hydropathists are not to be suddenly and indiscriminately adopted. I except, of course, the habits of cold bathing, and early walking, and water drinking, which, from their simplicity and obvious utility, *may* constitute "Every Man his own Washer-woman."

The *initiatory* treatment in any case demands the watchful superintendence of a learned and scientific director; it claims the same qualifications as the "regular practice,"—a thorough knowledge of the human body in health and in disease.

Seated in a well-built carriage, with sound and sure-footed horses, one's life is not safe with an unskilful driver. An uneducated *Professor*, undertaking to conduct the Water Cure, however zealous he may be for the cause, may do great and irre-

trievable mischief. If the true principles of the Water Cure could authorise a man to put cold wet towels to the stomach of a patient when the vital sense was so low that there was no re-action of warmth after the bath, then Hydropathy ought to be condemned as dangerous. If a man, whose malady arose from the gout or the heart, were treated as if it were from the nerves or the brain, the verdict of the community should not be "Death by the Water Cure."

I am, however, convinced that the educated members of the profession will ere long study and learn its practice, and then the unqualified pretenders will find their unhallowed occupation gone.

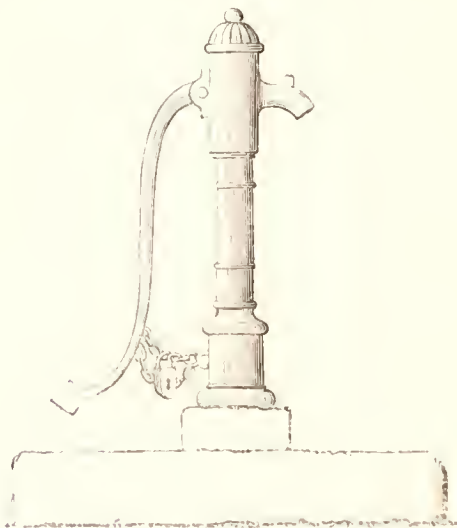
The discovery is yet recent; and it meets the common fate of new revelations. The discovery of the circulation of the blood

nearly ruined HARVEY by the hostility of the doctors; and I am told that he was denounced as an "infidel" for *proving* that the arteries contain blood, and not "animal spirits." as was at that time generally believed; and that when he *demonstrated* the *circulation* of the blood, not one medical practitioner above the age of forty believed him.

I see that the Typographer has invested my "Introduction" with a solemnity that I did not dream of, and by his capital letters at the commencement, given it the form of a "profession of faith." Be it so: I "rehearse the articles of my belief" with earnestness and deep sincerity.

In the mean time I see, in long perspective, a multitude who are on the way to find out that the subject of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's eulogy is as captivating as his treat-

ment of it; who are impelled—restrained—guided by his influence, and who, arriving at the conviction that he has faithfully revealed, and I have truly attested, join in the cry *AL FONTE!* acknowledge the loveliness and the truth of *UNDINE*, and establish a sort of “peaceable agitation”—a gentle though determined movement against the usages of long prescription, and the “backward voice” of prejudice and fixed hostility.



INTRODUCTION



I BELIEVE that I am right in attributing to excessive and injudicious bleeding, at the age of nineteen, the neuralgic pains and other symptoms, which for twelve years past seemed to threaten the approach of paralysis; and which have only been controlled and modified by strict attention to diet—with early hours, by the constant use of the shower bath for the last three years, by abstaining from all fermented drinks, and by the habitual appeal to medicine. I have been told by the most eminent of the faculty, that after such a “draining” as I suffered, the “red particles” rarely form again—that the promise always urged, that I should quickly *make* new blood was a fallacy—and that the fashion of profuse bleeding so generally practised at that time had been superseded. I was led to believe that upon the occasion to which I

allude, I *should not* have been subjected to loss of blood; and yet on six successive days, not less than twelve to sixteen ounces had been abstracted. (Six pounds of *life* in six days!) It was said, that although thin and pallid, I had for some years after this a tendency to apoplexy; and having always experienced immediate relief from the lancet, I was ever ready and desirous to submit to periodical bleeding, until a judicious and competent adviser disabused my mind of the idea that, having been bled in such excess, it was *necessary* to resort to a continuation of the same means of relief.

At the age of thirty, I had a very severe attack of influenza, which distressing complaint had then paid its first visit to us (or had not been distinguished by that name), and I was immediately bled; the result of which was most distressing and full of danger. It is notorious that many of the medical professors treated it at that time by bleeding, and that the majority of cases so treated was fatal. Upon a subsequent attack of the same kind, my medical friend positively refused to bleed me although I clamoured for the relief, and

told me that he had deeply regretted having done so on the former occasion.

Nothing could have been more pernicious, on the score of health, than the habits in which I had lived at this time for five years. Always rising early, and so far well; but taking chocolate and toast soon after five, and immediately proceeding to work until nine, that I might carry out the often quoted rule, to eat the breakfast that I had "earned." I had generally done a good day's work before nine o'clock, and after breakfast I worked without intermission till three or four, rarely discontinuing my occupation even for five minutes; and then, instead of taking sober exercise, I would start off, and for half an hour *run*, or walk very fast, resolved to fulfil engagements—and hastening from one house to another, until I returned with a throbbing brain generally too late for the late dinner; after which I again worked, and frequently passed the evenings in heated rooms or theatres.

My occupation, although inactive, could not be called *sedentary*—for I never *sat*; nor did I perceive until the year 1840 (when I had kept up

the habit of *standing* for twenty years) the least symptom of failing strength in my *legs*. I believed, and I was strengthened in my belief by many advisers, that I had acquired a power of infinite value, as insuring a certain degree of exercise even when closely engaged in my work; and that I might attribute the ordinary strength which enabled me to pursue my occupation, to my perseverance in this habit.

I had at this time (1810) lived for ten years on the bank of the Regent's Canal; during which term I had suffered from sciatica, lumbago, and other varieties of rheumatism, and a general wasting and weakness of body, rendered less tolerable by great anxiety of mind. This gradual falling away suggested, I suppose, the idea that I was consumptive; for I was ordered to persevere in a course, prescribed by good authority, which seemed to destroy the little appetite that I had for food. I was to eat rich things; and, to keep up a *constant supply* of nutriment, was desired to buy a pound of gum arabic, and to eat as much as possible, having some *always* in my mouth. At one o'clock every day I

was to devote half an hour to sponging my whole outward man with *vinegar* and *water*. That was the best part of it; but the feeding and the suction!—Dr. P. was angry with me for soon discontinuing it.

In the autumn of 1841, after having endured a severe domestic bereavement, I was told by an eminent physician whom I consulted, that I was in that "shabby state of body" from which I could not reasonably expect to recover without country air: and he prescribed for me half a pint of new milk at early morning, with a tablespoonful of rum or brandy, and thrice a day a preparation of sarsaparilla. A generous friend, who was also my medical referee in all cases, took me to his country seat for two months, where healthy recreation—with pure air and habitual exercise, concurred to improve my condition. The new milk was not long polluted by brandy, and after a week or two discontinued—there being no symptom of unsoundness in the lungs to account for the "shabbiness" of my state.

I had conceived the neuralgic pains, which I suffered at this time, to be a variety of rheumatism,

and kept their existence to myself, having decided to remove on my return to town to a less damp situation. The *blue pill* and *dose* system had become my habitual resort, and seemed necessary to my existence; such was the state of indigestion that I endured, which country air and exercise, with cessation from all business, could not remedy; and which was only occasionally relieved by this active medicine.

The morning *draught*! I may well look back with disgust to the black pernicious compound. My pure bright morning draught has *now* no pill to quarrel with.

I returned home from this holiday of busy idleness much refreshed; but I also returned to laborious and unprofitable work which had for two or three years oppressed me. There was still the constantly recurring low fever, which, for a few days at a time, made me incapable of exertion, and each attack of which left me in a more wasted and enfeebled state. It was called "remitting fever." Incessant mental anxiety fought against the means used for my relief, and in the summer of 1812 I

endured a separation which was one of the severest trials of my life.

In the autumn I had an attack of cholera with spasms; with which I believe I was infected, through the imprudence of making a post mortem drawing of a friend who had died of that disease. Slowly recovering from this, I was assured by the highest authority at Brighton, that my only resource was *calomel*, that nothing else would touch the liver, &c.; and so—I followed the beaten track until July, 1813. I had, in the spring of that year, discovered that the acute pains which I continually suffered were *neuralgic*, and of a threatening and alarming character. A severe attack which affected the whole of the right side, from head to foot, subsided into numbness in the leg and arm, and induced me to consult some of the first physicians respecting this symptom, when I was aware that it threatened *paralysis*.

The second and more decided attack, though not amounting to a *stroke*, convinced me that I was in imminent danger of losing muscular power in the whole side. I had given up all my favourite hot-

water ablutions, and the occasional use of vapour baths, and altogether discontinued to drink wine or beer. I fitted up a shower bath, and used it every morning.

On awaking, the leg and arm were always benumbed, and remained so until I had enjoyed the bath. I now never washed but in *cold* water; and this entire change of habit was most beneficial. I was also enabled to discontinue the use of blue pill, by taking a daily dose of *taraxacum*; and, by the benevolent and persevering arguments of the Physician whom I had at this time consulted, I was led to hope that each return of pain was an effort of nature to wear out the predisposition to disease, and that the symptoms "*threatened* more than they *meant*;" and all that could be done by medicine to control in any degree the nerves having been accomplished—he urged upon me this golden rule, "MAKE IT YOUR HABIT TO BE HAPPY."*

Excursions and country visits were repeated, and the strictest diet persisted in; yet so did the

* Sir J. Malcolm records that he found this sentence inscribed on a tomb of one of the Persian kings.

neuralgic pains gain upon me, that I frequently described the sensation which followed the attacks, as that of having a cork leg; and the arm and hand were often so dull and benumbed that they were very inefficient agents.

In March, 1844, I went through a course of *galvanism* with great benefit. A positive effect was produced, altering the character of the pains; and, at the expiration of a month, causing them to cease altogether.

After a few weeks, however, the same symptoms returned, and the general weakness of body increased. A long course of mental anxiety was absorbed by heavy affliction in the following July; and from that critical period of my life I became in such a state of bodily weakness—with loss of memory and an utter prostration of mental energy, that I felt myself a useless incumbrance to those whose happiness and well-being were dependant upon me. The vital sense was so extremely low, that when—exhausted by any attempts at exercise I frequently fell asleep, I have been watched with the apprehension that I should not wake again.

It was at the end of April in the last year, that the water cure was urged upon my notice. An intimate friend of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton detailed, with generous eloquence, the great results of the water cure in many cases; and his own characteristic benevolence prompted him to press upon me, *as a duty*, the visit of a month to Malvern. I was in a condition of mind to be easily led, and in ten minutes the promise was made. Happy indeed for me has been the result, and most gratifying to hear that friend claim to be regarded, in consideration of that result, The Guardian Genius of my Family.

The principle upon which I resolved to submit to the then mysterious process, was that of implicit faith in Dr. Wilson; and my determination was to *read* nothing whatever upon the subject of the Water Treatment. For the first resolution I felt that I had good cause to adopt it, having received an outline of Dr. Wilson's eminent professional career and experience in the new system, which he had *ingrafted* upon his practical knowledge of medical and anatomical science. I also knew of the cure which had been effected in his

own case, at Graefenburgh, by Priessnitz, where he "resided ten months, and left all his complaints behind him:" and from the same source I quote the very generous tribute to Dr. Wilson's character, which has been put forth by Sir E. B. Lytton:—

"All the powerful auxiliaries of Malvern are subordinate to the diligent, patient care; the minute, unwearied attention; the anxious, unaffected interest, which Dr. Wilson manifests to every patient, from the humblest to the highest, who may be submitted to his care. The vast majority of difficult cures which I have witnessed, have emanated from his skill. A pupil of the celebrated Broussais, his anatomical knowledge is considerable, and his tact in diseases seems intuitive; he has that pure pleasure in his profession, that the profits of it seem to be almost lost sight of; and having an independence of his own, his enthusiasm for the system he pursues is at least not based upon any mercenary speculation. I have seen him devote the same time and care to those whom his liberal heart has led him to treat gratuitously, as to the wealthiest of his patients; and I mention this less to praise

him for his generosity, than to show that he has that earnest faith in his system which begets an earnest faith in those to whom he administers. His treatment is less violent and energetic than that in fashion on the continent. If he errs, it is on the side of caution. . . . It is a comfort to know, that whoever resorts to Dr. Wilson, will, at least, be in hands not only practised and skilful, but wary and safe."

I was the more ready to go through the Water Treatment, as I felt that I had served a good apprenticeship on the score of diet and early hours; and that, although I must submit to some hardships and severities, (having no bad habits to give up,) I should take kindly to the water in any form.

How these fancied hardships melted into air will be seen; and I have said thus much to anticipate the hackneyed objection, that it is to the regular life the patients lead, and not to the treatment of the Doctor, that they owe their recovery.

If the detail of my simple experience can have any weight, it may be attributed to the fact that I

went to Malvern *in pure ignorance of the science*, to the operations of which I was to be subjected; and resolved to exercise a *blind faith* in the Doctor, as far as a month's probation would extend.

Having thus qualified myself for implicit obedience, I started with the determination to watch carefully—and to note down, all that might relate to my own case or mark my own progress. I had also been very anxious respecting the health of my Son, then nearly fifteen years old, who had not rallied since an attack of measles, which had subsided five months. He had continued in a weakly, sluggish state of body; and having detailed his symptoms to Dr. Wilson, I felt sure that a Water Course would be in every way beneficial to him, and decided that he should be my companion at Malvern.

It has been rather sickening to hunt for dates and facts to enable me to concoct this record of my antediluvian state of existence. However, SELF is of necessity my subject, and the ungracious task has been delayed till every thing else connected with my Journal had been long since completed.

I took myself to Malvern, in the idea that *Ego et Doctor meus* would be the narrow range of my tether; but I went to bed that first night with enlarged fancies. I had already escaped the narrow bounds; and in that freedom will, perhaps, be found the best excuse for extending beyond my own circle the details of my Diary, and helping "to communicate to others that simple process of healing and well-being which has passed under my own experience."

Let SELF take the most closely wrapped egotist to the scenes, and initiate him in the habits, through which I have passed. I know no circumstances in which I could wish to place such a man, so favourable to the cultivation of self-knowledge, so humanising in their tendency, or so influential to foster that happy temper, that "content with self, expands in benevolence to others."



LIFE AT THE WATER CURE

A DIARY



MAY XIII

By Birmingham Railway from London to Worcester, and the remaining eight miles by coach, I reached Malvern at about five o'clock with my son (six hours by railroad and one by coach), anxiously speculating upon Dr. Wilson's confident opinion, that I should "return home with new blood and renewed energies."

I had in the railway carriage a distressing attack of pains in the leg and arm, which left me with the usual dulled and benumbed sensation. I fear that the peculiar motion of the carriage, especially in a fast train, encourages these symptoms; or perhaps the fact of their frequent occurrence under the

same circumstances, acts upon the sensitive nerves so as almost to produce the thing dreaded.

In the stage coach we had a burly good-looking fellow-passenger, who finding that I had not seen Malvern, enlarged upon the beauties of the place, and I found that he was a resident.

At the half-way house I asked the coachman whether he could set me down at Doctor Wilson's, and finding that he *could* take us "to the next door," I concluded that Coachee was not a partisan of the Doctor. As we again started, my new friend asked whether I was destined to be a Water patient; and ascertaining the fact, obliged me with gratuitous advice, proffered in an unanswerable manner: If I would keep good hours, live regularly, and take plenty of hill exercise, I should "do just as well without Dr. Wilson."

The drive from Worcester to Malvern, is not marked by any particular beauty, except the occasional glimpses of the hills, and the constant succession of rich orchards, at this time luxuriant in apple blossoms.

Here I am in the temple dedicated to Dame Nature and the Elixir Vitæ. The Doctor not at

home, but a message that we are expected at a *pic-nic* at St. Anne's Well. Too tired to go, we went to our comfortable double-bedded room, and, being refreshed, waited for the Doctor, who soon returned, and severely scrutinized me. He found my boy in exactly the state which he had expected, and rubbed his hands with delight in anticipation of the change to be wrought in him. To me he boldly said, "Give me a month, and I will teach you to manage yourself at home." At supper (eight o'clock) we were presented to our fellow-patients, all graciously and gracefully welcoming the new comers. This is the final meal of the day, consisting of bread in many varieties, butter, and biscuits, with bottles of water and jugs of milk. Tea, although allowed in some cases, is not encouraged. The house overlooks the beautiful Abbey church. The Monks always knew how to avail themselves of the charms of situation; sheltered by the hills, and yet overlooking the extensive plain, and receiving the first rays of the Sun—nothing could be more lovely.

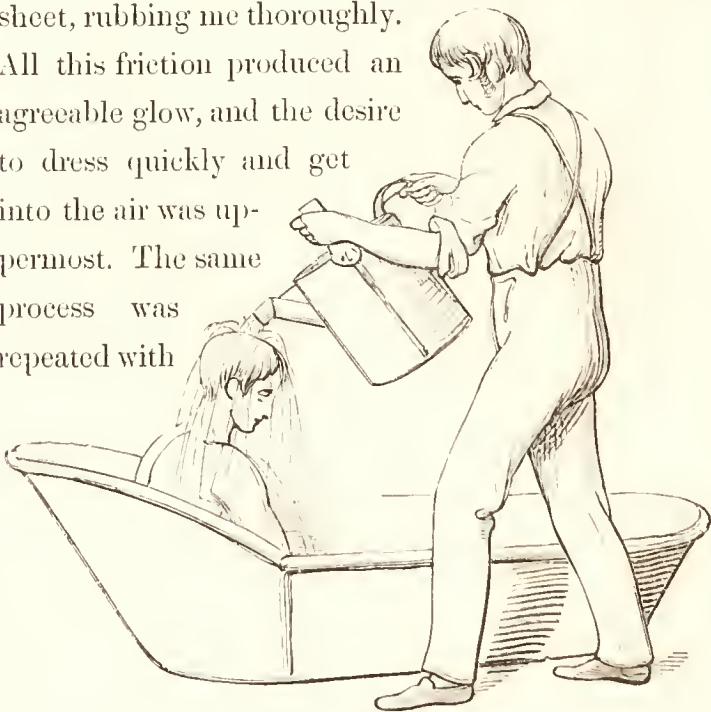
Doctor examined and asked me divers questions, and then gave his orders to the bath attendant.—
To bed at ten.



MAY XIV

At a little before seven came the bath attendant. He poured about four inches depth of water into a tin bath, five feet long, and directed me to get out of bed and sit in it. He then poured about two gallons of water on my head, and commenced a vigorous rubbing, in which I assisted. This is called THE SHALLOW BATH. After three or four minutes I got out of the bath, and he enveloped me in a dry sheet, rubbing me thoroughly.

All this friction produced an agreeable glow, and the desire to dress quickly and get into the air was uppermost. The same process was repeated with



THE SHALLOW BATH.

Ned ; and, having each taken a tumbler of water, we started to mount the hill. I got as far as St. Anne's Well, with Ned's help, and, drinking there, sauntered about the exquisite terrace walks on the hill. The fountain of St. Anne's Well is constantly flowing, and though varying in quantity, has never failed. I am



ST. ANNE'S WELL.

told that the water is at nearly the same temperature in summer as in winter. In sparkling brilliancy, as well as purity, it is confessedly unrivalled even at Malvern, except by the water of the "Holy Well." A Cottage, beautifully situated in the hollow

of this eminence, encloses the fountain, where it escapes from the rock ; the chief apartment of which is free, and open to all who wish to drink ; but it is good taste to put down a half-crown upon the first visit, and inscribe a name in the book, which (with a ready pen) is also "open to all." From this cottage, which is I found a favourite place of rendezvous, paths lead by various routes to the highest hill called the Worcestershire Beacon, and the other commanding heights. We shall see, I trust.

Another glass of this exquisite water, and home to breakfast at nine. Several sorts of bread (all in perfection) and excellent butter ; bottles of the brightest water and tumblers, duly arranged on the table ; jugs of milk for those who like it, and to whom it is allowed. One jug *smokes*, and the well-known fragrant flavour soon suggests to the nose *tea!* Surely this is irregular, or why the disguise ? Why not a teapot ?

The Doctor took his seat at the head of the table. In the place of honour on his left was the patient whose longest stay in the house entitled her to the distinction. (I afterwards found that precedence at table is arranged by this rule, subject to the intermixture of the gentlemen.) She is emi-

nently gifted to grace her position, being more than pretty, and with tongue and manner to match. Next to her is a gentleman of a dissenting expression of countenance, then another pretty woman, a young man of distinguished manners, and another *very* pretty woman, who, unlike the two fair patients above her, is *dark* in all that beautifies a brilliant complexion.

Skipping over the gentleman on her left, because on this first morning I found nothing to remark upon, I come to my *vis-à-vis*, with her kindly and companionable expression (I am sure I shall like her); and having mentioned our present stock of ladies on the opposite side, the lower part of the table is made up of gentlemen, one of whom presides at that end. On my side of the table, the upper seat is generally reserved for a visitor. I am happy to find in the whole party nothing distressing to look at: no lameness, no appearance of skin diseases, no sign-post or label to proclaim an ailment, no sore eyes, no "*eye-sore*;" nothing, in short, worse than an occasional pallid or invalid character, like my own; and I am told that all who have any palpable or disagreeable infirmity, are treated as out-door patients; which

wholesome regulation gives full play to the proverbially high spirits of hydropathists, who almost immediately jump from a state of dejection and perverse brooding over their ailments, to a joyous anticipation of good, even on the first day of initiation into the treatment. The appetite, too, is always ready for the simple, wholesome meal. Nobody ever enjoyed a well-earned breakfast more than I on this morning.

Ned is as happy as a king, and every one kind and attentive to him.

I am glad that I brought my white neckcloths. I shall dress for dinner.

After breakfast, we are all called in turn to the Doctor's room for examination, and the bath attendant takes his orders.

At twelve I was *half packed*, after a short walk. This is a sort of *feeler*, and preparatory to the entire process. Lying upon two blankets on the bed, a wet towel was placed upon me, extending from shoulders to knees; and I was enveloped, as in the complete *packing* (which I shall describe in its place), with all the blankets upon me, and then a down bed, with a counterpane to tuck all in, and make it air-tight. The desired

heat came readily; and the sensation is soothing and agreeable. I was surprised to find the warmth much greater where the wet towel clung to me, than in other parts in contact with the blanket. After an hour I was unpacked, and had the shallow bath as before; and I was aware how greatly the enjoyment of the bath is promoted by the heat engendered in the packing. I took a brisk walk with the Doctor before dinner, who, in reply to my questions, told me that he had treated nearly a thousand patients successfully at Malvern.

I spoke to him of my limping gait, and the impossibility of straightening the right leg, from a strain (or something like it) in the knee, super-added to the general weakness. I explained how it was caused; and he concluded by saying, "In a week you won't know that you *have* a knee!"

I asked how it was that my eyes did not water, as *was* always the case when I walked before breakfast, without first eating a biscuit or a crust. He told me that water strengthens the eyes, and that I should probably not feel that weakness again: that *absorption* should be *first* promoted, and the digestive organs kept at rest at least an hour after rising.

Wrote to home, and dressed for dinner, happy

to find that I can here combine with the Water Cure, my own particular system, called the "Party Cure" (of which I will write out the rules).

Before dinner (three o'clock) we were presented to our Hostess, who keeps her state at the dinner table, all among the men at her own end, as they happen to constitute the majority under the present administration, and of course go to the bottom: and so hemmed in—there is that perfection of graceful cordiality and gentle manners, that seems to assure every one that Mrs. Wilson has looked forward with pleasure to the greeting at the dinner table; and we have no doubt that if the Doctor, who usurps the head, did not see fit to take such good care of that splendid mutton, that, in the exercise of his absolute sway, he might apportion his favours, so as to control the rampant appetites of his guests, she would fulfil with alacrity the good wife's destiny of *help-meat*.

Mark the thoughtful glance with which the Doctor regards the full looking gentleman who has made an appeal for his second portion (like Oliver, "asks for more, and, *unlike* him, *will get* a little). He remembers how plentifully he supplied the first plate; and, reconsidering, abstracts part of what he

had already cut off and deposited on plate the second; "collars" and "cuts it off" again, in the Lillyvickian sense, and so inculcates moderation.

They are all perfectly sure that I look exceedingly ill, but no one tells me so, the ruling genius of the table evidently demanding that all should be cheerful, and seem to forget their troubles. How such a feeling can prevail among people whose grave ailments have induced them to leave home and reside in a *maison de santé*, is a matter of surprise; but—although the palliative and soothing effects of the water treatment are established *immediately*, and the absence of all irritation begets a calm, a *lull*, as instantaneous in its effects upon the frame as that experienced in shelter from the tempest, much must be attributed in this case to the really distinguished and delightful party whom I have the good fortune to meet in this house.

At the head of the table, where the Doctor presides, was the leg of mutton, which, I believe, is every day's head dish. I forget what Mrs. Wilson dispensed, but it was something savoury, of fish. I saw veal cutlets—with bacon, and a companion dish, maccaroni—with gravy (a very delicate concoction); potatoes, plain boiled, or mashed and

browned; spinach, and other green vegetables. Then followed rice pudding, tapioca, or some other farinaceous ditto, rhubarb tarts, &c. So much for what I have heard of the miserable diet of water patients. The cooking of all is perfection, and something beyond, in Neddy's opinion, for he eats fat!

After dinner the ladies did not immediately retire, but made up groups for conversation, both in the dining and withdrawing room. A most happy arrangement this, which admits the refreshing influence of the society of ladies in such a house.

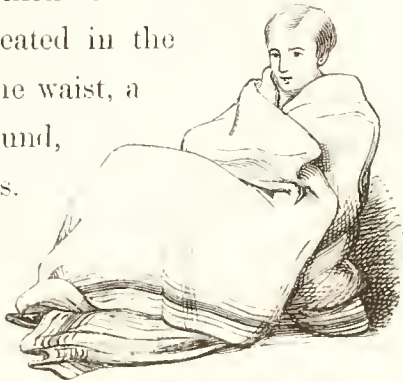
A drive had been proposed, and, by the invitation of two of the ladies, I joined the party.

Through picturesque lanes we went to Madresfield Court, the seat of Lord Beauchamp (Ned on the box). We saw the exquisite conservatories, the grapes in succession houses, and pineries. The principal furniture in this house,—carpets, tapestry, &c., were placed exactly as they now appear, more than fifty years ago. It is a very romantic place, abounding in a great variety of trees of magnificent growth.

We returned soon after seven, when I prepared to take my first *Sitz* bath. It is not disagreeable.

but very odd, and exhibits the patient in by no means an elegant or dignified attitude.

For this bath it is not necessary to undress, the coat only being taken off, and the shirt gathered under the waistcoat, which is buttoned upon it; and when seated in the water, which rises to the waist, a blanket is drawn round, and over the shoulders.



THE SITZ BATH.

Having remained ten minutes in this condition (Ned and I being on equal terms and laughing at each other) we dried and rubbed ourselves with coarse towels, and descended to supper with excellent appetite.

It is a rule to take at least a short walk after the Sitz (exercise before and after), but on this occasion I had not time.

Although there was neither "tay-tay, nor coffee-tay" for me, I fully enjoyed the meal. It is very reasonable to insist upon such an interval between dinner and *supper* (I must forget to call it "tea"), which is generally made to tread on the heels of the substantial meal, and, however delicious, is

chiefly desirable to dissipate the effect of a late dinner, as *eau de vie* (so miscalled) is taken as a "*chasse cochon*."

After supper, a most interesting and varied conversation. These people have (the majority of them) travelled on the Continent, and, in battledore fashion, *give and take*, to the great delight of us who know nothing of their whereabouts except from books and these welcome traditions. While they bandy jest and merry recollections, with more substantial details, I rejoice in the character of a listener, and one who has been to Cairo asks me, if I am related to the "great authority upon the language and the manners and customs of Egypt." I was an inch taller on the instant. Went to bed delighted with every thing; with the rules and habits of the house, and with the guests (I beg pardon patients).



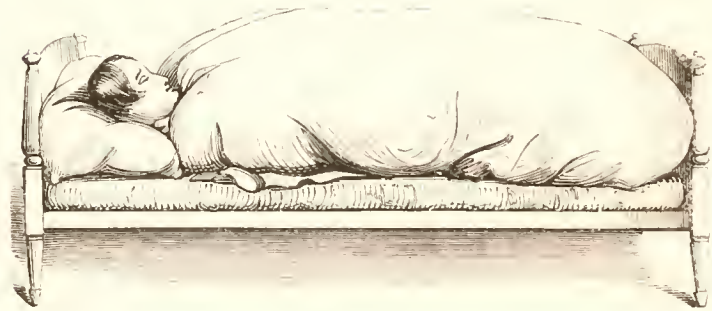
MAY XV

It was not the experience of the half packing that caused me to awake early, but a certain dread in anticipation of the *whole* wet sheet; and at six the

bath attendant appeared with what seemed a coil of linen cable, and a gigantic can of water, and it was some comfort to *pretend* not to be in the least degree apprehensive. I was ordered out of bed and all the clothes taken off. Two blankets were then spread upon the mattress, and half over the pillow, and the wet sheet unfolded and placed upon them.

Having stretched my length upon it and lying on my back, the man quickly and most adroitly folded it—first on one side and then on the other, and closely round the neck, and the same with the two blankets, by which time I was *warm*, and sufficiently composed to ask how the sheet was prepared of the proper degree of dampness. [I was told that being soaked well, it is held by two persons—one at each end, and pulled and twisted until water has ceased to drop; or that it may be done by one person putting it round the pump-handle, or any similar thing, and holding and twisting it at *both* ends.] Two more doubled blankets were then put upon me, and each in turn tucked most carefully round the neck, and under me. Upon this the down bed was placed, and over all another sheet or counterpane was secured at all sides and under the chin, to com-

plete this hermetical sealing. By this time I was sure of being fast asleep in five minutes, and only anxious to see Ned as comfortable, for he was regarding the operation with silent horror. He, however, plucked up, and before Bardon (the attendant) had swathed him completely, favoured me with his opinion, conveyed in accents in which a slight tremor might be detected, that "packing is jolly."



THE PACKING.

What occurred during a full hour after this operation neither man nor boy were in a situation to depose, beyond the fact that the sound, sweet, soothing sleep which both enjoyed, was a matter of surprise and delight, and that one of them, who had the less excuse for being so very youthful, was detected by Mr. Bardon, who came to awake him, *smiling*, like a great fool, *at nothing*, if not at the

fancies which had played about his slumbers. Of the *heat* in which I found myself, I must remark, that it is as distinct from perspiration, as from the parched and throbbing glow of fever. The pores are open, and the warmth of the body is very soon communicated to the wet sheet, until, as in this my first experience of the luxury, a breathing—steaming heat is engendered, which fills the whole of the wrappers, and is plentifully shown in the *smoking* state which they exhibit as they are removed; still it is not like a vapour bath. I can never forget the calm, luxurious ease in which I awoke on this morning, and looked forward with pleasure to the daily repetition of what had been quoted to me, by the uninitiated, with disgust and shuddering.

The softness and delicacy of the skin under the operation is very remarkable, and to the touch, clearly marks the difference between a state of perspiration or of fever. I cannot conceive the long existence of any *cutaneous* disease under this process.

Bardon had brought a colossal can of water, and, always ready to bathe, I felt doubly prepared to enjoy the next operation, by the smoking satisfactory state in which he found me.

The shallow bath was repeated as yesterday, and the can emptied on my head as I sat in the water; the same friction used—and the careful and active dry rubbing.

I then fully experienced the bracing and glowing effect of the bath, heightened by the preceding wet sheet packing.

I had been annoyed by scorbutic spots, and the rubbing was painful. I, however, resolved to bear it, feeling a confidence in the Doctor's assertion that they would not long trouble me.

Having reined in my longing to get into the air by waiting for Ned, I was glad to hear him pronounce the bath "capital fun," and show that disposition to be pleased with every thing, which goes far towards actual enjoyment.

We took each a tumbler of water, and started for St. Anne's Well, where we had two more; and having strolled about for an hour, returned to enjoy our breakfast with keen appetite. I was very much struck with Ned's sudden activity and briskness. His languor had been very distressing, particularly after any attempt to walk before breakfast.

I will here quote Sir E. B. Lytton, taking the heads only of the following sections:—

“The first point which impressed me was the extreme and utter *innocence* of the Water Cure in skilful hands—in any hands indeed not thoroughly new to the system.

“The next thing that struck me was the extraordinary ease with which, under this system, good habits are acquired, and bad habits are relinquished.

“That which, thirdly, impressed me, was no less contrary to all my preconceived notions. I had fancied that, whether good or bad, the system must be one of great hardship, extremely repugnant and disagreeable. I wondered at myself to find how soon it became so associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings, as to dwell upon the mind as amongst the happiest passages of existence.”

Now for his experience of the impulse and the enjoyment resulting from the wet sheet, the bath, and the drinking, the every morning's introduction to a Malvern day:—

“The rise from a sleep as sound as childhood's; the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh, and the birds first sang; the sense of an unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made so light of the steep ascent to the holy spring; the delicious sparkle of that morning

draught; the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below; the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, now but exhilarating the blood, and lifting the spirits into religious joy: and this keen sentiment of present pleasure, rounded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all that I had witnessed in others, that that very present was but the step—the threshold—into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigour—a disease and a care dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride.”

Had I possessed at that time such a record of experience as I have here quoted, I might have derived increased enjoyment from an excited fancy. I had indeed an instinctive sense of confidence in the course on which I had entered, a sudden accession of buoyant spirits; and had been encouraged in all by the same feeling of contrast with other modes of life, which Sir E. B. Lytton expresses when he remarks, that “at the Water Cure the whole life is one remedy. The hours, the habits, the discipline, not incompatible with gaiety and cheerfulness (the *spirits* of Hydropathists are astounding

and in high spirits all things are amusement), tend perforce to train the body to the highest state of health of which it is capable. All that interests and amuses is of a healthful character. Exercise instead of being an unwilling drudgery, becomes the inevitable impulse of the frame, braced and invigorated by the element. A series of re-aactions is always going on, the willing exercise producing refreshing rest, the refreshing rest willing exercise."

Something of this kind, in a very small way, I had noted down, and very thankfully cancel; that, having said a cordial *Amen* to our Author, I may help to point attention to his entire letter.

After remaining at home for about an hour, we started to accomplish the feat of getting to the top of the Beacon. The weather was delightful; and, taking our time, we gained the summit. By well-arranged *tacking* paths, this most enviable walk is rendered easy. The leading path is broad, and adapted to the donkey's tread, and others of steeper ascent and less frequented, shorten the journey.

The sleek turf, well nibbled by the many flocks of sheep, is a delicious carpet, and over the whole surface the rock frequently peeps out in picturesque

relief. But the view from the summit! First, looking towards the North Hill, which is second in altitude to the Beacon, there is a very beautiful contrast in the level character of the Worcestershire plain to the right, and the undulating surface of the Herefordshire side. Looking westward, I saw the Welsh mountains in bright relief, their white tops against the blue sky; and, turning southward, looked over the whole chain of hills, terminating with the Camp Hill, or "Herefordshire Beacon." There is a marvellous extent of country on all sides, full of variety, and only wanting *water* as an object of beauty. The Severn is, however, clearly defined in fine weather, but at too great a distance to aid the landscape, except as a silvery line across the plain.

I saw on this morning varieties of effect bewildering to my excited mind. My "little dog" Ned had, by a short cut, made his way *first* to the top of the hill by steep paths and steps cut in the turf, and returned to me at St. Anne's, having qualified himself as a guide to the best route, by which we ascended together. While waiting for him, in a sort of rapture, engendered by the exquisite sparkling fountain, I had almost conceived some verses

in enthusiastic eulogy of the sheltered cottage and the Elixir of Life. "Almost" I say, for I have nothing to show as a result. Imagine, then, half a dozen verses inserted here:—

"Suppose that you have seen"
A wasted gentleman, of five and forty,
Vowing eternal friendship with the bright
Translucent element. "Oh, do but think"
You stand within the cottage, and behold
A promise in the constant goblet dancing
Of health as yet untasted. "Follow, follow!"
"And eke out our performance with your mind."

On our return an hour before dinner, I took a half hour's rest on the sofa, and then the prescribed Sitz, after which I knew that I must take a short walk.

It is not enjoined to drink much water between breakfast and dinner; the principal drinkings being before breakfast, and an hour or so before supper. We "take in water," in moderation, at meals; but it is forbidden to drink too soon *after* meals.

The dinner was most welcome, and every thing bright and happy.

After dinner I begged to be enlightened respecting some displays of discipline and subordination that I

had remarked during the meal; and found that a section of the patients, who happened to be personal friends (with liberty to add to their numbers), had adopted the *fagging* system after the manner of public schools, with this refreshing peculiarity—the ladies were in every case the *masters*. The result of this seemed to me a never failing merriment, not only among those who held office, but the less favoured of us, and impressed me with a happy anticipation of the month to be passed in such company. Wishing them all well, I yet hoped that none might be so *very* well as to go away during my stay.

I found that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton originated the idea about a month ago, and moved the address; the senior lady, Mrs. Delmour, seconded the motion; and when the measure was discussed in committee, proposed an amendment, suggested by the presumption of Mr. Hope, her destined fag, who asked whether he was to be “single handed,” and if so, who was to do the dirty work?—to get gingerbread, for instance, from the pastrycook’s, at a moment’s notice, reckless of rain or mud. An animated debate ensued, and it was conceded that, in certain cases, when a lady was disposed to be

exigante, her fag should have "a boy under him." Sir Edward having, on the instant, applied for this place under Mr. Hope, "only just" wished to know what were the *perquisites*; and was answered, that, as the ladies' means were limited, they would give no stated salary the first month, during which time the fag must consider himself "on trial." To this stroke of policy many loudly objected, until Mrs. Delmonr's soft persuasive voice stilled the clamour. She urged upon their notice that the office of fag must be profitable as mental discipline; that *her* fag would be expected to walk *with*, not after, her (great applause); that he need not appear in livery until dinner time (immense applause); and that he would incur no expense for beer, or tea and sugar.

So, for a happy home, and to be treated as one of the family, the ladies would expect that all talk of *perquisites* would be dropped.

The men then conferred aside for a few minutes, and it was refreshing to see one, who had been loudest in his opposition, step forward, and state for himself and his friends, that, upon the broad principle of "wages no object," they had resolved to abide by the rules made and provided; that, if

found fault with, no fag would presume to answer, *on no account*; that, in case of extra work, each would help the others—make himself *generally useful*, and that they had no doubt of giving *the greatest of satisfactions*.

“Now, then (said Mrs. Delmour), let us see how the system works. I want sixpenn’orth of tarts, Mr. Hope; here is the money.” Mr. Hope looked out of the window thoughtfully, stroked his chin, hesitated, returned to the fire, again looked forth, and eventually called Sir Edward (his boy), desiring him to go to Trinder’s, and select six *fresh* tarts immediately. “Yes, Sir; but please if I meet the Doctor, what shall I do?”

“Don’t ask me, boy—were you not at Eton?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Then begone.”

Sir Edward fetched the tarts, and his pockets not being capacious, paraded them in their paper, squeezed up at the corners; and, on his return, with the parcel nicely balanced on his hand, he met the Doctor near the door, who, after the usual greeting, said,—“What have you there—in that paper?”

Not being *quite* prepared to carry out his school-

boy character by the natural and prompt reply—“ Nothing, sir—and I’ll take my oath of it,” the culprit paused—smiled at the Doctor, and then—during the momentary bewilderment that ensued, took occasion to escape further question, and brought the contraband goods safely to his superior.

Here is an admirable illustration of that public spirit, which, in its workings and practical results, always re-acts in honour to the first mover of a system conceived with a view to the general good. Here was a man of high intellect, who, having guided to a successful issue his favourite project, at once stepped from his pedestal, by a violent transition, to the very lowest grade, that as an *operative* he might help to carry out the working of his system.

It was now time to prepare for a drive proposed and arranged by Mr. Pennerton.

We started at five, with three of the ladies. Mr. Pennerton seemed to have selected a route especially to gratify my love for lane scenery, with frequent heights, and extensive—luxuriant peeps of country.

We drove about ten or twelve miles into Herefordshire, rich in orchards (now in great beauty), and trees of full growth; and, making a circuit of the

hills, returned by North Malvern, in time to separate, each for the accustomed Sitz before supper.

Resuming the subject of the fagging, I was told, among other interesting particulars, that lately a Quaker came to the house as a patient.

Every one liked him at sight.

For my part, I am glad to bear evidence to the courteous, gentle, and *friendly* deportment of this fraternity in society. I have always rejoiced in the good fortune which, at a watering place, or during a country visit, or in a stage coach, brought me into contact with a "friend." Ever seeking occasion to show consideration for others; happy (as it seems to me) to be sociable and communicative—fond of a cheerful holiday, when herding with their wives and children, and having no solitary nor selfish recreations; the happiest accident for me has been to find myself associated with Quakers. And this man is described as bearing the same distinguishing traits that I have noticed,—bland in manner, and at first *reserved*, as if feeling his way, but speedily assured, and at ease.

It is not doing these people justice, to accord them the negative praise that they are *inoffensive*; which term is so generally applied to them, although the word, in its unqualified application, conveys more than can be quoted as the attribute of other sectaries. They are active in doing good, and their practice is the reverse of monkish,—there is no asceticism, no exclusiveness. Philanthropy and Charity are active principles with these “Peace-Makers.”

On the first day of the arrival of our Quaker, during a pause in the conversation at the dinner-table, Mrs. Delmour deliberately said to him,—“Would you like to be a Fag?”

Imagine his distress. He looked from one to another, as if seeking the interpretation to an unknown tongue; but upon the question being repeated, with this addition,—“because here is a lady who wants a fag,” he gravely inquired, “what *is* a fag, and what is expected of him?” It then became necessary to explain the duties, and the little attentions expressive of *his* feelings who “knows his place,” as, cutting bread-and-butter at breakfast and supper, placing a chair for the lady on her

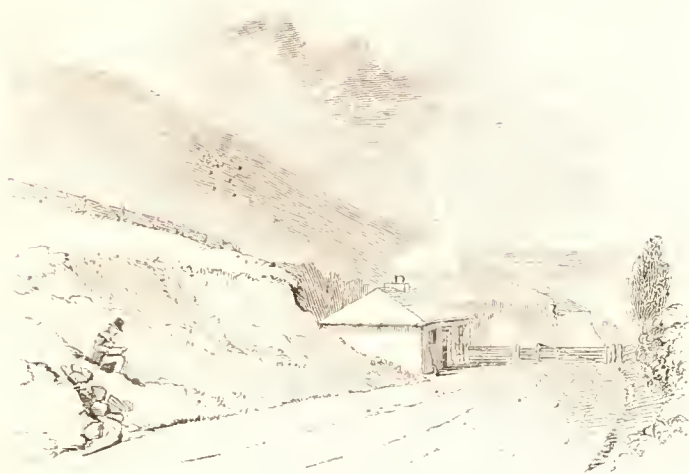
rising from the dinner-table, and other marks of watchful consideration; but when some of the duties were detailed, which he deemed unscrupulous, he objected—and eventually declined to take office.

This was the first act of non-conformity with the fagging system, although not factious, on the part of the Quaker. He did not place himself in the posture of dissent. The question was thrust upon him, and he was kindly enough to enjoy the fun, though firm in his objection to take part in it.

After supper I obtained the Doctor's permission to go to Worcester to-morrow morning, to see my *cousins*; which he seemed to think a joke, possibly fancying that I was in training for a situation (servants' acquaintance being always *called* cousins). I was desired to return by six o'clock, for the evening Sitz; and ventured a remark, that having no followers allowed, I should think it hard to be denied seeing my friends.

I find that there is to be a Servants' Ball and Supper in the house to-morrow evening, and that host and hostess, with all the patients, will be admitted to open the dance.—To bed at ten.





WYCHE TURNPIKE STRING.

MAY XVI

AT half-past five this morning, before my packing was completed, my eyes were *watery*, although there was no sense of weakness; and, helpless as I was—my arms pinned to my sides, and bandaged like a mummy, I asked Bardon to wipe them. I had been expecting him about half an hour, and he had not left the room ten minutes before both I and Ned were fast asleep. We both slept an hour. On awaking I felt an acute aching in my lame knee, which was the cause of my being disturbed. It left

me in the bath, the enjoyment of which was perfect, and the re-action all that could be wished.

We drank, and started for a two miles' walk, calling at the springs with our drinking-horns, and then home to breakfast. Having taken my place in the Worcester coach, I started soon after breakfast, and walked two miles on the road, before the coach overtook me; leaving Ned at home. I had leisure and inclination to enjoy this drive more than when anxiously journeying to Malvern. On my way to my "cousins" I called to see Charles Kemble, who was on a visit to the leading Physician of Worcester, and committed a great indiscretion. Forgetful of his host, who was present, I gave him a hug, and expressed my intention to meet an untimely death by suspension, if I would n't get him encased in the wet sheet. However, I was not made to feel more than my own conscience imposed.

A sense of present happiness—of joyous spirits—of confidence in my proceedings, possessed me on this, the third day of my stay. I do not say that it is *reasonable* to experience this sudden accession of merriment, or that my "cousins" and others could be expected to attribute it to the course of treatment so recently commenced, I only say, so it is; and I

am full of gratitude for the means to which I look for a confirmation of this happy frame of mind, when supported by renewed strength of body.

“Cares and griefs are forgotten; the sense of the present absorbs the past and the future; there is a certain freshness and youth which pervade the spirits, and live upon the enjoyment of the actual hour.”

“The animal tissues are composed principally of water.” If this be disputed, I shift the responsibility of the assertion to the head of the Lecturer at the Polytechnic Institution, for I heard him say so, and noted down his words. In this *affinity* of water to the animal system may surely be found a palpable and reasonable argument in favour of The Water Cure, and a key to the sudden effect of the various processes in the great majority of cases.

At Worcester I talked too much, sang too much, and altogether over-exerted myself.

Returned at five o'clock, in time to join in a drive. Ned had a pony. The ladies again spoke of Mr. Bradley, the “Quaker.” This had been a severe case of long-standing indigestion. He made

great progress, but could only spare three weeks at Malvern, and had returned home a fortnight since, having been directed how to continue his packings, &c. On our return to the Doctor's, to the surprise of all, and my delight, there was George Bradley standing at the door.

“Glad to see you all; very glad to come back, indeed;” and he shook hands cordially with every one. Then, to the inquiries as to his health, he said,—“Oh, very well; just as I expected. I have a CRISIS. My ailment is at last *boil-ing* over—I've a rash upon me.”

The Doctor had desired him to return, if the daily packing and occasional “*sweating*” should produce (as he expected) this result.

We all went to see the dining-room, as cleared and decked for the Servants' Ball, and taking our supper in the next room prepared to join the dance, just in that degree which should not spoil sport.

It was a very merry party. Mrs. Delmour's pretty Swiss maid was the belle of the room, and eagerly sought as a partner. In the country dance the couples occupied the whole extent of the long room.

Among the men there was also a leader, a sort of Duke of Wellington; and this was Bardon. His office gave him weight, and his own personal qualifications and deportment added to it. He *had* been in the army—in the 14th Dragoons—wearing a brass helmet, which Ned considers as the only unexceptionable shape in the Service. No wonder then that his bearing was *distingué*, and more the pity that being now a *foot* soldier he had hurt his toe, and could not join in *every* dance. As a packer and bather he may be said to retain his military character. He has left the Cavalry for the Infantry—the Dragoons for the *Coldstreams*.

It was well that our ladies had studied their toilette, or Mademoiselle Hermann would have run them hard: she is so very elegant as well as pretty.

Bardon was unambitious, and occasionally reserved. It had been arranged that the ladies should *propose* to the beaux; thus reversing the ordinary usage; and we made a spirited start. Mrs. Delmour led us on and gave the other ladies courage. I heard one of her selected gentlemen reply to another who asked him how he liked her, that she was “a very nische young ’oman” (this was but fair). We retired soon, well assured that

we had not interfered with the evening's merriment, and had a final dance in the drawing room.

Ned had watched the arrival of the company from a balcony commanding the yard, and said that nothing could be more perfect than the whole arrangement by Mrs. Willow, the house-keeper. The laundry, a long commodious room, was decked with laurel, &c., and the supper set out in admirable style; the mangle made a capital sideboard.

None of us invaded the supper-room, but somehow information was brought (Ned was seen poking about) that the beaux were disputing for the ladies, and came to some sort of arrangement, which ended in their fixing upon their partners for the dance after supper. I then went to bed.



MAY XVII

WE were awake early, and Ned told me that all ended most delightfully last night. The ladies rejoined the party after supper for one dance, and retired much regretted. "What? are the ladies

gone?" was heard,—and other marks of disappointment; and there was a chill *audible* through the whole circle. They soon fell to singing, and our people put the door ajar to hear; but the Doctor coming in, conceived an objection to this, being desirous not to interfere with the party further—and closed the door.

What was the delight of the ladies when they saw, in the noiseless re-opening of the door from the other side, practical evidence that they were not excluded by the general voice (Ah—Doctor!).

Bardon was *rather late* this morning. He spoke of the party, and said that "There was no fun after the ladies went away."—In the wet sheet my knee began to ache as before, and was relieved by several folds of the blanket being tucked under it. My eyes too were running with water. While Ned was being packed, I was surprised to find that the sheet was warm before the surface of my body; so that, moving my hand where the sheet had not been in actual contact, I found it speedily warm, while yet the skin was cold, or at least colder than I thought; for even *before* the heat is thrown back from the sheet, the tranquillizing sedative effect is such, that I am only aware

by contact that I am not warm; and this is of course a result of the close compact bandaging defying evaporation. The confined heat shut in and encouraged by the natural warmth constantly given out in a still increasing degree, it becomes a sort of "fomentation." Is it not wonderful that, wound round by this multiplicity of bandages—confined in a stiff cramped position, this experience of delicious peaceful repose should exist under a pile of blankets surmounted by a feather bed and counterpane? No turning to cuddle the pillow; no gathering of the knees up to the chin; no power to turn on one side or the other; and, above all, no *wish* to move, even when the bath attendant comes to "call time." The glowing, humid, breathing heat increases, and the fancy, content to wander through all that is exhilarating and joyous, is warmed, and keeps pace with the body. On this morning I had awakened with a dry feverish tongue, a parched mouth, and throbbing head; and before I moralized upon the imprudence of "going it," as I did yesterday at Worcester, went to the water bottle for relief. In the wet sheet I became gradually calm, and wondered at the speedy effect. I thought of what Dr. Wilson told me, that the

action of the wet sheet soothes the nervous system, and improves the texture of the skin; and I was sure of the truth of both assertions. I bade farewell in prospect to my scorbutic spots. I conceived how great must be the luxury of this application, followed by the bath, as a restorative after a long journey, and the comfort in the idea that it can be done any where—the materials being in every house.

“It is a *poultice* to the whole inflamed surface of the body,”—and, by sympathy, to the *internal* surface.

“In fever, as the warmth increases, the pulse becomes soft, and *falls* rapidly.”

Any eruption must be brought *forward* by this process, and make its escape from the surface.

I was delighted to lie awake, and think over my experience, and succeeded in the effort.

Honour to Captain Claridge. I had cursorily looked at his book when first published, and was much interested by his daring theories; and a passing longing possessed me to go to Graefenburg. When I think of his chivalrous progress *at this time* through Ireland, armed with ample experience

to assure his generous heart; attacking, without hesitation, every form of fever—agues—inflammatory diseases of all kinds, and freely relieving suffering wherever he finds it, by the sure and simple appliances at his command, my heart goes with him in the benevolent crusade. In one instance (which I have heard authenticated), when he was about to apply the *wet sheet*, he was warned by two surgeons who had attended the patient, that, being “in extremities,” and there being no hope of saving him, he (the “bold Captain”) would probably get himself into trouble. The Captain was not daunted, and the patient was saved.

Then, his enthusiastic tribute to the much-honoured Priessnitz, pervading every section of his book—all is reflected back in honour to his manly spirit of enterprise. To a less energetic mind, think of the hazard besetting every step! Quackeries abound, and the victims to pills, and balsams, and restoratives, which, “like a poisonous mineral, gnaw the inwards,” are multiplied. Now should *one* only misapplication of the wet sheet result in death, or any dangerous symptom, which might terminate fatally; should a single *accident* accrue, a nice position would be that of Captain Claridge:

classed with the quacks of every degree, he might be tried for *murder!* But there is no fear, and he knows it. Honour to Captain Claridge, and may God bless his exertions at every turn!

Sir E. B. Lytton, on the subject of the wet sheet, writes:—"Of all the curatives adopted by Hydropathists, it is unquestionably the safest—the one that can be applied without danger to the greatest variety of cases, and which I do not hesitate to aver, can rarely, if ever, be misapplied in any case where the pulse is hard and high, and the skin dry and burning. . . . Its theory is that of warmth and moisture, those friendliest agents to inflammatory disorders. In fact, I think it the duty of every man on whom the lives of others depend, to make himself acquainted with at least this part of the Water Cure.

'THE WET SHEET IS THE TRUE LIFE PRESERVER.'

When Bardon came to unpack, and bathe me, he gave me very kind and substantial advice, for which I was not the less grateful, because it was a new version, or "eloucher," of the Doctor's injunction. "Do n't you walk too far, sir—and drink

too much; most of 'em throws 'emselves back by *overdoing of it* in every way after a week, they get *so strong.*" It may be guessed that I had been *boasting* just then. In the bath, I had additional manœuvres; not only was the can emptied on my head and shoulders, but Bardon threw water plentifully on my chest as I sat, using his hand as a ladle. He told me that the Doector would walk with me, and I was soon ready. Ned waited for the ladies, or rather for Mrs. Delmour, whose fag's boy he was. The Doctor was glad to hear of my enjoyment of the sheet, and said that it was the greater, because I had need of it after my Worcester debauch. My tongue told tales. He desired me to get off my promise to go there again. He said, that in the Water Treatment is so great *excitement*, that he must control me, by depriving me of all *other.*—A very long and lucid lecture—I will heed it. He said I should discover the power of the Sitz bath by frequent repetition. It is wonderful to remark how it restores the tone of the stomach and bowels, as well as of the nerves generally.

Admiral Beaumont, lately a patient of the Doector, called the Sitz "*HATCHING HEALTH,*" and the effect of this bath in his case was miraculous.

One of the great advantages of the Water Cure, is the power of repeating the remedies. Suppose a bleeding to thirty ounces did good, the Doctor might say, "If the patient could bear three or four more bleedings, he might be cured; but I *dare not* try it." Not so with the Water Cure. Where a *bath* does good, the patient may take one hundred or one thousand, under proper management, without doing any *harm* to the constitution; "and by this power," said Dr. W., "we are able to cure chronic diseases, and many that are considered incurable."

Speaking of the wet sheet, he said, "In some cases the head is covered with a wet towel while in the sheet to keep back the heat." This is not necessary with me. In bad fevers the wet sheet is often applied four or five times a day. The Doctor told me of Mr. Bradley's *crisis*. Nothing could be more favourable; he was then in the "sweating." He explained that, in this case, Nature had gained ascendancy over the stubborn disease, and there was a *transfer* of irritation. He would *feel* quite well in four or five days.

I was glad to witness a result of the state which

I had heard so much dreaded ; but which, in cases like this, is earnestly desired by the Doctor.

We had our drinking horns, and stopped at a spring beyond the Wyche to drink.



WILLOW SPRING.

This drinking at intervals of a quarter of an hour or so, is very beneficial, as exercise facilitates and encourages the absorption. Here is a great advantage in Malvern : the water is every where bubbling forth ; and Dr. Wilson has inserted pieces of lead pipe at the principal outlets of the bright sparkling spring. At other establishments in this country, I believe, that the quantum of water said to be proper, must be taken at starting to insure its purity, or lacking the

advantage of springs. He told *me* to take altogether four tumblers before breakfast.

He pointed out to me a very interesting case :

We met a venerable looking man—a Quaker, taking his usual walk. He is a patient of the Doctor, and in his eightieth year. He came here with a *heart disease*, unable to walk across the room without palpitation; and now he was firmly, and without any oppression or distress, walking *up hill*.

I told the Doctor of the watering of my eyes when in the packing, and he said it was a positive relief, and would cease after a few days; that in cases of weak sight it always occurred, and that my eyes would be greatly strengthened by the process. My eyes are certainly *fed* by the water, for I feel no weakness or *smarting* as usual when I use them in any way before breakfast.

Another drink at the spring by the Wyche turnpike.

I mentioned the continued pain in my knee while in the wet sheet, and he referred me to his promise of yesterday. He told me that life may be supported thirty days on water only, but not four days without food or water; that the moisture

in the human body, constitutes the greater part of its weight. He illustrated this by the *mummy* and the dead bodies in Egypt where putrefaction does not take place, and which are *dried* by the arid climate. The weight of bone, flesh, muscle, and sinew is scarcely a fourth of what it was in life.

On our return we met Mr. Bradley airing himself after his blanketing, and looking very mottled. He said he felt relieved and very happy.

At breakfast there was *treacle* for some one who wished to have it. A letter from L——. His son is too ill to journey here, and *must* continue to sit by the fire and feed on physic. I wish he would do something in our way—but no, he is forbidden, although his case is pronounced hopeless.

We had pleasant recollections of the servants' party. This society is so entirely free from ceremony that it only refreshes and recreates. Talked with Mr. Bradley of his case, which is most interesting. He was in a state of extreme weakness from long continued indigestion and its consequences, and could scarcely walk half a mile. After a fortnight he walked frequently five miles before breakfast, and ten afterwards; and often to

Worcester and back in the day—more than twenty miles.

Ned made acquaintance with a colossal donkey, named MOSES; and subsequently, in honour of Queen Adelaide, who—with condescension truly regal—actually and bodily backed him from Malvern to St. Anne's, he was re-christened (with a surname) "The Royal Moses;" and much respected by all loyal people for his high Tory principles.

Having eaten rather too freely—I had a good nap after dinner. Let it be understood that I take my Sitz regularly, at about noon and at seven. The Doctor wo'n't even tell me *when* I may Douche. This is my only trouble.—What a remark! I only now fully find my excuse. I desire to be classed among those *who cease to require medicine as if by a charm*—who having met with a wonderful excitement which supplies the place of all others, "return at once to the careless spirits of the boy in his first holiday."

These walks are exquisite. To-day I have not walked far.

After supper Bradley found us reading aloud, and *me* parading my powers of memory by giving recollections of Mrs. Butler's unpublished play—

and disappeared on the instant, as if by a vertical trap-door.

Presently the Doctor came in, and although all was quiet, he confidently accused me of exerting my lungs, and the rest of "edging me on," and was positively severe. He rather reproached me by quoting my morning's promise to shun all excitement, and it was to little purpose that I assured him "I did n't *go* to do it," and was n't at all excited. He said, *he knew*, and I promised that I would be good.

But here had evidently been treachery. It was of no use to deny any thing;—he was so positive. Presently walked into the room, in his quiet courteous manner, friend George Bradley. What was he rubbing his hands for? He had been *telling*, it was clear! and was he pluming himself upon it? *That* was not in his nature. However we were all crest-fallen, and it was aggravating to see him so placid. Mrs. Delmour at once attacked him: "You are a SNEAK.—You have been telling of the new boy." He held up his hands imploringly: "No, no, I did n't tell; I did n't tell; I only:"— "Only what?" interposed one of the gentlemen. "I only spoke of the play, and"—

“Then you *did* tell. Now what shall be done to him? Shall he be bumped, or sent to Coventry?” “No, any thing but that.” “I dare say, indeed!” said another, “a new boy comes here, and we like him, and *he* likes *us*, and we get up a little quiet fun, and then *you* walk in and spoil all by going and telling Master of him. You *are* a sneak.”

Mr. Bradley still *affirmed* his innocence of any wicked intention, and tried to conciliate; and upon his pleading “You should n’t be so *hard* upon me.” the instant reply, “You’re another” was deemed conclusive and satisfactory—backed by the usual retort, “You would n’t like it yourself.” And so we parted friends all, and took our chamber candlesticks.

Ned is in close attendance on his Master, and is entirely fascinated. No wonder, for she is very lovely.



SUNDAY, MAY XVIII

I HAVE been told, or have read, and, if the latter, it must be in Captain Claridge’s book, that “put a

man into the wet sheet who had contemplated suicide, and it would turn him from his purpose,"—at least I will say, let me get hold of a man who has a *pet enmity*, who *cherishes* a vindictive feeling (no matter how great his provocation), and let me introduce him to the soothing process:—I don't believe that his bad passion would linger in its old quarters three days, and that, after a week, a leading desire with him would be, to hold out the hand to his *late* enemy.

Packed at half-past five this morning, I had got thus far in my Sunday morning's musings before I went to sleep in the sheet. After the bath, I was out before seven. Ned started off to St. Anne's Well, being under promise to attend the ladies. I walked towards the Wyche. After a genial rain, the Sun broke out in all his glory, as if to proclaim the holy day. The carol of the birds—a trite but most lovely subject to dwell upon, is enough to raise the heart in gratitude. Every thing seems to rejoice in the Sabbath. How incalculable this *rain* in its blessings on the country!—It was much wanted. I met again the old Quaker (I don't like to write this word, well knowing that it is a mere nickname or cant word, and yet—it is so associated with the

character of the sect, that no one uses it as a term of contempt or ridicule). He was returning from his early walk, unfatigued, and with steady step; a calm, settled peace on his brow, and the ruddy glow of health in his face. Looking after the old man, who would not have invoked "God's blessing on the Water Cure?"

My Brother once wrote to me—"The objection of these people to go through the form of an oath in courts of justice, is surely very untenable. The form of the oath required, takes it entirely out of the pale of prohibition, as expressed by the words, "neither by heaven nor by the earth," &c. Correctly speaking, we do not *swear*—it is no *oath*. It is a declaration that we will speak the truth—appropriately concluding with a prayer for God's help—"so help me God." The ceremony of kissing the book is emblematic of our affection and veneration for the sacred volume. Oh! that the thing signified always accompanied the sign! It is, then, no *swearing*. Our Lord alluded to ordinary intercourse, or "communication," for which "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," are sufficient.

In *these*, swearing by the name of God, is "taking His name in vain;" and our Saviour inculcates

“Swear not at all,” by any being, or thing, in our
“*communication.*”

Every habit—every temper, induced by this system, presents to the mind salutary and thankful thoughts. The means are, the taking freely the purest gifts of Providence—the full enjoyment of the inexhaustible riches of Nature. By the early homage to the sun, the heart is surely raised to Him who gave light and heat; and the dews of sleep have been as sweet to us as to the closing flowers (who shall say they do not *feel?*), and as refreshing as to the renovated verdure. In the frequent washings of the never failing spring, it is a happy enthusiasm that sees (and not merely by analogy) how the mind is attuned to purification by the streams whose virtue scours the body.—In taking the beverage “which God pours forth to all the children of Nature,” we may see, as bountifully proffered—“without money, and without price”—the treasure that shall be within us “a well of water, springing up to everlasting life;” and be led to think, “How excellent is His loving-kindness,” with whom is “the Fountain of Life,” and who “makes us to drink of the river of His pleasures.”

Once encouraging such a train of thought, it is remarkable how every thing of health and purity and brightness, is in the Scripture symbolized by WATER.

In the early morning walk is no solitude. All that one loves to dwell upon is uppermost. How full of intentions that the young day shall be well spent.

The Abbey bells called me home.

After breakfast, a severe lecture from the Doctor. Gave him as excuse, my experience of renewed *memory*. Told him of the degree in which I *had* enjoyed that wonderful gift—how whole pages of intricate language had been insensibly, and without effort, fixed on my memory—how, for the last year, I had in a great degree *lost* this envied power of retention—how I had been distressed at this, often testing it by the attempt to recall what had been my habitual *companions* for years, and how miserable my loss had made me.

Last evening I had felt the response renewed, when I was speaking of Mrs. Butler, and had been too happy in such experience to check the desire to show it off. I did not think that in so doing I "*worked the brain*" in a degree to do mischief, as I felt no ill result; to which the Doctor replied that he had stopped me *in time*; that I should "abuse a

good thing if he allowed me." I agreed with him that I was *disposed* to do too much for my strength, in every way.—He tells me that my tongue, surrounded with deep cracks at the edge, is already shewing signs of healing; that in a month these cracks will seem to turn up from the inside, as a wound that is healing, and the deep furrows be filled.

All fever has entirely ceased, nor have I had the least sign of ulceration in tongue or mouth, which had been my habitual plague.

Foot-bath, and to Church. The interior of the Abbey most interesting and beautiful. (See "Malvern Guide.") After church, a short walk—a Sitz—and then a *good* walk. Ned is very ambitious to *appear* a gentleman. Promised to write for his favourite silk neck-cloths (good). At dinner, roast beef (vice mutton)—the usual Sunday's dinner—kale, asparagus, Maintenon eutlets, &c. with arrow-root pudding, &c. Ned not only studies his appearance, but his manners.—To bed betimes.





WYCHE, LOOKING EAST.

MAY XIX

PACKING, bathing, and out with Ned.

Sustained delight at my positive gradual improvement.

At St. Anne's, when I remarked to the woman at the cottage, that I wondered at my power to mount these steep hills, she replied: "Indeed, so do I, sir, but when I tell how the Water Cure patients get strength to come up here, after a few days—and how well they look, some gentlefolks are *hard* enough to say the Doctor *pays* me to say so." She advised me not to take too much water. She has seen some drink twenty or twenty-four glasses before breakfast!

and although they do n't *seem* to suffer for it, surely four or five must be enough?

Enormous appetite. The Doctor begged me to "rein it in,"—to "leave the table *with* an appetite."

After breakfast, through the Wyche.

This cutting is the only pass for carriages



WYCHE, LOOKING WEST.

through the hills. The contrast between the flat expanse of plain on the Worcestershire side, and the undulating, rich country on the Herefordshire side, is here very interesting; and, pacing through the Wyche backwards and forwards, to compare, I waver with the varying atmospheric effects.

To-day I am all for Herefordshire. A light mist

covers the plain to the east, while, on the other side, the rising, wooded hills are everywhere looking *out* of it. On my return, I had to say,—“ Please, sir, may I go to see my cousins at St. Anne’s Well? I wrote to them that you would not let me go again to Worcester; and so they have come to see me, and one of them has just called to ask me to go with him.” Obtaining leave, I went to pic-nic with them, and a very merry two hours we had.

There are two parties here against the Doctor,—the tavern keepers, and the donkey boys. The disinterested opposition of the former is easily understood; the latter do n’t like him because the patients always get strong in the legs, and



MALVERN, FROM THE HIGH HILL

walk up the hills. Bought a print of the Abbey, and a view of Malvern, the latter very inaccurate.

Nothing is so vile in a drawing of landscape, as the seeming *intention* to exaggerate. The print has hills so steep as to be inaccessible. I will *accurately* draw the same view.* Bought a "Guide to Malvern," which gives good solid information, with strong recommendation of "three spacious and commodious hotels," and seminaries for "limited numbers of young ladies," or "gentlemen." A good shilling's worth.

Heard of a farce which had been proposed by the ladies, but "never acted." The "big boys" were ordered by their respective *masters* to sally forth with monster *hoops* (having been lazy for a day or two), and dressed in dwarf jackets, like spencers, in compliment to the Sitz baths. All was ready—and the Doctor put a *reto*—a positive extinguisher, upon the plan—"his house would be called a mad-house."

I often dwell, in deep thought, upon the fate of WOLLASTON, whose intimate friendship I enjoyed. For some weeks previous to the fatal stroke which paralysed his whole side, and obscured his reason,

* The curious observer may detect, by examination of the preceding woodcut, a flag planted by me on the house of Doctor Wilson, near the Abbey.

until (after three weeks) he died; he was, I believe, in precisely the same state which I suffered before I came here. Frequently remarking the numbness of his arm, he would say, "I know what it means; My father died of it—and my grandfather: however, I can only treat it as a *stomach* complaint."

Himself a physician, deep in the science, and surrounded by anxious and devoted friends, all that was possible was done to avert the fate which he clearly saw approaching. Had this glorious discovery of the Water Cure been at that time revealed, the world might still have owned this profound philosopher.

I am about to have a bilious *crisis*; and not till that has passed off, am I to have the Douche. The Doctor foretold this yesterday.

Good dinner—pleasant chat—rest—walk—Sitz—out again. To bed as usual.



MAY XX

AWAKING in the wet sheet before Bardou came to bathe me, I caught myself again smiling with self-complacency. The aching of my knee had

almost ceased. I walked through the Wyehe, drinking at the turnpike spring, and proceeded to the Willow spring; then mounting the hills beyond it, I got up into a glorious atmosphere, and—impelled by the temptation of each succeeding height, I kept my way along the ridges of the hills, with no thought of turning baek. I wish to note down something of my sense of happiness on this morning. The preparation of light, dreamless sleep—one uninterrupted nap—succeeded by the soft influence of the process which I have described, and followed up by the braeing, invigorating bath; the experience of strength which seems unbounded; all is crowned by the loveliest of midsummer mornings—and the enjoyment of such a scene, as ehanging at every step—and dressed with fresh beauties, lifts the heart in gratitude and praise.

My eompanions are the absent and the mourned. Wife, children, sister, brothers (both), are in spirit with me. Herefordshire calls my thoughts to early youth and my beloved parents; and I am taking the blessings offered me—for the sake of those I love more than life.

Nearly three miles from home, I suddenly thought of the breakfast hour—looked at my watch,

and, for a moment, started off to *run* homeward; then suddenly checking my speed, I actually waved my hand aloft, and said, "*Let 'em wait!*"—and, laughing at myself—remembered that for breakfast no one *waits* for the rest; the meal is spread, and the patients come to it as they like, within half an hour of the time fixed. This was a comfort. I met and spoke to the old Quaker, who more than returned my courtesy. Passed a man whom Ned calls a "broken down swell." He certainly seems sadly "used up.



LOWER TURNPIKE SPRING.

After breakfast—the Doctor was delighted with my appearance, and surprised to see my tongue so much better. I am to leave off under-waistcoats as

soon as the wind changes to another quarter. A particular result promised by the Doctor has occurred—the approach to a *bilious crisis*. Walk with the Doctor. He is resolved to put an extinguisher on the Fag system. It has made him unhappy. He will not allow any game that is kept up by *excitement* of any kind. He criticises my skin; and says, that I shall “soon cease to rejoice in white hands, of a deadly—bloodless hue.”

I am writing in the Sitz without spectacles—and without any want of them. Another walk—Dinner.

I give a drive this afternoon. Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Delmour, Mrs. M'Claire, and Mr. Pennerton, are my party. Weather propitious, and all successful—thanks to Mr. Pennerton's pilotage. Ned on a pony. We had a sixteen miles drive.

“The air of Malvern is in itself hygeian. The water is immemorially celebrated for its purity. The landscape is a perpetual pleasure to the eye.”

If my eyes are getting strong, let me not try them.—No nap after dinner to-day nor yesterday.

Returned in time for our respective Sitzes.

It is feared that a *radical* change will take place

to-morrow. The ladies out of office. The fags out of place. Liberty and equality will constitute *this* crisis. How long the system may linger we shall see; but it has received a "heavy blow, and great discouragement."

I fulfilled my promise by writing out the rules of the "Party Cure," which were received with considerable applause.

The Party Cure, or, in plain English, KOINOPOLLIPATHY, is a system discovered by me; most marvellous in its results, and which, in its principles and practice, is now, for the first time, made known.

It has been gravely asserted that this system is *not new*, but I may well afford to dismiss with scorn such an abortive attack, as dictated by ignorance, prejudice, or interest; and proceed to describe the healing processes, as applicable to all cases whether "chronic" or "acute."

For the present I confine my directions to the men.

The patient having suffered from intolerable depression of spirits, which he cannot trace to any definite agency, casts about him for the most agreeable opportunity which the day presents, in form of a proposal to go into society.

By the process of deliberately and carefully dressing, his mercury is sensibly raised. He then proceeds to the scene of his experiment, and gently goes through the prescribed exercises. He is quickly sensible how powerful an accessory to the cure is female beauty, when exhibited in those who are in some sort disciples of the system. Having made a well-directed proposal for the first dance, and rejoicing in the rules on which the decorous quadrille is built, he achieves a second step. His execution of this dance must

not be marked by sliding or indolent advances (generally characteristic of tall gentlemen in spectacles), nor is it desirable that, in his activity, he should be "well shaken." The degree of energy which exhibits good taste, begets no great anxiety of mind—demands no extraordinary stretch of intellect. He remembers that his partner is his rightful property for ten minutes. However sought by the whole circle around him, no other dares to approach her till he retires, and she again enters the world.

Compare with this those unblushing *quackeries*—the foreign dances, whose votaries seem impelled in a very whirlwind of unwholesome impropriety. The execution of the waltz or the polka is a very serious business—subversive of all conversation; and as a *sudorific* (for which it was designed), far too violent. An inveterate waltzer journeys at least ten miles during the evening. But my leading objection is to be found in the rules of centrifugal force, which render the action exceedingly injurious by inducing a tendency of blood to the *back*. Acknowledging the principles of Phrenology, we view with dismay an exercise which creates a rush of blood to the back of the *head*, inflaming all the animal organization, and leaving the intellectual with empty vessels. If the advocates of the party cure cannot succeed in banishing this un-English dance to its native shores, they will do well to perform it *dos-à-dos*, and so by the same principle of centrifugal force, feed the intellectual organs only. After dancing, ices are recommended. Singing is a healthy exercise of the lungs; but if indulged in, must be sparingly inflicted, so as to minister to the patient's self-respect. Let him not attempt what he cannot efficiently go through.

In reasonable time, he will turn his thoughts to home. He will have been moderate in every stage of the process, and not over-dressed. Gorgeous and variegated waistcoats are decidedly unwholesome. Studs and shirt pins should be taken in moderation. A man, considerably overdressed, who was also very talkative, was advised by a lady friend "to wear black coats, and to *listen*;" and in six months he was

an altered character. I have my eye at this time upon a Party patient who is in a state of transition, which we call a "crisis." To the frequent remark that he is "a very indifferent character," I have only to reply that I am delighted to think so, for he *was positively* offensive, and his barometer being up to *changeable*, I have good hope of his recovery.

The patient makes his escape as I have said in reasonable time, and if possible *walks* home, taking an *air bath* to insure a good night's rest: and, having avoided all excesses, he returns refreshed and happy:—and is enabled "to do entirely without medicine."

The effects, in after life, of going through a course of the Party Treatment are not less remarkable than the immediate results of the cure. It has been boldly asserted by high Party Cure authority, that all young ladies who have discreetly pursued the system, "marry well, and have boys." Although not prepared to join in so unqualified an assertion, I may as well recite one case as illustrating the rule. A young lady, not less distinguished for personal loveliness than for all those charms that combine to form a true English wife, having gone through the Party Treatment, made an admirable selection, entered upon her domestic duties, and has long been considered an authority in all matters of Party Cure, when the patient is of the gentle sex. I consulted her lately respecting a very interesting patient of mine, subject to attacks of sluggishness which I feared would become chronic, and to a capillary head complaint, and she replied, "I have thought much about her since we parted, and I am sure that she should be more indulged in what regards the toilette, as she is certainly deficient in *amour propre*;" then, alluding to a medicine which we never use but in extreme cases of *dérangement*, and which like calomel under the old system should never be prescribed unless there is actual danger, and where the *head* has been affected, she added, "Ne la grondez plus pour se servir de POMMADE, ses cheveux la *demandent*. Moi! je *n'aurais* sans pommade."

Now, as nothing was ever so beautiful—and beautifully *done*, as *her* hair, this settled the disputed point. However, I reserved to myself the right of protesting that nothing but the early and injudicious use of this medicine can excuse its continuance, that the *water system* duly administered, renders all such applications unnecessary; and that, habitually taken, it undoubtedly tends to bring on the long train of evils attendant on “premature grey hairs.”

Sir Thomas Lawrence remarked to a friend of mine, who complained that his son was “getting rather wild,” “Rein him in a little; but don’t be too strict: for, rely upon it, he *must* break out of bounds at one period of his life, and what so offensive as an *old* fop? The *sober time* will surely come either early or late.”

A young lady remonstrating with her mother, who objected to allow her to go to a certain very late party (on the shallow plea of *health*), said, “You know, mamma, *you* used to go to *hundreds* of parties when you were young.” “Yes, my dear, I did; and I have seen the *folly* of it.” “Now do you know, mamma, that is just what *I* want to do—to see the *folly* of it!”

I select these two cases as exhibiting the philosophy of the Party Cure. In the former case, the young man lived to be a bright corroboration of Lawrence’s maxim. The young lady I don’t know.

An objection has been urged by a Scotchman to this theory: “Now just suppose that neither the one nor the other should *live* to the particular time when sobriety comes of its own accord, or to experience the effects of the Party Treatment in ‘after life.’” I beg to be understood as noticing this, merely as a very narrow—calculating—north country objection. Such a remark (until explained away), strikes at the very root of a system.—It reminds me of the sentiment conveyed by cook (the mention of whose *name* carries with it an authority not to be questioned), when a favourite and most palatable dish—from the French—had been staguatised

as *unwholesome*, and with which, as I deem it conclusive in argument, I conclude,—

“People didn't ought to *say* such things.”

It would be easy to multiply cases, but I need quote no further. In the *abuse* of the Party Cure lies the danger. When ill effects have ensued, the company has been ill chosen, dress has been unbecomingly elaborated, rooms too hot, the hours too late, the viands improperly indulged in, and the homeward walk unprotected by proper clothing.

No directions are genuine unless signed, R. J. L.



MAY XXI

PACKED at half-past five. The same slight discharge from my eyes. After working two hours yesterday without spectacles, I asked the Doctor if my eyes *appeared* distressed, as they neither ached nor felt fatigued. He said *not*: and I asked if it is reasonable to hope for renewed strength of sight, after wearing glasses for a year. He told me that restoration of strength of body would not exclude my eyes; that many a man of weak sight had been so benefited; and that he had a patient nearly blind who was restored to sight, and whose eyes every morning discharged thick matter in the wet sheet; an evidence that “the System attacks not one malady alone, but pervades the whole

frame;" in fact, the system *chiefly* attacks the weak and faulty part.

Slept as usual, and out before seven with the Doctor. Introduced to "a new boy" who arrived last night. To his kind manners Ned gave a quick response, and walked on with him, leaving me and the Doctor to our talk. The new boy is a fine well-built fellow, about six feet long. He vaulted over the turnpike gate in splendid style.

I propitiated the Doctor upon the fagging question, and got a reprieve.

As I had not been distinguished by a situation for the duties of which I had not leisure, I was not personally interested in the question, but with reference to my boy, I argued that the lady who controls his destiny (for the time) is so thoroughly amiable, that she will turn to good account the sway which she has over him.

It is the society of ladies that gives the first start in refinement to a boy, and this is rarely effected by sisters or cousins.

Something must be said for "hereditary transmission." I had a similar fancy when a year *younger* than Ned, and without the same exense; and (when I was effectually roused from the dis-

position to assassinate my tutor whom I suspected as a rival,)—it did me good.

This walk to the Wyche is a mile and a quarter, and the gentle *ascent* is evident in my general view of the Hills—(from the Abbey to the Wyche). When not disposed to extend the walk, it is a great luxury to jog homewards on a surface so gently inclined; and this is excellent chatting time. We ascended the hills on our return. Ned vanished with the new boy for a much longer walk. The morning cold and fresh. The Doctor remarked that I was walking well, and asked about my knee. I had really *forgotten* the weakness, and so fulfilled his prediction to the letter: and he crowed over me. We mounted the hill on our homeward walk, and called and drank at St. Anne's.

My home letter asks whether I suffer from the late irregular fluttering or palpitation. *Both* in a degree when opening my daily despatch—and carried home by the contents: but otherwise—the heart is at rest, even in strong exercise. Such appetite for my breakfast—although this bilious symptom prevails!

The new boy is nervous: he was indulged with

tea this morning, and spilled it on the way to his mouth. He was so confounded, that I tried to comfort him by saying, that "I did just the same thing the first day *I* was at school." He laughed—and Ned trampled upon him by *roaring* with delight.

I have known these people just seven days, and am altogether delighted to find myself in such company. Of the fourteen at table, nine tell of Italy—Germany—France, &c., as familiar subjects; and all having passed much time in travel, "give and take" in conversation, to the great advantage of a willing listener. I find that the Doctor speaks fluently five modern languages.

Mr. Waite came in to breakfast, telling us that he had carried a *donkey* up to St. Anne's Well. I said this was pretty well for a man who but yesterday talked of being in a decided consumption.

Several opinions of the "broken down swell." One said that he has seen him in three several coats—and appealing to his own watch for the time. It is only his face and framework that are so shabby. *I* hazarded the opinion that he is a Lord.

Mr. Pennerton is going away. I made a suc-

cessful drawing of him. All are very sorry to lose him. He will go to Cairo, and see my brother and his household.

“A little Sitz,” and walk; and then two hours’ work on stone — minute, careful work — without the slightest need of spectacles. My eyes could not feel tired. For this I have been invited to Mrs. Wilson’s especial room. Here are two very interesting children; a nice companionable boy, and a charming baby. Having some time on my hands, I offered to take charge of baby. Had been nurse nineteen years in one place. If no objection to a written character (as the lady was in London), could have a good recommendation in the dry line: never “monthlied” nor took one “from the month;” but had *nursed* a baby, and never *broke* one trusted to me: very wakeful, and taking no strong liquors, and, above all, doting on babies; not like the gentleman who professed to love *naughty* babies; which being doubted by those who knew him, he accounted for by the motive, “because they are always taken away.”

Went to the Chalybeate, a favourite spring or Well, near the abbey church, close to which are the Douche Baths, built by Dr. Wilson.



CHALYBEATE SPRING.

The fagging may proceed very successfully, and continue the source of much amusement; and if abolished, it will not be because the ladies are exacting, but because I and Ned, and another, are obtrusive in dancing attendance.

After dinner—a drive with the ladies. Our bouquet of beauty will lose a flower to-morrow. Mrs. Henley and her brother are going away.

Ned is ready to establish himself in the full fag's chair, conceiving that, as his boy, he has a right to be promoted to the higher office which Mr. H. vacates under the same lady. He does not

consult me, as he fears that I should object to such usurpation; but I know that he means to do full duty.



TURF MOUND.

MAY XXII

BARDON aggravates me by always asking when I mean to Douche, and saying, "There's nothing like it."

Before breakfast to the top of Beacon, with Mr. Sterling (the new boy) and Ned; calling, of

course, at St. Anne's. Saw Mr. Waite's donkey: it was a *baby* donkey. The turf mound at the summit is a good landmark. My two companions make it a resting place.

After breakfast, two hours' work. I have never any irregular pulsation on climbing the steep hills to shirk the paths. I am getting into excellent training. The scorbutic spots that annoyed me have vanished, and thin new skin supplies their place.

Calling at the —— to pay for a carriage drive, I saw my disinterested adviser of the stage coach, the proprietor of the hotel; and he saw me, and looked uneasy (I thought) as he took the money.

“There he saw Brothers the Prophet,
And Brothers the Prophet saw *him*.”

I quote from the poem of “THE DEVIL'S WALK.”—He was, it appears, an *early* walker:—

“From his brimstone bed,* at break of day
The Devil a walk has gone.”

And, again, at verse the second:—

“And over the hills,” &c.

* Probably a variety of the celebrated Sulphur Baths. How refreshing the walk after such a process!

This might seem a humanizing trait ; but the object of that early walk is not the object of the Water Patients, and this is not only evident from the sequel, but receives additional illustration from the following episode, which has been preserved by the invaluable help of concurrent and supplementary "Tradition ;" and, having a direct *local* interest, may be quoted here.

But, stepping down to the lovely vale
To grin at the early people,
He suddenly shrieked, for he *felt* his tail
In the shade of the Abbey steeple.

He shivered and shrunk in the morning light,
And fell in a dreadful fit ;
And groaned, and sighed—that it was n't night—
And he in the bottomless pit.

He tucked up his tail, and lay on his back,
For excessively weak he was ;
Having scarcely recovered the last attack
Of his new antagonist Boz.

At half past ten he began to mend
In dread of the Abbey bells ;
And said, " I've a very particular friend,"
" And hereabout he dwells."

For once, he passed his own BELLE VUE,
 For he heard, from the house next door,
 A merry voice exclaim, "MON DIEU!
 Now pray don't laugh any more."

A slight relapse then laid him low,
 But the people kept aloof,
 For they twigged beneath his new paletot
 The tail and the cloven hoof.

From the "Family Boarding House" not one
 To aid their patron flew:
 His principal work had been lately done
 At the FOLEY ARMS, they knew:

Here the Water Doctor his slumbers broke,
 And *there* he finds that none dis-
 Turb his repose, but the library folk,
 Who *won't* open shop on Sundays.

Now he roared and writhed till they pitied his case,
 But he said, "I need not trouble you!"
 For he saw in each cheerful—happy face,
 A patient of Doctor W.

But three doors off, from a window peeps
 (Where colours of red, green, yellow,
 Attract the gaze—with bottles in heaps.)
 A very benevolent fellow.

He knew him well, he saw it all,
 But cautions still, and wary;
 Kept quiet till he heard him call
 "What ho, Apothecary!"

Then to the door discreetly hied,
 And said, "Who calls so loud?"
 And let him in—and opened wide,
 As very low he bowed.

"Thank you," said he, "I shall quickly mend.
 Now we find ourselves *tous deux*;
 Talk French, my very particular friend,
 Et, donnez moi du Feu.

"For *I* love the French, and the French love *me*,
 ('T was his favourite song—I trow,)
 And we are the best of company.
 Now, donnez moi de l'Eau."

And so from hot to cold he ranged,
 And at his dinner got
 Quite brisk and merry—as he changed
 Again from cold to hot.

"'T was at New Zealand, yesterday,
 That 'hashed black's head,' I fear,
 Or the 'cold clergyman' *with lay*
 'Fixings,' that made me queer.

"Ça me rappelle—(no, no more pork
 I thank you—*Don't say grace*)—
 I've a Polka party at New York,
 And a lady's in the case;

"But yet, I fear that I can't *be at her*,*
 Since I stopped MACREADY'S reign;
 You know I've very hard work at the Theatre
 Royal in Drury Lane.

* *Chez elle.* He was evidently *thinking* in French.

“Bon jour”—“A-DIEU,” the Chemist said,
 He did n't mean to do it;
 He *meant* to say FAREWELL, and dread-
 Ed much that he should rue it.

“Pardon, mon cher! your fury quench!
 You *drove* me to translate it;
 And when *you* drive ‘needs must’ speak French,
 However one may hate it.”

He pressed the Chemist's friendly hand—
 He knew the Druggist's *heart*;
 And sighed,—POOR DEVIL,—quite unmanned,
 “THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART.”

Adieu, under waistcoats! Fleecy hosiery, I wish you well! Go to comfort those who want you; no more coddling for me! I shall enjoy the refreshing change of linen by contact.

I have not looked into the “Times,” or any other newspaper since I came here. They all tell of towns and bustle. When at home, I *must* have my twenty minutes every morning for the news. A quarter of an hour in Sitz, might, however, be well occupied with the paper; but I am always busy then with my Diary.

Ned usurps the chair next to Mrs. Delmour. I

protest; but the objection is overruled—and there he sits.

The “broken down swell” is an out-patient of the Doctor—a victim of two varieties of excessive and “infallible” remedies—— self-administered; and so, shut up and jumbled together, no wonder they quarrelled, as their betters would. He is to take but nine ounces of solid food in the day, and to drink as much water as he can. Poor fellow, such a stomach!

Combinations of things *congenial*, and actually *made to meet*, often produce distressing results if not brought together in moderation:—(witness the calamitous and frightful disaster that occurred in the stomach of the King of Delhi!) but here were two creatures on the worst possible terms with each other, caged together as if to fight to the death; which they certainly would have done, had not the water been admitted—and put an end to the unnatural contest by washing both away together. Again, the *quantities* of each! I knew a man who, receiving a box of German pills, in scorn of the size of it, swallowed the *twenty-four* dozes on the instant. To be sure, the pills were not larger than mustard seeds, but “each pill a

dose," and a good one. To abide by his desperate act, he ran away from his agitated friends, and refused to take an emetic. On the following day he was at his office at early morning; but before noon!!! * * * * * I pass over details. In a fortnight he was out of danger. Nothing but the fact of his having swallowed the well-packed *box* with the pills, had saved his life. The friendly box only gave out just enough at a time to be singly dealt with, while it inflicted its tortures, and so—he did n't die:—but I am forgetting the King, who certainly should have enjoyed precedence.

On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage.

(This luxurious potentate, when he heard of the invention of musical clocks, had caused an apartment to be furnished with fifty of those ingenious instruments; and, with taste truly regal, sat in the midst while they were all set to play together.—But of the Seidlitz powders.)

A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve *blue* papers, and having added water,

the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained, that in the *combination* of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose—staggered—exploded; and, in his agonies, screamed, “HOLD ME DOWN!” Then rushing from the throne—fell prostrate on the floor.

There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spurning like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death; a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

To descend to our hero. The mystery is solved—the charm is broken. He is not a town rake, wasted by late hours, and proclaiming by his gait and bilious complexion that useful lesson, “Beware the demands of the London season.” He is *not* a used up nobleman. He is a respectable Hairdresser from a large manufacturing town, who, by his appearance, must have been born for other (if not *better*) things; but whose whole energies (when he had any) were

bestowed and *spent*, as we see, on his intellectual profession. “Easy shaving was his nature; cutting and curling his pride and glory.”



MAY XXIII

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT BEFORE SEVEN

WHILE in the wet sheet Bardon told me that “the ladies are *bolder-like* with the wet sheets and Douches, and that, than the gentlemen.”

Of course they are.

Out with Sterling to the Well and the Beacon. Ned capering about—getting to the top and returning to us; then up again. At the summit a tremendous wind. The clouds careering along below us: sometimes surrounding us. The dewy mist sparkling on the turf mound, and on our whiskers. I never felt such a wind. Hats were a nuisance; any attempt to put a hat on the head would have ended in starting it to Hereford at least. As we were under the hill a perpetual *frown* would occasionally keep it, when lightly pressed, on the head, but ever and again it must be *held*.

At the summit—I shall never forget it—we had an AIR DOUCHE! and thus we stood against it—Ned



HORIZONTAL AIR DOUCHE.

shirking the full stream of wind. We proceeded after a time along the tops of the hills to the Wyche, and then returned by the gently inclined road. Any one seeing me would think that I had not a care in the world. I had found a delightful companion, and moralized upon the state of agreeable subserviency into which I *had* got to the ladies.

I had but three weeks more to carry out my great object in leaving home. I resolved to be firm in following the Doctor's rules, and here was

somebody to help me—not to slight the ladies, to whom I was so grateful, but to obey the impulse to make the most of my time in the way of exercise. Sterling has been to Cairo.

A new boy has arrived; only to stay for a few days that he may decide whether he can exist without Town life. He is out of his element. He knows every body of distinction. There is not much the matter, but the Doctor has a great regard for him, and persuades him to try the water. He does every thing “under protest,” and therefore it is all a bore; so excessively *unusual*. As to the Sitz, it is positively dreadful! besides he does not “*want* any thing of the sort.” He “*can* go to bed at eleven, but to rise at *six!*”

After breakfast the Doctor talked to me, looked at my tongue—felt my pulse—asked many questions, and wound up by authorizing me to DOUCHE at one o'clock.

My crisis had subsided. How straight and firmly I now walked—my legs on equal terms. A glorious day. Wind north-west. I hope the Douche will agree with me. I am not afraid, but it is an encouragement to have some one to *see* how well I mean to behave.

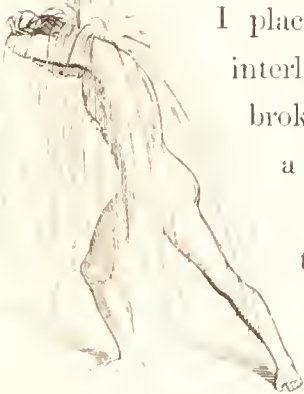


I HAVE had my experience of this glorious bath. Every symptom proves that it agrees with me. It was an anxious point with me to take it discreetly,—according to the Doctor's directions. First on the back between the shoulders, then down the spine, then on the right shoulder, and on the whole of the right side ; *never on the head*, until, having received it one full minute,

I placed my hands (the fingers interlaced) over my head, and so broke the compact column into a delicious shower of foam.

The fall of water is nearly twenty feet from the cistern.

A pipe descends about two feet from the cistern,



tapering downwards to concentrate the force of the fall. With me the re-action was immediate. On going to the dressing room I was instantly *hot*. The attendant (my friend Bardon) said that I shone "like a new guinea." Had I headache?—No. Was I giddy?—No. Warm?—Am I not? All was perfection! Sterling was in some horror at the glimpse that he got of me in the Douche. He tried to look, but the *spray!* He is examining the furniture at the Douche Baths. In a corner of one dressing room is a broken chair. "What does it mean?" A stout lady—being alarmed at the great fall from the cistern; to reduce the height—carefully placed what *was* a chair, and stood upon it. Down came the column of water—smash went the chair to bits—and down fell the poor lady prostrate. She was better after a week.

The force of the water may be conceived from this fact. Last winter a man was being douched, when an icicle that had been formed in the night was dislodged by the first rush of water, and fell on his back. Bardon seeing the wound and the plentiful bleeding, stopped the Douche in alarm—but the Douchee *had not felt* the blow as any thing

unusual. He had douched daily, and calculated upon such a force as he had experienced.

I may have instilled into my description of this glorious bath something to feed the dread of it which every one feels *at first*; but let me add that I never asked any one his or *her* estimate of the Douche, who did not eulogize it highly.

That it is dangerous in certain conditions of body there is no doubt; and the indiscriminate use of it, has produced dangerous and even fatal results. Witness the caution of the Doctor in my case, and give him credit for *far more* than you know, for some details are inadmissible, which would bear me out. Hear also Sir E. B. Lytton, "Never let the eulogies which many will pass upon the *Douche* (the popular bath) tempt you to take it on the sly, unknown to your adviser. The Douche is dangerous when the body is unprepared—when the heart is affected—when *apoplexy* may be feared."

How I enjoyed mounting the high hill again with Sterling! I never felt such animal exhilaration! He is delighted with Bardou, who, after the morning bath, scratches him horribly with his new sheet (every patient buys a blanket and a pair of course sheets), and then says, "Never mind, sir,

you'll soon get used to it:" then goes on polishing away with double energy. Sterling shirks the Doctor—gets behind the door when he sees him coming. He becomes Mrs. M'Claire's fag, and is very dutiful at breakfast and dinner. Miss Asplin is going away. The Doctor has more than once found tarts, and other improprieties and combustibles, concealed in her drawers; and lately saw the warming-pan walking up stairs; but he collared it, and scolded the maid for consenting to help her to such an inflammatory bedfellow. A warming-pan in a Cold Water Cure Establishment! Miss Asplin, for that misdemeanour, was politely requested to return home—such a propensity might be catching, and insubordination must not be allowed to prevail. Moreover she shirks her Sitzes.

In the evening a delightful walk with Mrs. St. John and Mrs. M'Claire to a picturesque spot and farm, a mile and half distant. The weather sunny, with light showers, to make shelter agreeable, and reproduce the fragrance of the fields. I am sure that there is no climate where the unvaried glare prevails, that could to me give half the delight of our lovely alternations of showers and sunshine.

Sitz. Supper. A very merry incident.

Mrs. M'Claire is not only gifted by nature in the sybil line—as far as the outward woman is considered, but actually possesses an unearthly power very far beyond common fortune telling. Many are the wonders related by her friends of this mysterious gift; and now the enchantress was ready to deal with any cherished *wish* of my heart. This she did in the most summary and positive manner. She had rarely been known to be so decided. My second wish will *certainly* be disappointed.*

A stroll—and to bed at ten.



MAY XIV

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT BEFORE SEVEN

"I DON'T know how it is, but I am so very merry, papa." So said Ned before being bathed. We both slept soundly in the sheet. To the Wyche and back only. Sterling much amused by Bardon's care of his *hair*, which is long and dark. Having

* Never was any prediction more signally fulfilled. It is now twelve months since the sybil pronounced it, and I then felt the wish *almost sure*, which is finally and *irrevocably* balked.

packed him, he touches him up—and parts his hair neatly; then goes to a distance—put his head askance, and so regards him; then advances—gives another touch, and he “will do.” I have no discharge from my eyes; the cracks in my tongue are *partly* closed, and the colour of the tongue indicating perfect health. It had rained all night. Morning fine.

A new boy arrived. I worked for two hours in Mrs. Wilson's room without spectacles. I shall surely leave off, for the present, this aid to weak sight.

Proposal to *pack* baby. The sheet a cambrie handkerchief, the bed a down pillow. Douche at one; exquisite in every respect. I so fully enjoyed it to-day, that I had every disposition to *fight* with it; only modified by the warning given by the Doctor, that to take it *on the head* might be injurious. Thought of our friend Mr. T. P. Cooke, who derived great benefit from the Water Cure here, and is a zealous hydropathist. He used to play the “Fighting Gladiator” in the Douche, and other such creatures; graceful and artist-like as he is. Thought also of a lady friend, who has more than once douched at the Niagara Falls. Close to

the terrific rush of the chief torrent, she has sought a baby-fall of about sixty feet, and received the rushing water—amid the din of the whole cataract. Here was a Douche! Bardon may well say “the ladies are bolder-like with the Douches than the men:” he would have worshipped *her*. And well might we add a native’s remark to the father of our heroine, while contemplating the tremendous scene: “I say, stranger, that’s an almighty water privilege!—suckles mother ocean *a deal!*—You could n’t show us any thing so *handsome* as that in *your* country.”

Bardon said to me, as I was helping to dry and rub myself, “Do n’t you be a rubbing your head so, sir, you’ll rub off the *young hair*.” I was amused. Has a new start taken place? Rain at two; the country looks grateful for it. Sterling is very eloquent on the subject of the Sitz, and thinks the attitude very humiliating—indeed; then, on rising out of the water after his twenty minutes have been completed, he proceeds to polish; and, after vigorous rubbing, complains that the skin is as cold as a fish, and *feels* as wet.

Mr. Townley, the new boy, has not been proposed to as a fag; he is more visitor than patient.

He did just get out before breakfast. I have not heard how he bore this morning's packing. He looks very well—his dark arched eyebrows constantly raised as in dissatisfaction, and yet most courteous and gentlemanly—although rather sleepy, all day. I wonder the water does not brisk him up. I hope he will Douche. He is a perfect incarnation of discretion, and deserves, and *expects*, that every comfort and luxury shall come *pat* to his hand as a matter of habit. On entering the room, he fixes his eyeglass in the socket of one eye, which adds slightly to his habitual look of surprise at finding himself without his accustomed "appliances and means to boot," and then the very glass, instinct with sympathy, falls despairingly to the extent of its ribbon, and gives it up.

Ned asked me to go with him in the evening to the "Ivy Rock," and led the way, climbing up the steep hill north of the Beacon; and, admiring his activity, I followed, until finding the ascent very steep, I felt insecure. Still Ned was calling out, "We are almost there!" and I kept my eye upon the nearest ridge; but, having achieved that, another and a higher presented itself; and on went the boy, looking eagerly for the rock. By this time,

we were at a great height. He had missed the route—path there was none; and I, venturing to look back, became very giddy; the precipice was frightful, and I was “losing my head.” To return was impossible, and to stop very dangerous. I had in the morning hesitated—and refused, to buy a stick. I would now have given a guinea



for any staff. Ned was alarmed for me, and climbed to a high rock to look for a path, and report progress. In the meantime I had my eye upon a slight tree, about a dozen yards above me; and while I was resolving to get to it on my hands and knees if possible, he was calling out, “Oh! poor papa, don't be frightened!” and I begged him to keep silence, as his voice frightened me the more. I crawled to the tree, and gave it a very tenacious hug—keeping my hold until I



regained something like self-command—and not venturing to look down, until Ned having rushed from height to height espied a path, and, returning, cautiously and safely conducted me to it.

I had always been much distressed to look from an eminence (one result of over-bleeding, I am told). Mr. Bradley interested me much with his ease. He is quite well, and as he goes to London will call and see my household, and report of me and my good looks.

He told me, that in the autumn of last year a friend of his who had been for two or three years in a miserable state from a complicated stomach complaint, told him that he had been obliged at last to give up his business. He described his sufferings as most severe, and Mr. Bradley said that he appeared “one not long for this world.” Being zealous for the Water Cure, Mr. B. lent him a book on the subject, and begged his attention to it. A week or two after this, the father of the young man came to Mr. Bradley, and “in a rather angry manner” demanded how it was that he had interfered to recommend his son “to go and drink himself to death with cold water?” “Shocked and taken by surprise (continued Mr. B.) I did not

know what to reply, and felt so confused, that I only just acknowledged having lent him the book—and my friend went away angry.

“ Well—time passed on, and I believed that my friend was dead: but one day, about three months after this, a fine young man—the very picture of health, comes into my office to say ‘*How do*’ to me. I started back and called out, Bless my life!* and confessed that I had thought he was some time before summoned from this world. He said, ‘It was quite a mistake—that he had been to Malvern to Doctor Wilson, and that he was perfectly restored

* I often think of the *unmeaning* nature of exclamations. More or less vulgar, or indecent—or even blasphemous: but yet, the very grossest exclamation has no more definite *meaning* than this simple and innocent “ Bless my life!” Hearley told me a very beautiful incident in illustration of this. (It is notorious how horrible is the language of a sea captain who says that his men will not attend to any thing short of imprecation. See how the habit has obtained ascendancy.) Some soldiers were talking in a group, and a venerable clergyman passed, as one of them used the ordinary imprecation. He stopped, and laying his hand on the soldier’s arm, said, “ My friend, you surely mean, ‘ God bless my soul!’ ” Looking at the benevolent face of the old man—and quite abashed, the soldier, as if involuntarily, took his cap from his head, and said, “ Yes sir—thank you sir—at least I *did n’t* mean the other ”

to health.' He came to thank me for being the means of his recovery. I told him what his father had said, and congratulated him that he was so poor a prophet.

“As I was at that time (continued Mr. B.) very ill—confined about two months with an intermittent fever, and so weak that I could not walk a mile without being greatly exhausted, I at once concluded to try what the Water would do *for me*, and so set out for Malvern. Before I had been here a fortnight I walked to Worcester and back in one day; being upwards of seventeen miles. So I may well bear testimony to the good of the Water System.”

Saw a very important person to the health and well-being of the water patients—the purveyor of our exquisite mutton;—shall I call him butcher? He is seen under different aspects. He is notable and busy in personal attention to his patrons in the shop. When he walks out into the field where his well fed and healthy muttens are enjoying their fated life, it is admirable to mark his deportment. Thoughtful and calculating—he casts his eye over the unconscious victims; it rests deliberately upon a spot twenty paces off, and he advances in that

direction; then pauses—reconsiders, and turns to the right. He brings his powerful eye to bear upon two or three who are feeding very near him, strokes his chin,—a slight frown, like the passing cloud, disturbs the serenity of his brow, and in that upward glance seems involved the fate of nations:—but it is gone, his decision is matured—and he walks away to give his orders. Mark him again step from his door for a ride in the evening. You there see his handsome face and figure to full advantage; not only is he well mounted in respect of horseflesh, but a *better* mounted tip-top country gentleman you never saw. He has the perfection of that careful distinguishing costume that bears with it the true generous English character, beautifully appointed from hat to top-boots, and yet exhibiting no shade of dandyism or affectation.

Mr. Bradley gave me a paper on the subject of Water Drinking, from which I extract a few sentences:—

“Many of the highest medical authorities unite in proclaiming that all spirituous and alcoholic drinks are *stimulants*, not *nutritives*; that they drive on the circulation of the blood, and give a

temporary vigour to the system, which is always speedily followed by weakness."

"Dr. Buchan says, 'Malt liquors render the blood sizo and unfit for circulation : hence proceed obstructions and inflammation of the lungs. There are few great beer drinkers who are not phthisical : brought on by the glutinous and indigestible nature of strong ale. Those who drink ardent spirits, or wine, run still greater hazard. These liquors inflame the blood, and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces.'

"Dr. Beddoes.—'Vinous liquor acts as a two-edged sword. By its first operation it promotes indigestion ; its second depends upon the change into vinegar, which wine, however genuine, always undergoes in the stomach.'

"Dr. Beecher, U. S.—'Strong beer has no power to allay intemperate habits ; it will finish what ardent spirits have begun, with this difference—that it does not rasp the organs with quite so keen a file, and enables the victim to come down to the grave with more of the good natured stupidity of the idiot, and less of the phrenzy of the madman.'

"Dr. J. Barker, U. S.—'General Jackson was once asked if soldiers required ardent spirits. He

replied, that he had observed in hard duty and excessive cold, those performed the one and endured the other better who drank nothing but water.'

"Dr. Cheyne.—'Water was the primitive and original beverage, as it is the only liquid fitted for diluting, moistening, and cooling—the ends of drink appointed by nature; and happy had it been for mankind if other artificial liquors had never been invented.'

"Dr. Rush.—'Spirituons liquors always render the body more liable to cold; the temporary warmth they produce is always succeeded by chilliness; nor do these liquors lessen the effects of hard labour on the body. The horse toiling from morning to night requires nothing but water and substantial food. There is neither strength nor nourishment in spirituous liquors; if they produce vigour in labour, it is transient, and is speedily followed by fatigue.'

"Dr. Darwin.—'When a man who has not been accustomed to strong liquors drinks a quart of wine or ale, he loses the use of his limbs and understanding; he becomes a temporary idiot; and though he slowly recovers, is it not reasonable

to conclude that the perpetual repetition of so powerful a poison must at length permanently affect him?’

“Dr. Garnet.—‘The idea that wine and other spirituous liquors assist digestion is false. Those who are acquainted with chemistry know that food is hardened and rendered less digestible by this means. Water is the only liquor that Nature has provided for animals; and whatever she gives is best.’

“Dr. A. Carriek, of Bristol.—‘In the course of forty years experience I have never met with an instance (so far as I recollect) of injury arising from having cut at once and entirely with the baneful habit of drinking spirituous liquors.

“Dr. John Pye Smith.—‘Alcohol, or pure ardent spirit, if swallowed in its most concentrated state, would be speedily fatal; but in brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, wine, and malt liquors, it exists only in intimate combination. All those liquors are injurious in proportion to their strength, or the quantity of alcohol they contain. The general notion is, that intoxicating liquors impart strength and vigour. They give no strength, but only urge and stimulate to a more vehement and rapid out-

lay of it. Stimulating is analagous to goading an ox, or spurring or whipping a horse.'"

A happy evening with music and singing.



SUNDAY, MAY XXV

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

IN my helpless condition this morning I wanted to scratch my nose excessively; no exertion of mental discipline could make me think that tickling is fancy. Imagination *adds* to its intensity until the water comes to the eyes, but fancy cannot alleviate it, nor shift the torment from that precise spot—the degree of *self* action of which the nose is capable does little. I slept, however, sooner than I expected, the little fiend being tired of teasing me.

Although wet, we went to the Wyche turnpike. How very delightful to see the working of Ned's appetite. I thought of the poor Irish woman who was invoking "Bad luck to Father Mathew, who had been the *roon* of her childher, by gettin her husband to take the *plidge*." "How can that be?" said one, "your husband used to drink dreadfully, and I hope he has left it off?"—"Ah! yes, your

honour, he *did* dthink and get dthrunder entirely, and now he's sober as a judge; but since he left off dthinkin—he's took to *atin!*"

Here is a pleasing concurrence of effect in the movement of Father Mathew, and the appetite giving Water Cure.

After breakfast, Mr. Townley, who had disappeared about ten minutes, came back in evident vexation, if not alarm. What could have so disturbed his spirit of endurance, and ruffled his countenance? He sat down in thoughtful silence for a few moments, and then fingered the papers that covered the table—discarding one after another as *stale*. When he spoke, it was to give us the news, as stale as the newspapers, that the *library was shut!* I replied that it was *never* opened on Sundays; to which he rejoined in a tone that implied how disgusting, if not disgraceful, was such a state of things, and how horrible a place was Great Malvern, where so vile a usage was tolerated. Yet Mr. Townley would not deliberately deny to the library people the rest and peace that mark our English Sabbath, contrasting strongly with the habits of hard-working *laborious* mirth which distinguish the day on the Continent.

Here is a gentleman not tainted by any vicious indulgence—any intemperance of any kind, having yielded himself to the stream of fashion and bad customs, late rising—late dining—late parties, all sorts of public time-killing recreations, until the habit became second nature, and his best friend had laboured, with disinterested regard, to turn him inside out by the Water Cure. I longed to see him respond to the influence, but saw that it was of no use:—habit too deeply rooted.

How Mr. Townley got through this long wet Midsummer Sunday, I cannot conceive. At one time he was intently, and with an expression of despair, fixing his eyes (one being assisted by his glass) at a side of the room; to which—following his half abstracted gaze—I looked, and saw the well-known *cellarette*, which the Doctor permits to keep its place—the door always ajar, as if to tempt the devoted Townleys to peep in, and aggravate them by its arrangement of mere napkins, and any thing but bottles.

After the morning service at the Abbey Church, we took the welcome path to the Douche Baths; and, as the excellent rules of the house give rest to

the servants as far as possible, Ned went with me to pull the cord of the Douche; and remarked with satisfaction that there are smaller pipes to admit a gentle shower for the delicate patients, or any who have the least dread. He bespeaks the little pipe.

Starting in the full enjoyment of that inspiring impetus, given by battling with the water, we took a good walk. The day had become bright, and the Sun made the beautiful expanse of country glisten with the accustomed varieties of effect.

“Now, what *is* the use of keeping a horse?” Sterling said this so very thoughtfully, that I knew he was rather soliloquizing, than putting a question. I however could not lose so good an opportunity of asserting my opinion; so remarked—“To be sure.” This argument did not interrupt his train of thought. “I say, why should a water patient incur the expense of a horse, when a SITZ answers every purpose? There goes the Doctor—he is bent on seeing forty or fifty patients in two hours; so he has a *motive*, in saving time; but to gallop across the country in that style, merely for health and exercise, would be absurd. Why, you know—if one must stay at home all the morning, until very ill for *want of exercise*,

it is only necessary to open the window, and then—take a Sitz—say, a mile a minute; a twenty minutes' Sitz, equal to a twenty miles' drive; and the result is in either case precisely the same. But, if you *will* ride, and return fatigued by *too much* exercise, why, then—you have your remedy: take a ten minutes' Sitz: and you rise from the mysterious bath as fresh as before you started—besides, I can *groom* my own Sitz—I shall certainly economize."

Persuaded the Doctor to say *Grace* before dinner, and then—to let us *hear* him say it, as if he was not ashamed of it: instead of exhibiting that little bit of pert pantomimic action, which seems to convey the sentiment, "*There—that'll do;*" whose low monotony and uncertain sound is alone audible, and which is only remarkable for its rapidity, and cold formality of attitude and manner.

Of all houses, surely a Water Cure Establishment is the place where one should invoke a blessing upon the simple wholesome food. I gave him Charles Kemble's grace, which is something between a prayer and an invocation—brief and emphatic:—"God bless the meat and drink."

True, that they are all hungry and impatient, but surely they may wait for *that*.

He "*used* to say it, and always *does*, mentally."—Master submits to be schooled—*grace*-fully resigns one position, and more adequately supports another as "head of the feast."

After dinner Mr. Hope told me of the "Plymouth Brethren," a section of which party meet in a house at North Malvern; and it being impossible to doubt the sincerity of these self-sacrificing people, three or four of us went to attend the evening service. The house in which they met was one of the very meanest in the place, the entire furniture of which was studiously coarse, and barely sufficient for the purposes for which tables, chairs, &c., are intended. There was deep attention in the hearers, and an expression of *anxiety* in the countenance of the speaker that was painful to contemplate. He was deliberate—and evidently *labouring* to be impressive. *Words* he had, but during the half hour of our stay, I heard nothing but the repetition of one trite thought. He held a Bible in one hand, and frequently appealed to it by laying the other reverently on the cover of it, as if to imply, "This is my authority," and to call attention *affectionately* to the book. Anxious to avoid distraction, he did not (I think) once look at any one

of his hearers; but fixed his eyes, not at the opposite wall, but with an expression as if it reached (but with an unresting gaze) *midway* between himself and it. Still he laboured on, and the frequent repetition of the words "Dear friends," and "You see, dear friends," with the action which implied a reference to the Bible, seemed to me to be adopted as if to stir up and excite his own unready faculties, and to gain time for the thought that would not come. I was never before present at one of these services; and the effect upon me was extremely distressing and humiliating.

My mind was this evening particularly called back to a man of gigantic power, who for a long time exercised great influence in London, and whom I frequently went to hear,—the Rev. Edward Irving. My brother wrote to me.—"I remember well his thundering denunciations against the Papacy, and how his wrath agitated his whole frame, as he impatiently longed to fight them at the battle of Ar-r-mageddon! He shook his black locks as a lion shakes his mane in fury! He was a stately tree, which, in God's mysterious providence, was at length blasted at the top."

Of my own recollections of this extraordinary man, I am glad to record a few brief particulars. I met him several times in private, and I frequently attended his chapel in Hatton Garden, at the time when the Duke of York, Canning, Brougham, and many other leading characters, were his hearers. My memory brought away, in small parcels, many striking things that I heard; two of which I will transcribe, as illustrative, the one of his estimate of the true elements of "social worship," and the other of his exquisite feeling of love for a country life, which feeling, all-powerful as it was, he sacrificed for what he believed to be his duty.

When introduced by Dr. Chalmers to Wilkie, on his arrival in London from his curacy in the north, the Doctor wrote,—that he was a young man calculated either to achieve wonders in the pursuit of his sacred office, or to be led by deep enthusiasm to such flights as might outstretch his reason.

In the midst of his fresh popularity, he was most companionable, fond of society, fond of music, and readily taking the recreation so afforded. No wonder that *he* knew the relief of the unstrung bow!

Upon one occasion, when a most pious and

excellent friend of his, with whose family he was passing the evening, introduced the Bible, and was proceeding to read and expound a portion, Irving objected that it was *ill-timed*—that he had looked for the relief that music and social conversation afforded; and kindly protested against the *indiscriminate* introduction of the sacred volume in an evening party. This was very striking, and I admired the nice discernment that gave him so accurately to measure his own capacity of intellect. Alas! that such a mind should have been led by fanatical imposture, to withdraw from self such a safeguard as his then keen sense knew to be necessary. Of all characters, that of a minister of religion is most entitled to our sympathy on this account,—that he has not the *rest* of the Sabbath.

Irving was devoted to high art. Here was another intellectual relief of the purest kind: he employed a young sculptor, of great talent and congenial mind, to model for him ideal heads of the Apostles of our Lord—not attempting that of the Saviour. These beautiful works were his delight.

He knew the luxury of home affections, and was ever cheerful and playful *when* at home.

During his late years, when the indecent and revolting exhibitions of "unknown tongues" were authorised by him—the dupe of those whom he trusted, it was painfully evident how his reason was impaired. He was snappish and irritable in the pulpit, and often made such exhibitions of temper as one which I will quote, because I witnessed it, and because it has a peculiar humour of its own. The service having commenced, two young ladies came into the chapel in the centre aisle. Irving having immediately *paused*, the new comers (not knowing that he had stopped to rebuke them) walked up the aisle, *not* carefully, and seeming to congratulate each other at having arrived during a pause in the service; then looked from side to side, in astonishment that no one opened a pew to them, while every one else was remarking with apprehension the gathering storm. Unconscious of the severe and still deepening brow that, eagle-like, was bent over them, they had advanced close to the pulpit, and he spoke:—"Those two young maidens, who are interrupting the congregation with their light and flippant step" (here was a movement of agitation), "had better have stayed *at home* to tend their household" (sad distress of the two victims).

“They should recollect that it creates a *great* disturbance to *some*, and *considerable* disturbance to *all*” (here they were very *fussy* with pocket handkerchiefs; one pulled the other, and they moved towards the door). “Go not away to hide your shame! but stay and hear the word of advice” (as they still moved). “Go *not* away!!” (on they went, and he said in loudest tone.) “Go not away!!!” (but seeing that they *had* escaped, added, in a low voice,) “Then *get* you gone,” and as quietly resumed his sermon.

Of the two portions of Irving's sermons that my memory retained, I, many months afterwards, saw printed versions, unauthorised by him; and although they enabled me to fill up a gap or two, I may truly say that I think my memory supplied in the chief parts a more accurate report of his language.

“It is not the harmony of many voices in praise, nor the uniting of all in one common prayer; it is not the uncovered head, nor the reverential bending of the knee, nor the fervency of the simultaneous Amen; much less is it in the noble pile of Gothic or of Grecian structure, in the solemn voice, or the becoming *dress* of the minister, before which senti-

mental spirits drop languishingly down. Nay, verily, it may be—and it hath been, in the cottage, in the barn, or under the open canopy. I have witnessed the administration of the Lord's Supper under the azure vault of heaven; the communicants seated reverently round a table spread among the tombs, and the beholders resting upon the tombstones of their fathers; and there was no accompaniment to our voices but the rushing of the neighbouring stream, or the distant murmur of the swelling sea.”

Surely this is rich in eloquent feeling; and what follows is even more beautiful and more touching.

“I have seen Sabbath sights, and joined in Sabbath worships, which took the heart with their simplicity, and ravished it with sublime emotions.

“I have crossed the hills in the sober and contemplative autumn, to reach the retired lonely church betimes; and as we descended toward the simple edifice, whither every foot, or every heart, directed itself from the country around, we beheld, issuing from every vale and mountain-glen, its little train of worshippers coming up to the congregation at that house, around which were deposited the

bones of their forefathers. There the people assembled: under a roof where ye of the plentiful south would not have lodged the porter of your gate, they tuned their hearts, and sung their Maker's praise, and the minister poured forth the simple wants of the people, and instilled into their attentive ears the scope of Christian doctrine and duty; then, after much blessing and mutual congratulation, they went on their way rejoicing. Oh, what meaning was there in the whole! What intelligence and what simplicity! These people were shepherds, and came up in their shepherds' *guise*; and the very brute, the shepherd's servant and companion, rejoiced to come at his feet, partaking the pleasure of our holy day. Ah! it *was* a *Sabbath*, a Sabbath of *rest*; both body and soul were equally refreshed, and all nature seemed to sympathize in the *unity* that breathed around.

“They were healthy, and manly, and happy; and though the parish was of great extent, there was not in all its borders one house for the dispensing of fermented liquors—*those hateful poisons of this devoted land!*”

“But you will say, Were not these people *stupid*? Aye, they *excelled* in what an overwrought *citizen* would *call* stupidity. They cared not for courts,

nor parliaments, for plays, for routs, nor for assemblies; but they cared for their wives and children their laws, their conscience, and their God; and they, sung their own native songs in their native vales, songs which the men I speak of can ALONE imagine and compose, and from whom you citizens have to be *served* with songs—aye, and melodies too!—for you can conceive none like them.”

I have thought this, in its surpassing poetical imagery and benevolence of feeling, with its true *national* characteristics, well worth the trouble of transcribing here; besides it is most *appropriate* to my subject, in its advocacy of temperance, of fresh enthusiastic love of country, and in its exquisite picture of the joys of the Sabbath.

It was most distressing to see this good single-hearted man, with impaired powers of mind and wasted body, clinging during the latter years of his life to his *town* duties, his sphere of usefulness usurped by designing mountebanks, and himself in the midst—oppressed by a sense of *unworthiness*, because the pretended *gifts* were not vouchsafed to *him*. How often did I long to start him off to his “native vales,” and to the enjoyment of his “native

songs," when I turned to contemplate his tall, gaunt, haggard figure, as he passed about the New Road and the narrow streets, upon a pony so small that his long legs almost reached the ground—a most ungainly object, to all but those who knew his great mind, and his true and exalted character.



MAY XXVI

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

But instantly turned *in* again. It was raining after a fashion, that even to me, seemed to promise no interval or alleviation.

We turned into the dining-room, and, pushing the seats of the chairs under the table, we made a clear space for walking round the room. Our dining-room is forty feet long; and, after a minute's discussion as to our intended route, it was settled that we should go (by the watch) to the spring beyond the Wyche. I opened the windows, and Ned arranged water bottle and tumblers on the table, undertaking to announce our arrival at the several springs. He had marked the distances by

the time occupied, and so we started; and having walked from end to end of the room—and round the table ten minutes, Ned called that we were at the Turnpike, and we stopped to drink. We then passed on, doing all sorts of small talk with a friend who had joined us, until we got to the Wyche and to the Willow Spring; then we drank again, and just having started, we met, at the turn of the road, Mr. Townley; who came suddenly upon us, and joined our party cheerfully. There were frequent overtakings of each other, and at the corners of the paths we contended for the sharp angles, and carried out the rules of the road by passing on the proper side.

Mr. Townley walked as well as the best of us, and was a delightful walking companion; full of anecdote, of solid information, and a quiet dry humour all his own; but we could not inoculate him with a love for Malvern. Enumerating the varied attractions of the place, I unluckily wound up with the charming *drives*; when he admitted that it is “a delightful place *to get away from.*”

What had become of Sterling? Lazy fellow, I should have thought that he would have been the most active of all, except me.

The time passed merrily, and we paused at the Turnpike on our way back, to the delight of Mr. Townley, and in ten minutes more we were at home, comparing notes as to the result of our exercise, and congratulating ourselves and each other on the appetite so engendered. Then, as the breakfast was not ready, we determined to take another short walk *as far* as the Chalybeate, which was accomplished in good style. Having yet some time on hand we played with battledore and shuttlecock, and then went to shave, and "clean ourselves" before breakfast.

At breakfast time, and before the ladies had made their appearance, in walked Sterling, and was greeted with a *groan*, as a reproach for his laziness; but he made no answer to this, beyond what was implied in the remark, "Oh—indeed!" and proceeded industriously to his task of cutting bread and butter for Mrs. M'Claire; being *so hungry* (as he said) that he wished to complete his work before he "set to." I desired to be informed what *right he* had to an appetite? The villain—he looked as fresh as if he too had been walking; it seemed as if a mere packing and bathing could scarcely have produced such a result.

When all were assembled, we who had walked began to crow over Sterling, and crush and trample upon him, to disgrace him before the ladies, and he bore it very well; but when we had quite done, he looked as if he would say, "Mark how plain a tale shall set you down:" and, in a few words, announced the fact that he had actually started before seven, and walked to Malvern Wells (three miles!) and back (six!); that, proceeding along the hills, he had seen a young woman in difficulties with a sheep, that *would* (pig-like) go in the wrong direction. Both girl and sheep were slipping about in a most grotesque manner in the clay and mud, and the sheep would certainly have got away, had not Sterling rushed forward, reckless of all but the relief of the distressed damsel, and succeeded in "cutting him off." At the moment of triumph, however, and in the very act of poking the sheep back to his destiny with his umbrella, he lost his footing; the bank was very steep and excessively slippery; there was no stopping; the umbrella was either stuck in the mud, or had flown some fifty paces off; his hat seemed to his flashing fancy to be carried by the wind to Worcester at least; he made an insane attempt to check himself by legi-

imate means, but all to no purpose; he was doomed to an involuntary *Sitz* in the puddle. In this degrading attitude, poor Sterling resigned himself to speculations upon the probable conduct of the young woman. Would she laugh at him? would she come and help him up? He couldn't stand that!—to be handed to his legs again by *her*! He ventured to turn and look; she had delicately averted her face. Did any one else witness his abject state? A man just hove in sight; and Sterling, rigidly fixing his eyes upon the advancing figure, slowly raised himself out of the muddy water, still looking hard at the man *as he rose*, until, having regained his dignity by the erect position, he let fall the skirts of his coat, to cover, as far as possible, the unseemly patch behind, and resumed his walk home. There were not many persons out at the early hour; but, for the first time, he must have wished his shooting jacket with longer skirts.

Here was a change in our relative positions! We were *very small* indeed in comparison with Sterling—and before the ladies too! It was a thing to remember; and I vowed that no weather should ever deter me from my early walk again. Sterling had retreated on his return to his room, and

changed his clothes, having some passing idea of keeping on his wet shirt just to carry out the "system" by a preparatory *compress*; and thus was accounted for, the fresh colour with which he presented himself to us, and which would have been sufficiently aggravating, without the additional *touching up* and *polishing off* that he had enjoyed on his return.

Mr. Bradley is gone, quite well, and in high spirits.

I worked two hours effectually, and without my glasses. It is certain that I see *as well* without, as *with* them.

Ned *requested* to Douche with me (bravo!). A slight *twitch* of countenance might be detected as he waited my answer. (It was proposed to please *me*.) Sterling too was Douched. He looked at me, and I knew it, and was thus encouraged to be very fierce in my deportment. I afterwards looked at *him*, and such a back and shoulders I had not seen for many a day. What a pity that he should not have a *stomach* to match, for there is nothing the matter with his external *build*. Ned behaved pretty well. Sterling speculated upon the *leg* and *wing* of the chair that had yielded to the weight of

the poor lady and the Douche torrent. Rather vexatious to leave these trophies in the dressing-room, as if to remind the patients to ask what they mean. Coming out of the Douche baths we started (Sterling and I) to spite the weather that *wouldn't* clear, and walked briskly to the Wyche, and beyond it, all through the drizzle. "This Sitz" (began Sterling). "Which?" (said I.) The *involuntary!*" He protested he was speaking in *generals*, and that I had put out of his head what he was going to say. He pointed out the scene of his morning's adventure, and the marks of his nether person in the mud. Again the subject of the Sitz is started. He heard Miss Pink audibly console herself for the badness of the weather, "Never mind—I have had my Sitz." Ned having had a passing fancy for a donkey ride, and all the saddles being wet, Sterling dissuaded him from the "locomotive Sitz."

He put a case:—If the good Doctor's best friend's wife should run away with a rival doctor.—what would he recommend? *Not* to go after her and fetch her back—by no means. Finding him in agonies of despair, he would order him a SITZ of two hours, at the expiration of which time the injured husband would be more than reconciled to his

bereavement, perfectly composed, and satisfied with his new position. —————

Is not this delightful? Here is a most disagreeable day, intrinsically; but a little energy, a happy companion, and the Douche, have turned the scale, and all is bright *within*. We have *gained* a day. —————

If we can but have a week of fine weather, it will set up Sterling. Met the old Quaker walking well, and braving the elements. "Now mark," said Sterling, as we neared the house; "the Doctor will come from his ride, and tell us gravely, that he found the weather unpleasant, and that it affected his spirits; but that on coming home he just took a ten minutes Sitz, and was perfectly refreshed."

So he did; the first remark that he made after grace at the dinner-table *was* to that effect; and the best of it is, that it was strictly and soberly *true*. Let any one try it under similar circumstances.

Sterling just ventured a look at me, which meant, "I told you so;" and was in danger of choking, or spitting the macaroni out of his mouth. —————

In the evening, a little music, and to bed betimes.



HOLY WELL

MAY XXVII

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

SURELY the variable nature of our climate is a source of constant, never-failing interest. Here is a glorious morning, following a day that seemed to give no hope of a change. Walked with Sterling and Ned to the Holy Well at Malvern Wells, then mounting the hills to the Beacon.

The work published by Dr. Card tells of extraordinary cures effected by the water of the Holy Well. The monks of old used to wrap in cloths

steeped in this water, persons afflicted with leprosy or other eruptions; and (as the *Guide* quotes) "make them lie in bed, and even *sleep* with the wet cloths on the diseased parts."

Why, here was an instinctive use of the "Wet Sheet Packing" of very ancient date; but *not* (as the monks perhaps deemed) miraculous.

Sterling remarked, as we went along the grassy path to the Wells, that we might readily *fancy* ourselves pacing the pasturage of the lower range of the Alps. He owes the Doctor a "dodge" for an unlucky remark which he made in the fulness of sincerity. The Doctor passed some compliment upon Sterling's manners, and added, "Do you know I at first thought you rather *lackadaisical*." Sterling mentioned this to me as a thing scarcely credible, and appealed to me inquiringly, as if to demand an equal show of indignation on my part. The more he allowed his mind to dwell on the subject, the more angry he became, and he eventually vowed vengeance. Lackadaisical! He would buy a shilling's worth of tarts, and give them to the ladies under the Doctor's very nose! Alarmed at this most awful threat, I felt it my duty to try to soften the matter. It was perfectly right to punish the

Doctor. I quite agreed to that; "but when he spoke to *me* about you, he gave quite a different opinion." Sterling's curiosity was thus excited, and I told him that the Doctor had conceived him to be "a *medical student* in disguise; come less as a patient—than to see the establishment." I had put my foot in it. Already inflammable, I had applied a match—in my innocent desire to soothe if not smother the flame. "A medical student! *medical!* *why* medical?" I ventured to suggest his *long hair*. This was the first *personal* allusion that I had made to my new friend, and it made him thoughtful. "Bardon talks of my hair too," said he; "yesterday after Douche, he said, when I conceived myself quite ready to start off, 'you have n't done your *hair*, sir.' This morning, after the bath, he held me a little hand-glass that I might look at *my hair*." He again threatened the tarts; and, as I saw no chance of altogether diverting him from his purpose, I proposed that he should moderate himself down to *gingerbread*, and that I would join him so far. He objected that gingerbread was *scarcely wrong*, and would give no promise; his *then* feeling was, that he would buy the tarts, and shirk his Sitz! I begged that we might drop the

subject for the present; and, as we went along, Sterling lectured me about *driving*, which from the cramped position and inactivity, he pronounced scarcely better than sitting at home. As we had walked full six miles at that time, I was in a state to agree with him, being in a glorious glow, and as active as a dancer. I had reason to be sure, as we entered the house, that Sterling held his purpose as to the tarts.

How we enjoyed our breakfast, earned by seven miles walk! We were to Douche at twelve. At half-past eleven, Sterling, having deliberately carried out his vindictive purpose, walked into the room with his cargo of tarts, and with a grace—as if there was no harm in it—handed them to the ladies; and all partook—except himself. We then started together to the Douche Baths,—and he was better. Having douched, I heard a laugh in the next dressing room, and was afterwards told that Bardon had been as solicitous as before with the looking-glass, comb, and brush. I had worked an hour before the Douche; and we now started off like giants refreshed. Ned had not douched, he was in close attendance on the lady. Mounting the hill we saw some boys playing with hoops, and Sterling wanted to make one. After

the manner of dear old Mathews, he so successfully adapted himself to their sport, first by his talk, and then by taking a good run with the biggest boy's hoop, that when I put the finishing touch by saying to one, 'he's a funny fellow, is n't he?' a perfect understanding and companionship was established between them, and he was in all respects the big boy of the party. There was one of us, a very small pale boy, who had no hoop, and yet he ran and jumped and romped with the rest; and another *little* boy lent him his hoop for a turn. It occurred to me to put him on a footing with the rest, and after a little chat finding that he hoped some day to possess a hoop, I settled the point with a bright sixpence, and so made him quite happy.

I delight to think how Providence has, with children, tempered their capacities for enjoyment to the circumstances that surround them, and to watch their little wants. Here was a child who had come in for a fortune unexpectedly—who had only looked to a sixpence as a distant possibility. As they grow and get tainted with the world, the degrees of evil are too evident in its advances. The big boy of this party (not Sterling), hearing my inquiries as to the price of a hoop, interposed, "a hoop for *that* boy,

will cost a *shilling*, Sir," but he was at once put down by the little one.

Having mentioned "dear old Mathews," I will quote from Mrs. Mathews's delightful book, a passage illustrating that love for children, for which trait I have honoured Sterling by a comparison with him. "His behaviour with children was of the most simple kind. He generally addressed them in the tones and manner of childhood, always *making himself* the age of those to whom he talked. At first the little creatures would look surprised, sometimes frightened; but this effect wore off as he persevered, and it always ended in his being accepted as playmate. The first wonder over, he was considered by them as a boy; for such was he, in voice and manner." Mrs. Mathews relates, that she "saw him with half a dozen boys of about eight years old, playing at marbles, bawling and wrangling about the game in their childish manner, and every one of his companions as grave and earnest with him as if they were all of the same age, and had been used to him all their lives. There he was squabbling, 'You, Bill Atkins! I say, you've no right to that taw.' '*I have,*' said Bill. 'I say you have n't!' 'I say I *have.*' 'Ah! you *cheat!* I wo'n't play with you

no more ;' and thus he picked a quarrel with one of them, and taking off his coat, offered to fight. He was met with spirit by the boy, resumed his good humour, made him a present of the marbles he had won, and left them all pleased with the '*large boy*.'

"He had asked them to let him play, and when they looked grave and sheepish he repeated his request, and the youngest boy said, '*Let him play, what harm?*' but has he got any marbles?' 'No,' said Mathews, 'but I've a penny;' so he bought of one of the boys, and *knuckled down*. They soon acquired a thorough confidence in the reality of his being a child, though of larger growth, and as he quitted them, he said he must go to his '*Ma*.'"

This delightful trait of a good and generous heart, I have slightly abridged from the third volume of Mrs. Mathews's most interesting biography of her husband.

On the subject of the "little wants" of children, I may conclude with a trifling dialogue. "Oh! papa, oh! If there was no such thing as *iron*!" (The railroad mania being in full force, this seemed a very shrewd and precocious remark.) "Only think, papa, there could be no hammers and nails." (good

again,) "and you couldn't mend the stand of my donkey!"

On our return from this merry walk we saw a boy, who seemed intent on breaking his neck. He was running and leaping and throwing his arms aloft, in a style that seemed to threaten a frightful fall at every repetition of the



feat. Descending the hill, where it was so steep that a short trot would give a dangerous impetus, he took two or three headlong strides at full speed, and then a high leap; and when we looked that the increasing speed would render him unable to check himself, he gently dropped into a sitting position, and so slid down several yards,—condescending



to the station of a member of the "Four-in-hand Club,"—then to his legs again, and repeated the same antics: evidently conscious of our admiration.

Sterling wondered whether *we* could do this—marked well the *step* and *figure*—and resolved to try the dance to-morrow. It was evident that, high as he leaped, he kept the centre of gravity *rearward*, throwing his legs forward and keeping them in advance, to be ready for the sitting attitude. By this direct route he gained in two minutes, the point that could not be reached in ten by the path.

Getting home, I worked at my drawing again for an hour: anxious to complete it on the morrow, and get rid of it.

The Doctor had proposed a *drive* for four o'clock. I liked the party, and made but feeble resistance. *He* had arranged it in the morning, and it would be a pity to disappoint his kind motive. At dinner I scarcely dared to look at Sterling. I was ashamed of yielding; besides, I had taken three good walks to-day. I went—the route was pleasant—the ladies charming—but I *felt* the truth of all that Sterling had said: and, when we got home, was so benumbed and stiff that I went to Mrs. St. John, and said, “Please, Ma'am, would you just be good enough to take a walk.” She immediately complied, and we had an agreeable chat, and a walk to the Lower Turnpike, and to the Common, and all about Barnard's

Green; and having accomplished a good three miles we got home, I having practically proved that the ill results of a drive may be counteracted by a brisk walk. Then why indulge in what produces an ill effect, merely because I have a ready antidote? Driving is pleasant, but wrong; and I was not "born to a carriage." I then took a contemplative Sitz, of ten minutes, at the expiration of which time I was in that tranquil state, that made it a satisfaction to seek out Sterling and humble myself, confessing how wrong was the drive, pleading how I was all the better for the subsequent walk, and winding up with an eulogy on the SITZ—to which I added (to strengthen myself in my good intentions) an inviolable promise, that, whatever the temptation, I would not drive again at Malvern.

Let no one suppose that my friend had commenced an opposition to the ladies; he was a "ladies' man," in the best sense of the word; but in our short and sudden intimacy, I had made him the depositary of my confidence—he knew the vast importance to me and my family of my restoration to health, and saw that I was compliant. He, therefore, when to join the drive had been proposed *to him*, very gratefully, as well as courteously, de-

clined, and honestly gave his reason. It always made him more or less unwell, the sense of inactivity added to the actual bad effect, and he was always obliged to take a walk to dissipate the effect of the drive. It was thus that I was strengthened to exert *my* resolution. Sterling told me, that finding himself alone, he had amused himself about the slopes of the high hill, until, disgusted at my desertion, he had laid about him upon a flourishing community of stinging-nettles, and demolished the whole colony, old and young, in one confused and shapeless mass, with his walking-stick; which he displayed, like "brave Jack Falstaff's" sword, "*ecce signum!*" only that the stick *was* hacked and notched in actual fight. I told Sterling of the attempt of Mrs. St. John's physician to prevent her coming to the water. Having tried, by all sorts of hard words and technicalities, to frighten her, he told her that, in her case, the first experiment would probably result in death.

Mrs. St. John told me, that for many years her life had been a misery to her; that the most eminent of the faculty had uniformly advised her to take as much air and exercise as possible, and as little medicine; but that medicine had become ne-

cessary to her, and tonics to counteract its debilitating effects, until, between the two conflicting powers, her irritated stomach rejected almost all food—the nerves had been overstrained: she had endured “many years of agony of mind—fatigue and distress of body—and was apparently reduced to death’s door.”

When she was induced, by the urgent advice of a friend (who had been restored to health from a state of weakness from which her medical attendants gave her no hope of recovery), to try the Water Cure, she met the strongest opposition from her physician, who wrote to her of the “capillary nerves,” and used all means to terrify her sensitive imagination against the wet sheet, &c. However, she read certain books, and soon resolved “to bear like a man” the first ordeal.

On arriving at the Doctor’s, she was soon comforted by his good sense and kindness; and when, on the following morning, she found a large merry party at the breakfast table, she was quickly at home. She had never passed four months more happily, and spoke warmly of the Doctor’s kind attention, and of Mrs. Wilson’s.

Returning home for a short period, Mrs. St. John

came back here—had passed the whole winter here, and now a great change has taken place*—and without any crisis (the bugbear of the Water treatment). Of her sister, Mrs. McClaire, Mrs. St. John told me, that having been reduced last winter to an extreme state of debility by the injudicious applications of potent drugs, she had become in a state almost of hypochondriasis. She had in vain tried change of air; but at Malvern, the Evil Spirit had fled before the Genius of the place and its pure waters.

Ned had been in disgrace and severely lectured. Let me never forget Sterling's generous and charming conduct. There he walked—his arm round Ned's neck—comforting and strengthening him in his good intentions, while he was *my* best advocate. As I lagged behind, how I longed to hug them both together.

I am yet *bilious* to-day. I fear it is evident in my Diary, although it is partly written, as usual, in the Sitz. Doctor says the result will pass off entirely to-morrow.

* In December I had the pleasure of witnessing the wonderful alteration in this lady's appearance, and of hearing her say, that she considers herself well, and that all her friends are astonished at her improvement.

I bit my tongue severely at dinner. Will the wound ulcerate as heretofore?

In the evening, music, and a fresh ear or so, to encourage one to do too much, and rebel against rules.

To bed late—past eleven: very tired.



MAY XXVIII

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

With Sterling and Ned to the Beacon. Another most boisterous morning. Above the clouds, and watching their course below—standing with difficulty against the tremendous wind, we had a second edition of my AIR DOUCHE.

We walked along the very tops of the hills to take all the air, and there was enough of it. Sterling showed me the piteous corpses of what were stinging-nettles. What a moral! Had they in death their weapons, or were they stingless? We did not try. I told him that I had suffered a slight twinge of the old, neuralgic pains in the night, not strong enough, however, to have awakened me had

I been asleep. He rightly attributed it to the undue exertion of the previous day and the imprudent sitting up late. This was but the second return of that symptom at Malvern. The nerves cannot *suddenly* partake the sound health of body; besides, I was yesterday unfit for party going.

As we jogged homeward, the country people greeted us generally.

The children *always*, and the boys as readily as the girls. How delightful is this peculiarity of country manners—there is nothing like it in towns. Coming out into the fresh clear air, I have not *quite* enjoyed it until



I meet some one to whom to say, "Good morning." I must, however, confess, that even in London, one does sometimes get a morning's greeting—from an Irishman.

Suppose that I want to be directed to any desired spot, and ask a countryman to help me, he does it in a thorough going hearty manner. In

London if I say, "Can you direct me to — Street?" I get an answer, but of a different kind, "Right straight no, and ask again:" and my informant does not check his walk to give me so much. I then rejoin, "Is it far?" and he calls out, "No, 'taint FUR;" nor is there any incivility in all this—he is too busy and intent on his present errand to do more; still it is a strong contrast. Let me not be hard upon the townfolk: they are the creatures of circumstances, and must economise in matters of time and breath. A fidgetty friend of mine, worried past endurance by the long-continued monotonous cry of a Jew salesman, and his vile inarticulate pronunciation, at last spoke to him, "Why *will you never* say the word *clothes*, but always O, CLO?" "If you'd eot to shay *old cloashe* two an forty tausan taines in d' day, *you'd* be elad, too, to leave out d' hard letters." And a very good reason too, for a townsman.

The same prudent economy of lungs is evident in several of the sounds by which our early visitors announce their errand after ringing the bell. We always have at breakfast time, -cher! -ker! and, the thrice welcome, -per!!! What a saving, giving the latter syllable only. The hydropathist, ever

putting the brightest construction upon an uncertain sound, always believes that which *first* salutes his ear to be -PER!

Compare two of another class: the omnibus driver and the country coachman. The former is most unworthily treated. Labouring thirteen hours or more every day, to accomplish fifty or sixty miles, through every sort of hindrance and annoyance—in all weathers, he must bear to be abused and vilified by the striving passengers, who expect that, when they strike or poke the conductor, with stick or umbrella (the dirty end), the machine is to stop on the instant, forgetful that the direction to the driver must be followed by gentle treatment of the horses' mouths; and then, getting out, salute him with threats and foul language, to which he answers not, well knowing the hard hand of the law, as administered by police magistrates to those of his oppressed class. All this is of hourly occurrence. I have been frequent witness to the grievances which these men are taught to endure, and have wondered at their forbearance and characteristic good temper. He takes off his glove, and exhibits his maimed, distorted palm—the fingers contracted, and the whole so crippled in its “capa-

bilities and vital endowments," that it is disabled for any other occupation, but to drudge with the reins. The conductor, too, is as ill treated.

Turn to the coachman of a long stage. After his ample breakfast he takes the reins for a drive of forty miles, which he accomplishes in five hours, through pleasant scenery, and lacqueyed by the best of country manners; every body courts him, and pets him. The rich greet him as a friend, and the poor are proud to be noticed by him; his life is one long holiday; and, like the immortal Old Weller, he is "on the best of terms with forty mile of females, and not one of them ever expect him to marry her."

We discussed the salutations of the ancients, from the Sacred writers, and the eloquent SALVE and VALE, to the very modern "*Top o' the mornin' t' ye,*" and were quite agreed on the subject of habitual greetings. My brother once wrote to me from his bed, that his kind nurse was "not unaware of the mere *formality* of conventional terms, such as *good night*, for she always amplified, explained, or illustrated: 'Good night, sir, and I *really* wish you may *have* a good night;' or, 'I am sure, I *hope*, you will have a good night' (with pathos and

emphasis). She is not beside the mark. *I* have said, 'How d'ye do,' and in the same breath answered my own question. So has every body."

We met a duett of Bavarian girls, and Sterling talked with them. What a nervous and beautiful language is German! I don't know a word of it, and yet I clearly understood the purport of what he said, and the drift of the poor girls' answers.

To breakfast in good time. Having commenced, in came Mr. Townley, looking as fresh as the best of us. He had started on that windy, boisterous morning, had mounted the hill—down on the other side—made a half circuit round by North Malvern, and was impatient for his breakfast, having walked at least five miles. He had taken in his water according to rule; and now, having broken the ice of cold bad habit, here he was, looking so handsome, that he had nothing to do but to go and get married—throw his handkerchief where he chose, he might have any one. Alas! alas! he was going to London at half-past nine; his "flare up" was the flicker of the expiring flame. He had responded to the genial oil, and was going where was no one to feed the lamp.

One week for him, and he is made. It is of no use: and he will forget this morning's experience, or only remember it as something "unusual," and wonder how he *could* have done what had been so very pleasant. Why not stop a week, and make the most of his popularity?

A very nervous, fanciful patient asked Sterling whether he thought the water would cure him? "If you'd any thing the matter with you it would," was the reply.

I asked the Doctor why he had not applied a "compress" in my case. He replied—because I had taken so kindly to the wet sheet and the blanketing. He described the compress. About three or four yards of linen, twelve inches wide: one end is soaked in water (about a third of it), and the wet part first wound round the stomach. Then a bandage of caoutchouc cloth covers all, and confines the moisture, preventing evaporation.

Sterling had been looking about for a house, with good stabling and double coach house. I gave this fact to the ladies for speculation. He was "going to be married," of course. Traitor like, I told Sterling what I had said, and its effect. At breakfast, one asked him how he liked Malvern.

“So well.” said he, “that I should like to settle here.” “*Settle!*” it *was* settled.

There is something the matter with poor Sterling, for the Doctor orders him to-day half an hour's Sitz, and a *sweating* to-morrow morning.

Vale—Salve—Mr. Townley's gone. I worked two hours, and finished my stone drawing.

Ned very happy. Dr. Wilson was a year and a half under the most active Water Treatment; and it is from this that I account for his extraordinary insight into the precise effects that he can produce, by the means at his command. He has “a fellow feeling,” that makes him wondrous *wise* as well as kind. My right hand was becoming powerless—my eyes that guided it were failing,—and now, through God's blessing upon a skilful application of the Water Treatment, eyes and hand are restored in an almost incredibly short space of time.

To the hills with Sterling and him after Douche. Ned *asks* to douche the next hot day. Bardon had made this memorable speech, while polishing off Sterling, and enjoining him as usual to dry well his hair: “Somehow, Sir, I *should* have liked to have douched that Townley, but he was *raather* shy of any body seeing of him undressed.” This, from the

most discreet and well conducted, well mannered man that ever touched up a gentleman, *did* his back hair, or encouraged its growth, was most striking. It was, however, easily analyzed, and proved to exhibit nothing beyond a kindly—respectful solicitude. These military men never lose their straight-forward blunt sincerity of manner.

During our walk, Sterling, having selected his ground, proceeded to go through the boy's exercise of the previous day. He began boldly, and took one grassy Sitz, but quickly got up, and pleaded that his trowsers were not *velveteen*, nor his seat protected from furze. It was, however, very well—*for him*.

At the Beacon I exhibited my strength of lungs, in singing after the Tyrolean fashion, with that peculiar *slur* which is so audible at the distance of several miles. It was very well—*for me*. “Ranz des vaches.” I found I could *hold on* a note an extraordinary time. Truly this system does attack one at all points. I was surprised at my still increasing power of voice.

Sterling told me of Doctor Jephson's system of allowing very little drinking, and enforcing exercise. A friend of his was under the care of Dr. J., and he

called one day to take him a drive, although the patient professed himself unable to crawl to the carriage. He did, however, accomplish it, and they started. At a distance of two miles the Doctor begged him to alight, to see a beautiful point of view, and then stepping into the carriage, to the dismay and horror of the invalid, drove off. He drove to his patient's house, and waited for him, where, in reasonable time, he arrived, in a profuse perspiration, and found all appliances ready to carry out the desired result.

Sterling brings his mind to bear upon the long Sitz of the evening, and wants to rebel. He says that he is sure, that if alarmed by the house being on fire, the Doctor would order for each patient a Sitz: not to assist in quenching the devouring element (being of six-bucket power), but to allay their agitation. He said, that this bath is now so generally appreciated, that the makers have full employment in London, and sell as fast as they make.

At dinner, all teased Sterling about his prospects, and "trotted him out;" and he took good care to encourage the fancies, the existence of which I had treacherously made known to him.

I have now no distress after meals, nor have I slept after dinner for a week past.

After Sterling's Sitz another walk with him, before which I had a foot-bath.

Pleasant evening. Music. To bed betimes.



MAY XXIX

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

OAK-APPLE DAY. Waited for Sterling, who was in the blankets. Presently he came; not much subdued, nor very languid. Bardon had said, that "such a good one" he seldom saw—"how it rolled off him!"

Coming down the hill I was rather venturous, and admired Sterling's tact and watchfulness. If I had slipped, there was a strong arm within reach, a broad back just before me, or a hand ready to be put forth. He always contrived to get a firm foothold below me.

I have a sense of growth of flesh, and a glow of health, that (I think) I never felt before. I could enjoy even the sharp morning air with the very

slightest clothing. Ned was as merry and active as ever—running, climbing on the rocks, or leaping about on the slopes.

Sterling is revived, and so is his mischievous vein. He confesses to this propensity. He never walked behind those men who, at Rome, carry on their heads long tin boxes, containing hot dinners from the cook-shops; but he handled his stick with such “an itching palm,” that he felt it to be his irresistible destiny to raise it some day to the nicely balanced and compact object, and tip it over, to the astonishment and dismay of the porter, and the damage of his nose.

We had been to the summit, and had the usual passages, for which sports the high wind was accountable—almost losing hats, &c. It might be the wind that made Sterling say, with enthusiasm, as we approached the house, “Oh, if I had but a Brunswick!” “Well, and what *is* a Brunswick? Is it any thing wicked?” “Decidedly; and the Doctor will be very angry—let us get some.” “But what are they?” “Why don’t you know?—the very nicest thing of *petits pains* that is made.” So we astonished Miss Trinder, by carrying away six Brunswicks, and defying her and all Malvern, when

she gently asked whether the Doctor was *aware?* —“ Let him do his spite !”

We were first (and second) at the breakfast table; so cut our six Brunswicks into twelve portions, and deposited one on each plate (there was one *over*). We then waited *im-patiently* for the patients, who soon assembled, and each glanced inquiringly at her or his plate, delighted in anticipation of the treat, and in wonder at such relaxation of discipline. The Doctor wouldn't come; and as we could not count upon universal discretion, we were obliged to let them eat, resolving to “*do it again,*” as boys always do. Presently I saw mischief lurking about my friend's countenance, and asked him what he was thinking of. To which he replied, “ Oh, I know;” and proceeded to deposit on the Doctor's plate the remaining half Brunswick. We then made the joke universal, to crush the Doctor: and Sterling said, “ Now, mark me! if the Doctor happens to be as dreamy as he was yesterday, he will eat it up, and know nothing about it.” He came—took his seat—apologised for his lateness—pleaded his hard morning's work, having seen twenty thousand patients—and cut, and commenced his forbidden morsel. Our lively, animated

conversation kept his mind occupied, and so, by sure instalments, his body received the whole destined portion!

We did not *then* put him to his purgation. No—we let him off, to be the more sure of him, and hear him *deny* it on the morrow.

Going after breakfast to my happy retreat for work—Mrs. Wilson's sitting-room—I had the hardihood to tell what we had done, but we did *not* get an accomplice.

I forgot to note down that my tongue is quite healed, leaving no sign of ulceration. I was reminded of it by another severe bite while laughing.

The ladies are decidedly of opinion, that Sterling and I should be engaged by the Doctor as *decoy drakes*; always running about—performing all sorts of feats of strength and gymnastics—and for some part of the day paraded, like “animated sandwiches,” with two boards each (before and behind), on which is to be written,

WATER PATIENTS AT DOCTOR WILSON'S.

At half-past eleven, we went to Trinder's again. Ordered some gingerbread to be baked expressly for us (with citron in it,) and brought away a parcel of tarts and cakes. Miss Trinder again protested

that Doctor Wilson was "so good to her"—"she would n't for the world"—of course not, how could she? and with such soothing words, we possessed ourselves of the goods; and having announced previously our purpose, we returned, and found the party ready for the treat. Unlike some other schoolboys, Sterling did not eat any, but gave all away.

A letter to-day from Heartley. Doctors three, backed by a first-rate surgeon, tell him that the Water Cure would be almost certain death to his wife. I *fear* she wo'n't come to Malvern. I *do* fear it; yet I love her well. It was time to Douche, and we started. Bardon repeated his request that I would n't rub my hair off. I had desired Ned's opinion, and, looking intensely, he had positively confirmed Bardon's pet hypothesis. There it was, very fine, but very thick,—and *not* white.

It is out of my plan to multiply cases, which testify the working of the Water Cure; but I cannot resist inserting here one which the Doctor gave me, in, as nearly as I can remember, the following words:—

"A medical gentleman (Mr. W. H. Reeves, of

Middlewich) has experienced how life may be saved when at the lowest ebb. He was so low and so eadaverous when he came here, that the bath man refused to attend him, declaring that he should be 'put in prison by a coroner's inquest.'

This gentleman has published his case in a country paper, and I here transcribe it:—

"For some years I had been troubled with periodical derangement of the digestive organs, becoming at each attack of a more serious nature. About two years since, my general health began to give way rapidly, and all my morbid symptoms increased to an alarming extent, ending in my being, without exaggeration, reduced to skin and bone. The mind and body were alike prostrated. The stomach for a long time had totally refused to do its office, rejecting every kind of aliment, however simple. During the progress of my ailments, air, diet, exercise, and the best medicinal treatment, were attended with but little relief. All failed, and a speedy termination to my sufferings, by death, seemed inevitable. This was the opinion of all my friends; one of whom, however, suggested that I should try the Water Cure as a *dernier resort*. I had no faith in its efficacy, or hope of a favourable result; but, thinking that, at all events, it could but hasten, by a short period, a result otherwise unavoidable, and, as I felt at the time, even to be desired, I went last September to consult Dr. Wilson of Malvern. After a brief explanation, he undertook my treatment, at the same time explaining to me the mode in which the Water Cure could and

would restore me to health; giving me a lucid exposition of my diseased state, and pointing out, satisfactorily, how it was that I had gone on for so long a time from bad to worse. It would be too long, in a communication of this kind, to enter into an account of the physiological and pathological details with which I then, for the first time, became acquainted; sound views of the philosophy of health and disease, which, carried into practice, I can unhesitatingly say, preserved my existence. A short time before I commenced the Water Treatment, a physician of acknowledged talent and considerable experience gave me to understand that my recovery was beyond the reach of art. Before I left Dr. Wilson's establishment, I was able to walk from twenty to thirty miles a day, *in any kind of weather*, and returned home, at the end of thirteen weeks, clothed with solid flesh, *a living and substantial witness of the efficacy and safety of the Water Cure*. My treatment was comprised in the use of the Wet Sheet, the Shallow bath with friction, the Sitz bath, and Foot bath, the constant application of the abdominal compress, drinking water, diet, and exercise. These were all modified in their use according to the state I was in; and simple as these remedial means may appear, yet they require to be prescribed with as much real judgment and discretion as any other mode of medical ministrations."

After Douche—walk again. At North Malvern is a monument of the discriminating benevolence of Mr. Charles Morris, whose benefactions to the place, and its poor, have been very extensive. It is a tank

containing above 50,000 gallons of the exquisite water of the hills. Over the tank is erected a well-designed edifice, within the porch of which is the



TANK AT NORTH MALVERN.

capacious tap, with a ladle attached; and above the arch is the following inscription:—

THE INHABITANTS OF NORTH MALVERN
HAVE PLACED THIS STONE TO RECORD THAT THESE TANKS
WERE ERECTED AT THE SOLE EXPENSE
OF CHARLES MORRIS, JUN., ESQ., OF PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON.
IN 1835 AND 1836.

—
YE YOUNG AND AGED POOR,
PRAY

THAT THE BLESSING OF GOD
MAY BE ABUNDANTLY POURED UPON HIM
WHO HAS HERE POURED ABUNDANT BLESSINGS UPON YOU.

Opposite, is the Charity School, with dwelling attached: also founded and endowed by Mr. Morris.

At dinner we did not allude to the morning's sports, but were all, the ladies included, genteel and discreet. "Union is strength."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is coming for a few days.

I am now in the habit of walking ten or twelve miles in the day, with no shade of distress.

A walk with the Doctor. He disapproves of the fagging system altogether. He has not hitherto interfered so as to spoil sport; he is too happy to trace our merriment to the working of the influences of the Water Cure upon our temper, and natural tendency towards what is joyous. He has no objection to be a *butt* in moderation, *but* he will not allow unwholesome things to be brought into the house. I trembled and suggested—gingerbread? but found that he had no hostility to it, if not indulged in at improper times, to anticipate his roast mutton (which he had no desire to *save*). In confessing that gingerbread is my weakness, I bore in mind that, we were to call at Trinder's (each with half a crown), on the morrow, for our batch, with citron *ad lib.*; and made the admission of this my failing in the same candid spirit as an Irishwoman, who, single handed, had been *manfully* carrying on a furious

contest of at least twenty to one, when (words being their only weapons) she was unfairly borne down by numbers, and pushed into a corner. Like an exhausted volcano, this "*poor crater*," having spent her fire—and with no more fuel to feed it, spied her "own lawful husband" within call. Then it was that she made a last effort—hugging him round the neck, and keeping her strong hold before her assailants, and thus continued—"Now, then, what can you bring agen me, barrin that I *am* a thief and fond 'o the men?—and he knows it the darlin! What *else!* What *else!*"

(Rather forced in its application, but a good story, and I was determined to bring it in.)

But, seriously—I agreed with the Doctor in all that he said; and having, ever since Sterling came, rather neglected the ladies, I promised to moderate myself to the jokes arising out of the respective characters of schoolboys and master.

I had walked a blister on my foot. The Doctor told me to put three or four folds of wet linen upon it, and tie my stocking round it at night.

After supper, a little music; and to bed betimes.



MAY XXX

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

NEW MOON. Splendid morning. Walk with Sterling and Ned beyond the Wyche, and over the hills on our return. Sterling quite agrees in the propriety of stopping the fagging system, as I told him that the ladies also are of the same opinion. As we returned, we encountered the boys with their hoops. The little boy was not provided, and we asked him how it was. He had "sent the money to Worcester," and the hoop was "to come by the coach to-day." See the vast importance attached to this trifle!

At breakfast Sterling somehow made a slip in carrying his tumbler to his mouth, and spilled the water within his waistcoat. Always glad, as he said, to carry out the system, he would not change his shirt, the *accidental compress* might be beneficial.

The blister on my foot is quite well. This is a specific (the wet linen). We got our gingerbread, and dispensed delicate portions to all;—but there was nothing *wrong* in it *now*.

Sterling is *bilious*. I am very glad of it, as the Doctor has been watching for this symptom. Talk with the Doctor. I told him that I have no sign of scorbutic or dry skin; that it is soft and moist, and the perspiration free.

The extreme care and caution of the Doctor, and his insight into the causes of my *formerly* weak and nervous state were never more evident than on this day. *Seeming* to leave me to run riot for a few days, he had been watching me attentively, and now came down upon me with the announcement, that I was to "*sweat*" to-morrow morning.

How Sterling will crow!

When the strength and energy given me by this glorious system induce the belief that I am equal to any thing, the Doctor sees that I may afford to *lose* a little.

He has observed me, lately, *writing* immediately after dinner, and rather than irritate or vex me, at the time, he now firmly—kindly tells me, that if he sees me writing he will take leave to remove ink and paper from my very hand. To work the *brain* while the digestion is busy, irritates and inflames both stomach and brain. I shall have no *boils* nor skin eruption.

The Doctor says that when I get away I shall begin to gain flesh, adding—"The water treatment puts a man into *condition*. If too fat, it melts it away; if too thin, flesh is surely gained. It brings a man to his *standard weight*. There are several well-marked examples of this, now here." The Water Cure asserts that a "Corporation" is *not* a "body *politick*," and dissolves it.

I have occasionally taken milk-and-water for breakfast. I now drink water, "neat as imported."

Ned has brought home a little water-wagtail that he found "in difficulties;" not able to fly,—and a boy throwing it aloft. Sterling has taught him how to feed and manage it, and Ned writes to his little sisters on the subject.

Home to my drawing for an hour. Most brilliant day. No Donche. (Rather too bad.)

The sound of a child's crying is most distressing in *all* its varieties; but there is none so painful, so truly agonising to the ear, as that prolonged note (such as I heard to-day) of a sad—bitter distress, which *rests* on the little heart, and tells of some, perhaps, violent affliction of which that long—quiet, miserable moan is the after-birth. It is accompanied by abundance of tears, and for the time will

not be comforted. Every one must have suffered on hearing this peculiar sound, which resembles the two consonants B V, *held on* as long as the breath can last,—and then, with a catching sound of sob, or spasm, commenced again. It must have way, and is (we hope) a relief to the sufferer, whose pent up trouble would otherwise be insupportable.

A visitor at dinner, who purposes to be a patient. He is dashing looking, and by no means shy. Directly he opened his mouth, he “put his foot in it.” I wonder that some of his questions to “our people” were answered.

Nap after dinner, and then out with Sterling. It is ever refreshing to see and hear the bubbling, sparkling water at every turn. A wonderful freak of nature—these gigantic hills starting out of the plain. Are they volcanic? *

As we returned, I experienced the danger, in

* Having access to the first authority in geological matters, I took to him my specimens of the rock on my return to town. They are an inferior kind of granite, with quartz, hornblend, felspar, mica, &c., and the whole mass of rock is “*Plutonic*.” In the first volume of the “*Geological Transactions*,” Mr. Horner has an elaborate account of the Malvern Hills.

descending the hollow of the hills, of walking over the heaps of loose stones. They are easily dislodged; and some being very large, are likely to commence an unequal chase after us.

Sterling wanted to remind me of something that occurred two or three days since, and, forgetting the day of the month, said, "It was the day I shirked my Sitz." I had to say this afternoon, "Please, sir, may I go out?—my cousins are come again."

It is a great comfort to be relieved from the necessity of sitting at table after dinner, while the wine is passed, and pressed upon us. Although, with Cassio, I may confess having been led into an occasional excess, for which I never could plead the excuse of a passion, natural or acquired—although I have said, "I'll do't, but it dislikes me"—I always felt, with him, that "I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment."

A happy evening. A lady visitor to tea. Music.



MAY XXXI

AT five o'clock in walked the executioner, who was to initiate me into the SWEATING process. There was nothing awful in the commencement. Two dry blankets were spread upon the mattress, and I was enveloped in them, *as* in the wet sheet, being well and closely tucked in round the neck, and the head raised on two pillows; then came my old friend, the down bed, and a counterpane, as before. I need not sketch this, as it is precisely like the wet sheet packing in appearance.

Not so in *luxury*. At first I felt very comfortable, but in ten minutes the irritation of the blanket was disagreeable, and endurance was my only resource—*thought* upon other subjects out of the question. In half an hour, I wondered *when* it would begin to act. At six, in came Bardon, to give me water to drink. Another hour—and I was getting into a state. I had for ten minutes followed Bardon's directions, by slightly moving my hands and legs, and the profuse perspiration was a relief; besides, I knew that I should be soon *fit* to be *bathed*, and what a tenfold treat! He gave me more water, and then it broke out! In a quarter of an hour more

he returned, and I stepped, in that condition, into the cold bath, Bardon using more water on my head and shoulders than usual—more rubbing and sponging, and afterwards more vigorous *dry* rubbing. I was more than pink, and hastened to get out, and compare notes with Sterling. We went to the Wyche. This process is very startling. The drinking water is to keep quiet the action of the heart. To plunge into cold water after *exercise* has induced perspiration might be fatal, but this quiescent, passive state, involves no danger of any kind.

Again, how different from the ordinary vapour bath, produced by stoves and steam, and the *head* generally inclosed in the heated air. *Here* is the head in pure cool air—the window open—the lungs refreshed by inhaling it—cold water administered, and the close packing encouraging the body to make *its own* vapour.

In the celebrated Russian baths, the perspiration is produced by stoves, and the patient inhales the hot air; and in that state, being rubbed with *snow*, the process is far more severe than ours at Malvern, and yet we have heard of no dangerous results produced by it, even in a single instance.

The “Bain de Voyage” has been described to

me by a friend who, exhausted by a hurried journey from London to Paris, went to the Chinese Baths on the Boulevard Montmartre, and was *renovated* in half an hour. He highly eulogized the whole process, rather crowing over me, and pitting it against the wet sheet and the subsequent bath. Why *the principle is the very same*, only the French process is troublesome, and carried on at a cost of eleven francs and two to the man.

The "broken-down Swell" is not only better—he is more than "looking up"—getting wonderfully well.

After breakfast, a sitting of the Doctor, and a pleasant chat. Speaking of a particular result of the "*sweating*," he compared the simple and sure working of that process, to the certain irritation produced by a dose of medicine, passing through and worrying all the lanes and alleys before it reaches its destination. A patient here had been in the habit of taking two pills every night for many months. This seemed positively necessary. Since he came he has not (of course) taken one. "Fancy," said Dr. W., "two pills dissolving in the stomach, with a quantity of half-digested aliment; what a mess! This is to pass over, and remain for hours in, the delicate stomach

and bowels. Is it any wonder they are *palsied* for days afterwards? This purgation is nothing more than your inside getting rid, as quickly as it can, of a noxious poison which you put into it."

I have twice eaten gooseberry pie. I won't do so *no* more. Fruit at noon is wholesome, but certainly *not* immediately after meat.

After my sitting, a glorious walk with Sterling to the Holy Well. Then mounting the hills, we made a towering route, calculating, when we neared home, that we had walked eight miles; and even then we chose the steep path, still desirous to *get up*, even after our long walk.

"Mountains offer the exercise most suited to the cure." ONE MUST HAVE MOUNTAINS, said Priessnitz. I had a slight head-ache. The Douche cured it.

After the walk, how refreshing the Foot-bath! I always now stand in the water while I sponge and wash my head and face before dinner. If the feet remained cold I should walk afterwards, but they are speedily glowing; and all trace of fatigue seems removed by bathing simultaneously the antipodes.

After dinner a nap. The Doctor desires me to sleep, if possible, for half an hour, while I take so much exercise. Then out with Ned and Sterling to

the top of the Beacon :—a calm lovely evening. I stood upon the turf mound ; then proceeding to the hill south of the Beacon, decided to sketch *it*, with



THE BEACON, LOOKING NORTH.

the contrast of Worcestershire and Herefordshire ;* and, from the same spot, looking south, to draw the whole range of hills terminating with the Camp Hill.



RANGE OF HILLS—THE CAMP HILL IN THE DISTANCE

* The patches near the summit (indicated in my sketch) are occasioned by the wanton mischief of setting the furze on fire ; which blaze of light created a great sensation of alarm at Worcester, Cheltenham, and the surrounding country.

Back to supper, and out again from nine till ten with Sterling. He is going on Monday. (Alas!)

A very eminent (retired) physician once remarked to me, that while medical, surgical, and anatomical science has been successfully directed to most abstruse and deep-seated points of study,—while the most intricate and *hidden* questions are the *best* understood,—the surface, THE SKIN, which receives the first influence of the external agents, and which in its healthy or morbid state involves one of the most important evacuations of the body, is rarely studied but as a *superficies*.

A happy evening.—Music.—To bed betimes.



SUNDAY, JUNE 1.

AT five o'clock a repetition of yesterday's "sweating." Not so very irksome, as the result came more speedily and satisfactorily to day. Slight showers, and then fine. We had our usual walk beyond the Wyche. The burning kilns do not look like *rest*; but this passing idea is as absurd as

the joke against the brewers, that they should not permit the *beer* to *work* on Sundays. I have been made to work considerably this morning, in the blankets. However, the tendency towards rest pervades every thing.

It is, I am told, an historical fact, that all men of great intellect who have, at the last, by stretching too far their powers of mind, lost their balance and committed *suicide*, have been, by habit, Sabbath-breakers. I do not allude to neglect of the first and sacred duties of the day, but to making it a day of occupation in worldly affairs—of a continuation of the week's labour, either of mind or body; instead of leaving the bow unstrung, that it may be renewed with more vigorous tension on the first working day, and prepared to encounter the cares and exertions of the week.

Looking to politics alone, our memory must furnish abundant evidence to support the opinion that I have quoted: names esteemed and beloved, but for ever associated with heartache and deep humiliation. I believe that the week's labour of a cabinet minister, at a period within our own recollection, was always arranged in detail at the cabinet dinner of the Sunday, and that the day so occupied

was one of extreme labour and anxiety, if not agitation of mind.

In inculcating the observance of the Sabbath, surely it is well to *begin* by cessation from labour; and the mind will then be in a state favourable to the cultivation of higher duties.

I have always believed, that when nature is left to the instinctive impulse which, not in idleness, but relaxation, is allowed free play, the tendency is generally towards good. I use the term relaxation as implying remission of labour; and, therefore, the very opposite to idleness, which is, of itself, so fruitful in every vice, that labour becomes the only relief to the poisonous habit.

Idleness is the "toad" that "swelters venom."

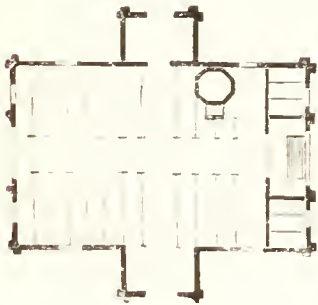
Sterling pointed out to me a cuckoo, with many small birds, pursuing and *stooping* upon an owl. He told me of the respect and awe in which the cuckoo is held in the country. He once heard a boy stigmatised (by way of giving him as bad a name as possible) as "the boy who shot a euekoo." Sterling will stay another week.

After breakfast we started to cross the hill to a little church at a parish called Mathon. The village, a small group of cottages. We had been



CHURCH AT MATHON.

attracted by the external character of the church, and were no less gratified by the interior. With



the exception of six enclosed pews (three on either side of the communion table), all were free seats.

The building, it will be seen, was of the cross form; and in all its architectural

details there was nothing wanting in completeness, and nothing extraneous. It was in all respects suitable to the neighbourhood, and beautifully arranged; the service simply and impressively performed, and its effect very strikingly evident in the deportment and deep attention of the congregation.

There was no organ, and no *singing*, which was the only deficiency; for the pause occupied by the minister's change of place from the desk to the altar, and again to the pulpit, was uncomfortable. I conclude that the arrangements are not yet completed.

After dinner to St. Anne's Well, and a quiet stroll about the slopes and terrace walks.

The Doctor says that Sterling has got me into such good training, that his stay another week will be invaluable *to me*, in the continuation of our habitual exercise; that I had become too attentive to the ladies. Sterling would not like to be put in such a light before the ladies, as weaning me from their attractions. It is I who court *him*.

The Doctor in answer to my remark that the Water Cure had failed at Bath and Cheltenham, said that it deserved to fail in those places; that the profession have taken a wrong impression from this fact of failure: "If I give my horse green meat in a close stable, I could hardly call it *sending him to grass*; nor was it the Water Cure in those places. No good and difficult cures can be made in low or damp situations, by swampy grounds, or on the beds of rivers. With scrofulous consti-

tutions, for instance, you have no chance in the valley, or any low situation; you must have mountain air."

Another walk in the evening at nine o'clock.

By tacit understanding with Sterling, and without effort on either side, our conversation this day has been exclusively serious, or at least never trifling, and the result has been a calm and most salutary happy day.—To bed betimes.



JUNE II

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

With Sterling to the Wyche, and made two sketches, while he walked over the hills. On our return we met three of the ladies, and joined them. I must say we were a creditable looking party for "wretched water patients." Mrs. Delmonr told me that it had been said by the enemy, "all that come in and out the front way are shew patients; but the Doctor keeps *the others* in back rooms, and makes them go out by the garden-gate, if at all!"

Among the array of letters on the hall table are many newspapers. Sterling respectfully begged to

know whether newspapers were to be held sacred until the owners arrived to claim them; it being part of the system that we are not to be *thwarted*. It was decided, after an animated discussion, that all covers should be respected, and the seals unbroken, except PUNCH, whose envelopes it should be lawful to violate.

Pym showed me a printed fragment by Dr. Bostock relating to the Water Cure, in which occurs this sentence: "I am disposed to attribute a considerable effect to the complete removal of all the offensive matter which had polluted the vessels, thus thoroughly *rinsing* them out, and leaving them in a clear state to receive a supply of more healthy fluids." —————

A most glorious day. Everybody holiday making.

Douche at one (when we Douche we do not take the mid-day Sitz).

Mr. Hope lent Ned a young and valuable horse, and Sterling hired one to accompany him; which office had *I* assumed, Ned would have had the task of taking care of *me*. Presently some antics of the horse, which Sterling had been watching narrowly, unseated Master Ned, to his great disgust and disgrace; and Sterling immediately dismounted,

secured the horse—and backed him, giving the spiritless hack to Ned. On their return, Sterling spoke of Ned's seat on horseback. It was very graceful, but *insecure*. He had been taught at the *barracks*. However—the Guards ride better than those of old; for it is not to be forgotten that it was said, “None ride so ill as a sailor, a tailor, or a cavalry officer.” This horse had not been broken; so Ned's ride, according to Sterling, resulted in a *dusty Sitz*.

The Doctor told me that, “of all the remedies tried for SEA SICKNESS, there is none like the Stomach Compress and Bandage.” He added, “A patient of mine, the Princess S., tried it *when very ill*, with immediate success. The irritation of the stomach was calmed,—she fell asleep, and did not awake for hours.” Sir E. Bulwer Lytton lately found the same result from the same remedy; and so did his Secretary, whom he persuaded to try it, when in the midst of sea suffering. I asked him how he explained the action of so simple a remedy, and he said, “The Bandage supports the bowels and stomach, and serves as a *point d'appui* for the abdominal (or abominable) viscera, to resist the uncertain tossing and tumbling feeling, caused by

the *involuntary* motion to which the body is subjected; and, at the same time, the *moisture* of the Compress soothes the irritated ganglions" (or gang of lions, as these nerves may be called); "and roaring lions," the Doctor said, "they may be *truly* called, when abused by physic, food, and fretting."

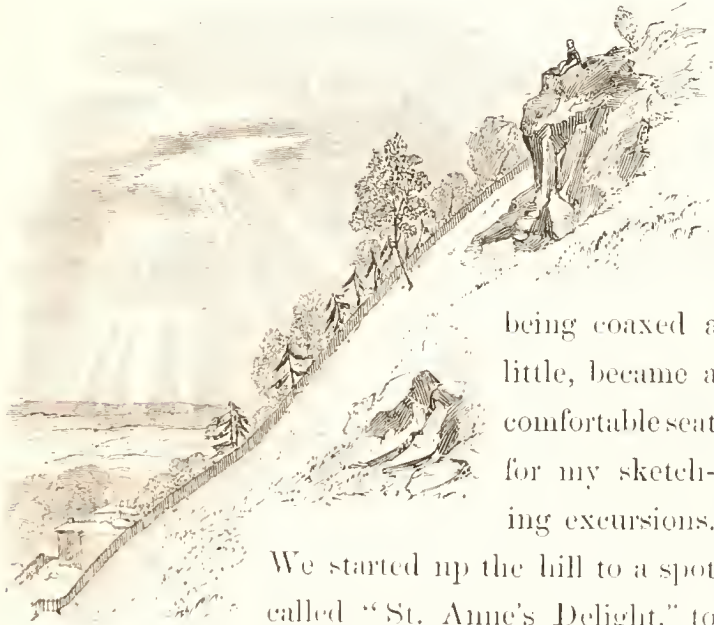
In the evening Ned escorted *his* water patient, the water-wag-tail, from the Water Cure Establishment to the spot where he rescued it; and as it flew strongly and safely, he concludes that it has gone to its relations to tell of its *crisis*; and *so* wrote home.

At dinner the Doctor told us that his first Malvern patient is coming to visit him for a day. "What!" said Sterling, "didn't he die?" "No," said one of the ladies, "he was the bright expection." The Doctor continued: He had employed a boy in the village to help to pack and bathe him, having had great difficulty in inducing any one to assist in the awful operation. The boy made a terrific report among the natives, and the Doctor saw evil eyes directed towards him when he walked; and sometimes,

"Heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'That's him!'"

"That's the man who put the other in a sweat, and threw him into cold water." They also persecuted the boy, and pursued the patient with wonder.

I had received a considerate and generous present of a mysterious bludgeon, or walking stick, which,



NED'S DELIGHT.

being coaxed a little, became a comfortable seat for my sketching excursions.

We started up the hill to a spot called "St. Anne's Delight," to meet the ladies, and having found them, I unfurled my seat, that it might first minister to the giver:—then made a sketch to prove it.

Presently we saw a most beautiful rainbow—a complete and brilliant semicircle, extending over the Worcestershire plain.

In the evening, Mr. — said, "Do you think any one *ever* recovered who had a pain in the arm?" A sad case of hypochondriasis.

Our spotty faced friend is gone. He must now be known by other distinguishing marks. His rebellious stomach has been taught its duty, and consents to perform it. The Doctor has discharged him, and the Water Cure has discharged his pimples. Considerably mottled, and rather *fiery*—he is in a transition to the smooth and healthy tone of complexion, and already “*amoureux de soi-meme.*”

After each “blanketting,” (and he had enough of it,) and at midday the glorious Douche, it was refreshing to mark his improvement.

No wonder that the Water Cure commends itself to the ladies. For those who would rejoice in a soft clear skin, it is your only true cosmetic.

“No family should be without it.”

The celebrated Dr. James Johnson, after a long life of medical practice, makes this startling confession in his last work, “A Tour through Ireland:”—“I will go farther, and declare it to be my most conscientious opinion, that if there were not a single physician, or surgeon, or apothecary, or man-midwife, or chemist, or druggist, or drug, in the world, there would be less mortality among mankind than now.” Of the *average* this may be true.



JUNE III

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

OUR walk this morning was longer and even more joyous than usual—between six and seven miles; the weather perfect. We went along the tops of the hills beyond Malvern Wells. Ned having gone out with the Doctor, Sterling and I were “*tous deux*.”

We had a discussion about things ecclesiastic, relating to church decoration. We did not agree, and so agreed to differ; but I proposed that each should carry out his opinion in fashion following:—Sterling to marry and settle here. Mrs. Sterling to sing beautifully. Sterling to give a painted window to our favourite little church at Mathon. I to make money, and finally settle at Malvern; to give an *organ* to the church aforesaid, to superintend the singing, and to rely on Mrs. Sterling's assistance.

At breakfast, told the Doctor that I had a letter from ——, who feared that I had not stamina to go through the *severity* of the Water Treatment. This gave us all good food for merriment; but, seriously—it is the emaciated that make rapid pro-

gress, while, with the apparently strong and robust, it is slow work. A very spare patient lately here gained in the first six weeks of his stay, twenty pounds in weight."

"You will often see of two persons afflicted by the same genera of complaints, the feeble and fragile one recover before the stout man with Atlantic shoulders evinces one symptom of amelioration."

Work till twelve, and then Douche, and to the Beacon with Sterling.

At dinner is a new patient, a young lady, most distressingly thin: of high family and prepossessing manners. Sterling finds that he knows some members of her family, and she is very happy to talk to him.

A delightful evening's walk before supper.

A sad page in my Diary—a *death* has occurred in the house.

Mr. — arrived ten days ago without notice, having journeyed from Norfolk to London to consult the first physicians. He had cancerous tumours, pronounced by all *incurable*. As a last resort, he performed with difficulty the journey to Malvern, and arrived at the house in a state which rendered

it dangerous to move him to lodgings. The Doctor instantly pronounced his state beyond the reach of human aid, except in *palliating* suffering, and soothing his few remaining days. He told Mrs. B—— that he could not survive ten days. After four days, Mr. B—— came to the drawing-room, and cordially shaking hands with all his fellow-patients, thanked God that he was *safe*, and getting well—he was “sure of it!” His appetite good—he slept well, and was free from all pain. The Doctor was obliged to tell his afflicted wife that this happy change showed no amelioration of the actual disease, which was surely proceeding to its fatal termination. When, some days after this, it was deemed right to tell the patient of his state, he was with difficulty made to believe it. He had been buoyant with high spirits, and perfectly at ease. His relatives then came around him: and about the tenth day (or, as I believe, on the very day predicted) he has died. The brothers proposed to remove the remains, but the considerate patients would not hear of it. They asked if he would have the funeral at early morning; Dr. W. would not allow secrecy, and it is to take place in the afternoon.

This whole proceeding redounds to the Doctor's generosity of nature, and shows his indifference to false rumours when he can alleviate suffering. None of us could believe that Mr. B. was a dying man; so wonderful was the relief afforded him. It sometimes occurs, that during the Doctor's absence, invalids arrive, who declare that they will not go away, having taken possession to be cured or die. On *one* occasion only has he failed in such instances; this is that insulated ease.

They were all teasing poor Sterling about his prospects of the morrow. He is to go into the blankets. The new young lady asked, "Do you not *like* the blankets?" "Certainly not," said Sterling, very emphatically. When I consoled and pitied him, the Doctor told me that I, *too*, was to be blanketed; and I was thoughtful and silent immediately.

So in due time we both started in a light shower to the Wyche, to mutually console each other, and at least enjoy the present.

Then a little music, and to bed betimes.



JUNE IV

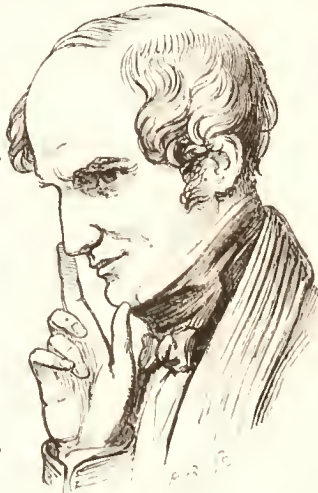
IN one hour, being found in a remarkably nice breathing perspiration, I was released, and bathed in perfect luxury. Sterling too had been equally assailable, and out we went to the Beacon, and over the hills. Ned was delighted in the idea of sketching with me, varying slightly the chosen point of view, and drawing the same object. Sterling said to me, "How wonderfully better you do look, and yet on your return you will look *more* better." This is the test of the benefit derived from the Water Cure; for, having gone through the prescribed course, it is wonderful to mark the improvement of the quondam patients.

The maythorn and sweetbriar are yet in perfection, and make our walks fragrant and delicious. Five or six draughts this morning, and home to a great breakfast.

It is delightful to feel the impulse even in cold windy weather, to keep open the waistcoat, and *pocket* the neckerchief. The throat should be taught to court exposure to all weathers; and one

of the greatest evils of our costume is the black silk bandage, or dry compress, round the throat. A lady relative of mine, subject to dangerous attacks of quinsy, and frequent sore throats, renounced *boas* and other coverings to the throat; and for five years has had no return of the slightest symptom of sore throat—relaxed or inflammatory.

I have a very considerate letter from a brother labourer in the stone way. He is sorry for my illness, and will be very happy to do any thing for me on my "*retirement from*" which he also, in a P.S. if I will premy patrons. kind friend, for "complements" which



AFTER LUNCH—ON HIS OWN TITLE.

stone way. He illness, and happy to do me on my "*re-*
the profes-
regrets.—He, will be obliged sent him to Thank you my the "compli-
you have"pre-

sented" to me.—I fully appreciate them;—but I am returning with full power to do it all myself.

An hour's work, and chat with the Doctor. Speaking of active medicine the Doctor said, "To make the stomach and the bowels, with the mass of nerves situated about them, the battle field

to fire away with *drugs* against disease, is to make the centre of man's vitality, from whence springs his sense of well-being, *a scene of carnage.*"

He was very communicative, but complained of the fatigue of talking. Priessnitz hears, sees, and *says* nothing. He went on, however, expatiating on his favourite theme: "Look at my two children, I call one the *Wine*, and the other the *Water*, child. See the bloom, beauty, and perfect health of the latter. Papa and Mamma were then Water cured. Whoever tells you that wine and spirits are in any case conducive to health, has yet to learn. —*Snuff* is as necessary as wine, gin, or beer."

All this is excellent and emphatic, but dear little "WINE" is a very charming boy, and agrees so well with "WATER," that we love to see them together. "The De'il tak them that part 'em."

After Douche, a walk with Sterling and Ned of five miles. On our return we met the whole party of ladies, two being on donkeys. I wish to see my boy fully appreciate not only the refinements of *manner* that bespeak a gentleman, but that essential and deep-seated nature so evident in my new friend. There is a point upon which I was very

anxious to have his approval ; and I find this evening, that I have my full desire, and am tickled by it.

He appealed to me as an *authority* : not saying, what do you *think*? but “ what *is* ? ” &c. I replied, “ Why *you* were present ; ” and he said, “ Yes, and was much pleased ; but I want to *know* ”—I then understood him, and I must add, was never so much gratified in my life, on that point.

He would be very much surprised to find me feeding my vanity upon this incident, for the trait was one of habit with him ; had the implied compliment been *intentionally* conveyed, it would not have touched me.

A brother of poor Mr. B. remains here, undergoing the Water Treatment.

The Doctor told me of a case of madness, in which the patient was more than nine hours in the Shallow Bath, with four men to hold and rub him. He was fighting all the time—rushing from the bath, and instantly forced into it again. At the expiration of that time he was in the state of tranquillity so much desired, and was then put into bed, where he slept soundly. At early morning, he was found in a profuse state of perspiration, very compliant, and having no recollection of the bath-

ing. He submitted to the renewal of the Wet Sheet, &c., twice, and as it produced great perspiration, he was put into the bath again. On the following day he had a violent eruption covering the body; and the mental disease was conquered eventually.

The Doctor said to me, "I do not call all medical men dishonest who cry down the Water Cure, for few understand any thing about it. It is at variance with all their artificial notions, and habits of thinking. An old retired physician saw a patient of mine (his own friend) go through the treatment. He said, 'You look well and jolly, but *it ought to have killed you!*' He saw a child packed, and take a Sitz. 'Well, (said he) she is *alive and merry*; I see I must go to school again.'" Dr. W. added, "I wish others would confess that they may *live and learn* like this fine Old English Gentleman."

I asked, Is the Cure better in the summer or the winter? He said, "In winter the necessity for *fires* is a drawback, though much is gained by the tone and *rapid changes* produced by cold weather and active exercise. In summer the patient lives

more in the open air. My answer in winter to patients proposing to come in the spring is, Find yourself nearly well by the spring, that when the warm weather comes, you may not have to commence but to *complete* your cure."

This evening I took a drive with Mr. Hope and two ladies. It was all a mistake, "I didn't *go* to do it." I had promised to take, what I understood to be a walk. However, no harm came of it but loss of time.



JUNE V

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

To Malvern Wells, up the hills, and home. Talked of the very nervous and powerful sound of the German language, the only tongue into which it has been found possible to render Shakspeare. Sterling gave me some examples, in exquisite contrast to the French version ;—

"My fate cries out !"

"Mein schicksal ruft !"

"Mon sort m' éerie de m'en aller !"

This may be considered a fit companion to the often quoted "Sortez, sortez, courte chandelle."

But the most refreshing considerations may be drawn from their own modern and original Drama. Let any one select some two or three of those pieces that represent English life, and the simplicity of our neighbours is shown in the most vivid colours. I have read a play, entitled "MISTRISS SIDDONS," in which the heroine (the unapproachable) figures through Five Acts as the mistress of "Sir Dick," or some such name. Among other traits of character, she is made to say to a milord, "Venez me voir jouer Lady Macbeth : J'ai fait pleurer Garrick."

A friend of mine described to me a Melodrama that he saw in Paris ; the scene laid at *Richmond*, among mountains, rocks, and yawning caverns ; the people, brigands and black assassins, with slouched broad-brimmed hats and terrific moustaches. The worst of them was taken into custody by an alderman, in correct costume, (they are excellent costumiers,) and seated in a city barge, who takes him off to the Tower. The hero had been stealthily gliding through his part in a tremendous cloak, that rarely allowed more than his nose and one eye to be visible, but at the close he threw aside his disguise, showed

a magnificent and spangled dress, and—*remitted all the taxes!!!* This was the denouement.

Another similar piece was described to me, at the end of which the principal personage opened wide his cloak, exhibited a splendid *military* costume, and said, while all the rest trembled at the name,—“Suis SHE - RI - DAN!!!”

They have a highly sentimental drama, entitled “BERGAMI,” which abounds in such delicious snatches of incident and character, that we wonder why the author does not write on the “manners and customs of the English, and their country.”

The construction of the story, too, is most instructive.—The hero is the quintessence of sentiment, the elevating attachment of the Queen Caroline very touching in its passages.

When she comes to England (in the Third Act), “Sir Wood” and “Sir Brougham,” whose names receive the illustration of an asterisk and foot-note (“Prononcez Broumm,” “Prononcez Ondd”), with “Miss Jenny Donald” (to represent, I think, the Scotch party) are her adherents.

Sir Wood requests the Queen to give an audience to GEORGE QUATRE, stating, at the same time, that the *people* wait at the other side; and

supposing that as the King's visit is "un entretien important et confidentiel," she will see him first.

"Vous vous êtes trompé, Monsieur Wood; le Peuple d'abord!—le roi ensuite." (Elle va se placer sur le fauteuil élevé, &c.) Banners are brought in "A la Reine des Ouvriers du Port." "A Caroline les Marchands de la Cité." "Les Femmes du Peuple à la Reine du Peuple," etc. An "ouvrier," deputed by the rest, tells the Queen, "nous avons un cœur, et des poings a boxer pour vous, du matin au soir." An "epicier" thanks her for having made them sell "Cent mille lampions pour illuminer." A "maçon" offers to place on the houses of the ministers—"Terrain a vendre." "Les marchandes de poissons," "Les nymphes de la Tamise" have a deputy who says, "J'ai perdue mon harangue; et je vais vous parler tout naturellement;" and the Queen replies, "Mesdames, J'accepte votre cadeau, et si je remonte jamais sur le trône," &c.

"Le roi-seul" is delicious; he speaks mysteriously of *Ashley*, as "le plus subtil Argus," that he ever employed; and tells us "sa charmaute femme me le disait elle-même, il y a quelques jours: Comptez sur mon mari, Sire."

The "Chambre des Lords à Londres" is the

“copie exacte de la gravure de George Hayter.” (Sir Brougham, le President, Huissiers, Journalistes, &c.) Sir B. says many sharp things. One witness confesses, “J’avais bu tant de porter et de double ale, pour me déchagriner, que la tête n’y était plus, et j’en suis bien fâché,” &c.

The scene ends with the people throwing stones at Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh, with “coups de feu, et charges de cavalerie.”

In the Fifth Act we have a “grande salle de banquet” in St. James’s. The Maître d’Hôtel, Officiers de bouches, James, Tom, and William, have a little fun. Then the King and “Sir Robert Ingles” determine not to crown the Queen. “Un huissier (d’un air troublé) announces that *she has arrived!* The Queen comes in, and tells the King that she is going to the banquet, to sit at his right; and concludes a long, magnanimous speech to him, with —“Votre main, sire!”

Bergami (en matelot) talks to himself as an ill-used person, and watches every movement.

The King and Queen sit down to dinner together. The people fill up the background (Bergami, of course, among them). They pass their jokes upon the place and the company,—“C’est très

gentil, ce palais de Saint James ;” “ C’est joliment amusant de voir dîner le Roi et la Reine.” “ Ah ! il y a un roast beef et un plum-pudding, qui m’ont donné des desirs insatiables.”

Bergami is mysterious, and watches Ashley, whom he suspects. The King gives the “ derniers toasts,” “ Les lords ” drink them with enthusiasm ; and a “ marchande de poissons ” calls out, “ La santé de la Reine ”—a “ grand silence ”—then “ cri general du peuple.” “ Le Roi éleve son verre, et échange un toast avec la Reine.” Bergami is bothered. All retire but the Queen, and Bergami comes forward. She scolds the “ imprudent.” He has come from her house at *Hammershire*, and confesses “ je vous ai désobéi, et me voila.” She then calls him “ noble ami,” because he tells her how he has been watching her, having some sad “ presentimens.” He does not like Ashley,—begs her to quit the palace, and she promises to rejoin him in an hour, at *Hammershire*. Still Bergami is *triste*, and does not confide in her, although she promises to give up the crown for him, and go to Italy. The Queen then *feels ill*, and tumbles on a fauteuil (“poussant un cri”). She sends for the King, and Bergami goes and calls him.—“ Sire, je suis em-

poisonnée. Est cela l'hospitalité du Roi?" The King calls "les tresors de l'Angleterre à qui la rendra la vie!" She says, "Il est trop tard!" Le Docteur Holland indicates, by silence, that there is no hope. Caroline says to the King "Ah! vous pleurez." She hears the people crying out for her. "Le President" comes in—"Le Peuple, Sire, demande à grands cris à la voir." The King says, "Ouvrez!" and they precipitate themselves into the apartment. A l'aspect de la Reine ils s'arrêtent respectueusement. She makes a speech to them; they advance "quelque pas." The "Archevêque de Yorck" (who is, of course, a papist) s'avance; he presents a cross to her to kiss. She pardons the King, and adds, "A toi—Bergami—mon dernier soupir."

The Archevêque says—"Prions pour elle" (the old scoundrel), and "tout le monde" calls "A genoux! à genoux!" Un maçon—"A genoux le Roi!"—Tous les peuples, "A genoux le Roi!" Le Roi, "Ah! je jure sur le corps de la Reine empoisonnée, que je punirai son assassin!" (Il s'agenouille.)

Bergami, (s'élançant sur Ashley,) "Je le punirai moi-même!" (Il le frappe d'un coup de stylet—mouvement.) "Maintenant, qu'on apprête l'échafaud pour Bergami." MORAL——POOR BERGAMI!

(Le Roi, à haute voix,) "Je te ferai grace."

FIN.

The celebrated Alexandre Dumas has a drama of "KEAN," which is almost as rich as the above.

In the version of "Hamlet" in which Talma appeared, is this arrangement for the first entrance of the Prince: a pedestal in the centre of the stage, with an *urn*. Hamlet approaches, contemplates the funereal emblem, and speaks:—

"Ah! les cendres de mon Pere!"—and his emotion is supposed to be excited by hearing the ashes disturbed and uncomfortable!

The French tragedy never seemed to me to soar beyond a stilted and inflated formality; but I confess that I know very little about it. Elegant and conversational as the language is,—like their fireworks, sparkling,—like their bon-bons, sweet on the tongue,—I cannot help thinking their talk, as their wine, very small.

An accomplished Frenchman, who was a great linguist, thus concluded a volume, confessing and lamenting the deficiencies of his work:—

"Mais ce n'est pas ma faute—c'est la faute de la langue dans laquelle je suis condamné à écrire."

Of the sounds in our own language, Madame Mara, the great singer, remarked: that we have the most beautiful that can be conceived, and the vilest;

NO MORE—and—SCISSORS.

Most musical truly—and—very harsh and grating: but there is a variation in our study of SHAKSPERE which opens an inexhaustible source of delight in the contemplation of that quality of "sound" which is "echo to the sense;" and which seems, in its unapproachable perfection, as *involuntary* in Shakspeare, and (perhaps) Milton, as it is the result of deep *study* in Pope and Dryden. I have not found that many persons think of this: certainly very few Actors have any idea of it. Beginning with HAMLET—MACBETH—AS YOU LIKE IT—all luxuriant in this quality, we open to the mind a refinement upon our household enjoyment of the great Master. Of the mere solid grandeur of sound, unaided by immediate contrast, I would instance—

"Hath op'd it's ponderous and marble jaws:"

and also quote one example of the gradual increase of rough sounds, which rising in a climax, glut one line to fulness, and at that period, suddenly subside to one of unexampled smoothness and music; again to

change (in the next) to *accents*, that alone might bespeak the throbbing of an overcharged heart —

“Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet—oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?”

and this triumph of construction (the result, not of deep study or intention, but the inspiration of Heaven born genius) leads me on, insensibly, to the very point to which I ought to be called *back*, in the line that immediately follows—

“Throw physick to the dogs—I'll none of it.”

Our morning's walk was a good six miles.

Worked at my drawing of the Doctor, after the Count D'Orsay's sketch, and finished it. After Donche I had a splendid walk with Sterling, of nearly eight miles, to choose a spot for my general view of the hills. Shady lanes, commons, corn fields, hop grounds, thick woods, &c.—a great and varied treat. After dinner a nap, and as fresh as ever.

Out again to the top of the hills; wet through, and made a thorough change of clothes. “Never

attempt," said the Doctor, "to brave *that*; if wet, put on dry clothes immediately on your return." Ned climbed on the turf mound at the summit, and was blown off.

Going to Douche, to-day, I joined two of the ladies, who were enjoying the shade about the Chalybeate. Bardon had been speaking to me, and having just parted from our group, a brusque gentleman said to him, "Are you going to Douche two?" "Five, sir." "The devil you are, then I should like to know where will be the water for *me*!" Habitual discontent--there was enough for twenty.

The Doctor looks at me with pride. He considers this day the *fulfilment* of his promise. What follows requires much caution: *I feel better than I am*, and am ever in danger of doing too much. I have to-day walked full fourteen miles, with no distress. I had come *in good time* before the establishment of actual disease of brain or spine. Ned helped *me*. I now hold the strong arm to *him*.—To bed betimes, and pondered for an hour upon a sentence in "LADY WILLOUGHBY'S DIARY:" "Our best blessings are bought with Pain, as our highest virtue through Sin and Sorrow."



JUNE VI

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

DRIZZLING rain. To the Wyche and the hills. Admiring the innumerable sheep in sight from the high hill, Sterling told me that the Prince Esterhazy being once asked how many sheep he had, merely replied that he had a thousand *shepherds*. On our return there was still the tendency to get up hill—the untired energy that is not satisfied with level ground.

At noon we both walked with the new lady patient, who was on a donkey, to introduce to her affections the oft-quoted ride to the Wyche and over the hills. The day was bright, but the wind high. It was perfectly enjoyed.

Having habitually used the Foot-bath, I asked the Doctor to account for its happy effect. He entered into a lengthened explanation, which I can but imperfectly report: “The soles of the feet and the palms of the hands are extremely sensitive, having abundance of *nerves*, as we find if we tickle

them; and the nerves of stomach and brain feel strongly any impressions made on the extremities. If the feet are put often into *hot* water, they will become habitually *cold*, and make one more or less delicate and nervous. On the other hand, by rubbing the feet often in cold water, they will become permanently warm, to the benefit of the stomach and head. A cold Foot-bath will stop a violent fit of hysterics, sometimes, like magic (this shows its influence on the body generally). Cold feet show defective circulation, and something wrong with the nerves of brain or stomach. Hot Foot-baths, frequently repeated, will surely produce habitually cold feet.* He had asked a hundred peasants, who wore neither shoe nor stocking, if they suffered from cold feet, and the general answer was, "No more than from cold hands." Some injury must occur from wearing leather boots, to shut out these sensitive parts from the influence of the air.

Afterwards Douche—walk—dinner—rest—walk—Sitz—supper—music—and to bed betimes.

* Is it not self evident, that the same treatment of the whole body must produce the same results?

JUNE VII

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

BEING awake at four, I lay longing for Bardon to come; and at half past five I had an hour's sweet sleep in the wet sheet.

With Sterling and Ned I went to the "Chalybeate," * through the fields to the Common, and, having satisfied our *level* fancy, we ascended to the Wyche, and returned over the hills to breakfast.

I made a successful drawing of Sterling.—
Douched, and to the top of the hills again.

Saw a group of boys at play, using that form of speech that is so very fruitful in quiet fun, and delightful to listen to: "Now, this ought to be my house, and I ought to be at home, and that ought to be the stable, and you ought to be my horse, and I ought to be going out for a drive, and this ought to be the reins, and *you* ought to be a gentleman." (Of course he ought.)

Before supper we paid a third visit to the hills. The day having been showery and very windy, we

* So *mis*called, as the water we there drink is *pure*.

knew that the plain would be worth seeing. The distance was wonderfully bright, Cheltenham and Worcester being brilliantly lighted. The lower range of clouds passing beneath us so swiftly, that, looking intently at them, we seemed for the moment to be careering along, while they were nearly stationary. An effect often visible while looking from a bridge or pier at the stream below.

Our evening's routine, and to bed betimes.



SUNDAY, JUNE VIII

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

WHILE lying awake in expectation of the wet sheet, I heard a cuckoo, very hoarse, and singing "*flat*." After every repetition of the vile note, another younger cuckoo struck up in perfect tune; and this followed so close upon the other, that I was perfectly sure it was done to set the old pig-headed bird right. But it was of no avail that he said as plainly as words could convey, "That is not *a third!*" listen to me;" the old sinner had no ear, or refused to be corrected by such an upstart. Mr. Bode said the

other day, that cuckoos and cowslips are *ibiquitous* (a good word).

We mounted to the Beacon in rain and wind, and were *not* blown "all to bits."

After breakfast Sterling and I went leisurely towards the little church. We remained on the hills until the bell commenced, and then descended. The distance was bright, and the whole plain on either side most varied, and beautifully lighted by gleams of sunshine passing *rapidly* over it. Having accomplished our respective SIZES, on our return we again started over the hills to the Willow Spring. The day was now glorious.

I saw a man who had been paralysed, and perfectly restored by the Doctor's application of the Water Cure. - He had now returned to drinking, the original cause of his disease, having, (as he confessed,) no power to resist the passion.

At dinner the new young lady asked, "Is there always a *crisis*?" and we did not laugh at her much, until she followed up the question by another, which was irresistible: "Is there any *danger* in the Water System?" This question, often put by the uninitiated, is always productive of great merriment to the patients *at* Water Cure Houses.

After dinner another brisk walk. With every disposition to foster a kindly feeling towards beasts and birds, especially the domestic classes, I can have no sympathy with *geese*. (I may have given evidences in my Diary of a fellow-feeling; but if so, I am sorry for it.) I repeat that,—although even a *pig* has my sympathy, at a respectful distance, especially a *baby* pig,—I detest geese, and do not feel for them. Their gait and shape they cannot help; but their deportment and manners are offensive in the extreme. You pass near a group of these ungainly birds, and if their cleanly appearance should prepossess you, every favourable impression is quickly dissipated by the offensive manner in which they turn their backs, and, hastening to the side of the road, depute two or three of the party to turn round,—open their mouths,—and swear at you horribly and hissingly. Never was any thing so ungracious. What have you done to deserve it? Really, in the country—on a Sunday,—when you have a ready greeting for all, it is too disgusting! It is of no use to reply to the foremost, “You’re another.” No—there is nothing to be done to satisfy the mind in the way of retort. Silent scorn, or the “cut contemplative” is your only course. Roast them.

them, add high seasoning and apple sauce;—they deserve their fate.

Before supper a walk to St. Anne's with Mrs. St. John. The path bright with holiday folk.

We saw, on a seat near "St. Anne's Delight," a very interesting person—a poor old cottager. I could fancy her the very oldest woman that I ever saw, from the multitudinous lines in her face, and the other marks of extreme old age in her figure, and especially the hands. There also seemed a blunted sense in the expression; but it disappeared when we spoke with her, and heard something of her household affairs and affections, and how good her son was to her, who was married, and *let* her live with him and his wife and children. I fancied that she must have been *conveyed* to the seat, and then left to enjoy the sight of the passing visitors to St. Anne's; but no, she had walked up, and over the hill from Mathon (where she lived), and frequently came to this side on a fine Sunday evening, to take the fresh air and see the folk.

She spoke of her mode of life and her diet. She very rarely tasted meat; but was thankful to say she never was left to want her *cup of tea* at four o'clock; she "cared for nothing else of eating

and drinking." I thought how cruel it would be to try to disturb her with fancies respecting this fragrant and delicious beverage, which seems the staff as well as the comfort, of the poorer classes.

Mr. Waite told us, at supper-time, that he had seen, at St. Anne's Well, a bride and a bridegroom, who made no secret of the fact of their marriage this morning. They were accompanied by the lady's mother, and a little discussion took place as to whose resources should be drawn upon for the Malvern cakes and imperial pop. The gentleman was urgent in tendering his money, and the old lady still insisted, when the bride interposed: "Now, Jem, let mother pay, can't you? and, if you can help it for once,—do n't be a fool."



JUNE IX

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT, AS USUAL

STERLING is gone. May he cherish the Water Cure in his affections! May the Sitz—tender and true—sit lightly on his thoughtful mind! I think that he will go into the Church, and I hope he may.

What life is so truly happy—what enjoyment so great, as that of a country clergyman!

In this large and lovely parish, the benign influence of the good Pastor penetrates to every corner; pervades every grade of society; and is reflected back in the blessings of the needy upon him, who, of his ample wealth, ministers with liberal hand to their necessities.

Let any one who finds himself complacent and self-satisfied, look back into his experience, and, selecting any leading occasion, which involved either the affections, or the more general “duty to his neighbour”—let him probe into his *motives*; and if they bear the test, let him retrace his *conduct* at every stage of that particular occurrence. Happy for him, if in the impotence of his wish, that “his time might come over again”—in his bitterness of regret that it is *too late to make amends*, he can escape the deep humiliation of a broken spirit,—the unresting heartache, arising from the contemplation of words or actions not to be recalled, or duties “left undone;” and which leaves him no earthly source of consolation and support. Such

discipline is more salutary and more heart-searching than any prescribed form of the body's mortification.

My drawing of Mrs. Delmour is pronounced "lovely—very like, and very pretty;" and Mr. Hope says, that there is a peculiar expression in the *mouth*—that when a lady desires to compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering a room, say, *Besom*, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wish to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, *not* suggestive of sweetness, she should say, *Brush*, the result of which is infallible. This golden rule should be framed and glazed by Mr. Beard and M. Claudet, and exhibited in their waiting rooms for the instruction of all who intend to submit to the Daguerreotype portraiture.

Heartley has arrived. He says that as his wife has decided to subject herself to the processes of the Water Cure, he wishes to have the *murderous* wet sheet tried upon *him*, that he may report something of the sensation; so he dines here, and is to sleep

upon the rash resolution which has brought him from Bath. He has made his will.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has arrived. I wonder how he feels upon finding that his bantling (the fagging system) had so brief an existence, being smothered by the Doctor.

Heartley has met with a man who confesses that he is always contemplating suicide, and very much fears that he shall be *left* to that fate. He ended a very distressing detail by begging Heartley to *pray* for him. "Indeed (said H.) I shall do no such thing. I tell you, sir, that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I have something more important to pray for. That *you*, with every comfort and luxury about you, should have such a thought—it is too disgraceful. I can't talk to you. Good morning."



JUNE 1

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

HEARTLEY has been packed and bathed, and his mind is at ease as to the simplicity and luxury of the process. He walked with me to the Wyche.

and home by the Beacon. The introduction of a friend to such a walk is a real refinement of luxury.

After breakfast Ned went out for his accustomed pony ride. I tried to persuade Heartley to Douche, and the Doctor made but feeble opposition. He went with me, and catching a glimpse of the first rushing fall of water, he very precipitately left the Bath-house. When I had been Douched, I called to him, and again put the question, upon which he quickened his pace, and gave a very distinct and sonorous "no!" (There never was such an articulate voice.) As we went away together, I said that I hoped he would walk with me after his Sitz. "But I won't *have* a Sitz," was his abrupt reply; and he *did n't*. Nobody wanted to *force* him into the Sitz bath; he need n't have been so emphatic.

Never mind, thought I, come along; and I took him over the hills. I have no doubt he was thinking how he used to beat me in London, and walk ten times as far as I could. We proceeded; nothing could be more lovely than the points of view to which I introduced him, and he assented to all, at first vigorously, and always unequivocally, but by degrees rather languidly; until arriving at a friendly seat, he availed himself of it, and, waving his hand,

said to me (and my cousin, who had joined us),
“Go on—you’ll find me here on your return.”

“If you had Douched,” said I; “but never
mind—good by.” On our return he was better.

My cousin gave me a very interesting item of
instinctive “Water Cure,” that is recorded of Harvey
(the discoverer of the circulation of the blood), who
will not be deemed a mean authority in the matter
of fluids. I give it in the words of his biographer:—

“He was much and often troubled with the gout, and his way of cure
was thus; he would then sitt with his legges bare, if it were frost, on the
leads of Cockaigne House, putt them into a puple of water, till he was
almost dead with cold, and betake himself to his stove, and so —’t was gone.”*

The Doctor told me that this was bold and
dangerous practice, although it showed the power
of water in allaying inflammatory action. It might
do great mischief with those who have complicated
states of disease *added* to gout. The practised and
scientific Water Doctor *runs no risks whatever*. No
two persons with gout are treated alike; their age,
strength, and constitution being consulted; and the
Water Doctor who takes more rational views of the
causes of disease, as well as the *natural* modes of

* “Letters written by Eminent Persons in the 17th
and 18th Centuries; and Lives of Eminent Men, by John
Aubrey, Esq.” Longman and Co., 1843.

cure, is keen and quick in estimating the powers and condition, as well as understanding the constitution of the patient. Dr. W. owes much to his accurate knowledge of the effects of water, having himself been so long under the Water Cure. All patients are surprised how he *predicts* the exact effects of certain baths, or other modes of treatment. Every thing that he told *me* came true to the letter. His quick and accurate perception renders him an invaluable authority in any doubtful case. He takes, at a glance, the calibre of the patient's powers.

Heartley is surprised at my improvement and Ned's; so far beyond his expectation.

Ned has grown so fat that I think of giving him a tail coat. Heartley told me of a boy who desired his father to let him have a tail coat, but the reply was, "Who is to pay for tails to your coat? Do n't you know that if you have *tails* I must wear a *spencer*?"

The Doctor told me of a curious instance of recovery of sight:—A magistrate from Wales, who had suffered from severe illness, which ended in gradual loss of sight, became *quite* blind. In two months, when his health had been quite restored, returning from the Douche, he sat upon a bench

opposite the Belle Vue Hotel, and found that he could read the inscription on the hotel, which was shining with fresh gilding—the first step towards restoration of sight.

“Neither consumption nor cancer are curable by Water. I have treated eases of consumption, in which it was evident that a modified treatment did more for the patient than could possibly be done by any other practice; and I have made many *cures* of persons given up *as* consumptive.”

Mrs. Delmour, refreshing her flowers with fresh water, emptied the glass out of the window. “I say!” exclaimed some one. Going to the window, she looked down upon a flushed and angry face, whose owner was wiping it with his handkerchief, and who continued, “If you come that again, you’ll catch it: I can tell you!—I’m wet through.

Heartley is gone to Bath.



JUNE XI

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

WALK with the Doctor. He desired me not to be always *on the stretch*. Here is his awful case in

point:—A gentleman, aged forty-three, having had *apoplexy* twice, although the arm only was affected upon the second occasion, came here to the Water. He was very soon happy and cheerful; all irritation of stomach ceasing in a few days. He was excited by the speedy recovery of sensation and perfect use of his arm, and so full of energy that he *would* walk, ride, and eat and drink, twice as much as he ought. Constantly watching and restraining him, the Doctor was scolding, and he laughing, until it was necessary to keep a keen eye upon him, and tell him of his danger and folly.

On the last day of his stay, which had been only three weeks, the Doctor was much occupied with “out patients,” and he started before breakfast to the Wyche, and, by a lengthened route, home by the Beacon. After a great breakfast he took the same favourite walk; and, on his return, having Douched, he started, and accomplished a third time the same route. He then wrote to his wife that he was “a living miracle,” and announced his return home on the following day. After a hearty dinner he took a ride on horseback of thirty-five miles; and, on his return home, took to himself on the supper-table a *whole brown loaf!* (a

sixpenny loaf,) which partly in honest hunger, and partly in bravado, *he ate*, and retired early. On the following morning the Doctor was called. Poor Mr. — was dying. An apoplectic fit had made a sad end of all in this world. He said to Captain —, "It is *I* who have done this." I wrote home quoting this very afflicting story, and making promises that, for the three or four days of my stay, I would use less exertion. I *could* indeed do *all* that this poor man did:—but *shall I*?

After his death, his Physician accompanied his widow to Malvern. He said that he had been *expecting* the third attack, which was inevitable, and would certainly prove fatal. Dr. Wilson thought otherwise. Poor Doctor R — is since dead (his disease was gout in the stomach and brain); having regretted in his last moments that he had deferred till too late his intention to go to the Water Cure.

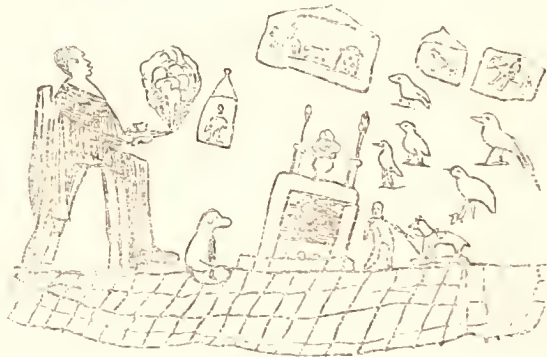
Nobody was ever so anxious—so generous in his sympathy, as the Doctor. I fear I have teased him occasionally.

After Bouche, to the Hill. Practising a knack of walking down hill, on which I prided myself. I sprained my knee.

Examined a drawing sent by one of my chil-

dren under six years of age. It evinces fancy, not imitation; and we might almost detect some infantine *satire*. It is merely described as—

“A gentleman shooting comfortably.”



I have been always interested by the early efforts of children in drawing, and could say much with a view to direct those who watch the development of talent; but an admirable little book has been published by Mr. Charles Knight, entitled “Drawing for Young Children,” which teaches how to encourage the faculties, either of invention or imitation, by a most attractive method, and “to show how children may be put in the way of instructing themselves.” It is an invaluable book.*

* By the same Author, and equally excellent, are other books for children: “Arithmetic for Young Children,” “Geography for Young Children,” “Exercises for the Senses.”

It is well to *keep* occasionally some unassisted effort of a child, and add the date to it. I know a child who began at four years of age to exhibit a martial fancy; but, unable to grapple with the horse, he did not attempt more than a horse-soldier, as he would appear *if* mounted. In a week he had attained a step, and produced a very respectable horse. He shortly afterwards brought me a patriotic design with two horses (*below*); then soon branched off to nautical ideas, and from steam-boats exalted himself to men-of-war. The United Service was his pride and glory. After this he rapidly improved,



and took another turn quite in the domestic line, and happily not suggestive of "foreign parts," or of fighting by sea or land. To this fancy he finally

settled. I know another child, who, before she



was three years and a half old, made drawings like these by the dozen, sometimes grotesque, as in this of "a fat friar;" but,



generally, graceful: and while the design was always full of rarely out of these of "a let the baby representation



meaning, they were proportion, as in naughty nurse who fall down," and a of her "first daneing lesson;" in which



the curious observer may detect an early



predilection for dress, and an observant eye for millinery; and be struck with that important quality in art, which "marks the period" as the



age of "gigots" and high combs. It should also be recorded that the principal figure is exceedingly good in portraiture.

I may well wind up this baby subject by one remark upon *Picture Alphabets*, which I think objectionable as a mode of instruction; in illustration of which I may record, that one of the afore-said used to call "A for Donkey," "crooked S for Baa-lamb," and to spell *C-a-t*, Puss. Another, without the picture book would spell *H-a-t*, Shat, and *G-u-n*, Jun. These are *creditable* mistakes, exhibiting the influence of a correct ear, and only proving the two letters of the alphabet to be miscalled.

The action of the Sitz bath is marvellous in the variety of its results. As a *preparation* for great exertion of mind or body, rendering that which would be insupportable, of easy endurance; or, as a sedative *after* great exertion or excitement, restoring the even tone of mind, and allaying the effects of irritation.

The Doctor ordered a "compress" to my knee. Four thicknesses of wet linen and a dry bandage.



JUNE XII

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

I FELT very little pain in my knee, and, walking carefully, got up the hills, to my sketching. Found



a most graceful Birch, for which I had been long hunting, and sketched it

for ——. I experienced how advisable it is, in drawing foliage, frequently to look *at the tree*, while the pencil is still travelling over the paper, then for a moment at

the drawing, and again—working while the eye is fixed upon the object to be represented.

After Drawing and Douche, wanting to get on the hills again, I had a sudden thought. I'll ride a donkey! I did not feel, by any means, *one* with the poor brute, and was once or twice nearly off. I

desired the boy not to thrash and torture it into those sudden starts, sometimes forward, sometimes sideways; and then he did something (*what* I don't know) that made it wince and writhe—and then kick, and for a few steps quicken its pace. I could n't bear it, so dismounted, walked up the hill, and accomplished the task that I had set myself.

Walk with Doctor. I had become greedy to hear his details of *cures*, but he tells me that, in a pamphlet, published by Balliere, of Regent Street, he has given seventy interesting cases, authenticated by the patients. He said that some of the best cures that he had made are kept secret by the patients, to avoid being worried by their friends opposed to the system, and incredulous of its effects. (How this does disgust me!) “The wife of Captain B., of Jersey, had a tumour in the breast as large as a middle-sized apple, and as hard. It was feared to be cancerous, and, after much treatment, continued increasing in size, and daily more painful. After six weeks here, the lady was restored to perfect health, and the tumour more than half diminished. In three months very little remained, and by two subsequent letters I find that the tumour has entirely disappeared—there are no remains of it.”

Mrs. Bland's pretty face has become in three weeks so round and fresh, and delicate withal, that it is delightful to see the polished surface; the colour, too, heightened when she sees that we are looking at her. Here is a brilliant triumph for the Doctor and his art.

In the evening we talked of nationalities. Sir E. B. Lytton, speaking of the Polka, complained that we have no national dance. The Contre-danse is French. No national tune, nor *dish*, except roast beef and pudding. (The *fast* is a refinement of *feasting*, chiefly borrowed from the French.) We have nothing national but DEBT.

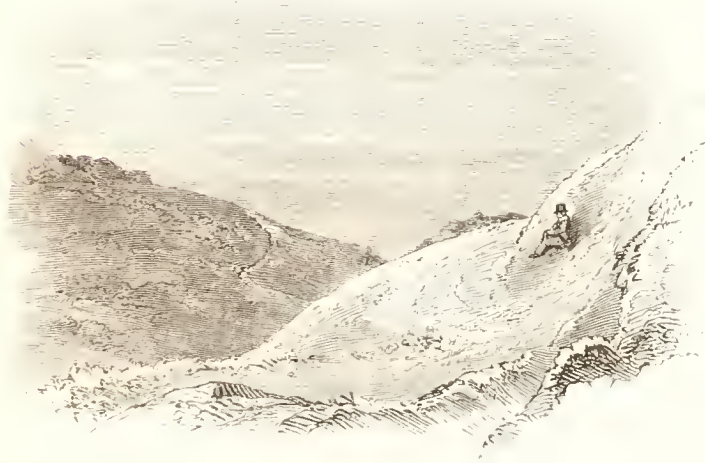


JUNE XIII

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

LET it not be forgotten, that if one cannot rest in bed, it is well to get out and take a Sitz of one minute. It is then ten to one that sleep will be successfully wooed. I was surprised by a wonderful illusion. A thick mist covered the valley; and getting up the hills we were in bright clear

air. As we descended from the high hill, the whole plain presented not one trace of landscape—not a single outline; every form was horizontal, and the *mirage* varied by streaks which completed the mockery. The light of the sun, too, was reflected in a degree that added to the illusion.



I represented it as accurately as I could, without any indulgence in fancy. There was nothing to be gained by exaggeration, had I been wickedly disposed.

To-morrow will be my last day, as the month has expired. A letter from Heartley. Mrs. H. comes to submit herself to the process. He thus concludes his affectionate letter:—

“Give my love to Teddy, and tell him that he

sits upright and well on his horse, and let him, from that, take himself as an example, to *stand* upright before all men, and upon all occasions, which he is sure to be able to do, if he will always *act* uprightly, and regulate his conduct by integrity, honesty, gentlemanly courtesy, and, above all, with Christian charity; and may God bless him, and you, and all belonging to you."

A letter from Sterling. He writes much interesting intelligence of my household; and adds, that he was "very near slipping out something of the Sitz in reporting our different performances." He had been as nearly as possible prescribing a Sitz for his respected mamma, whose carriage had been run into by a 'bus, which had smashed the panel, and ruffled the serenity of her temper; and, of course, in such a case, it was the obvious remedy to adopt, but somehow he "could not summon courage to propose it."

Witnessed a very sad exhibition of maternal distress. A poor woman had lost her little boy—who could comfort her? She rejected every well-meant attempt of the neighbours to palliate her affliction. They were all on the look-out, and every available messenger had been started in all directions.

“Just an hour beyond his time, and his tea *waiting* all that time!” There she passed from her own door to the corner of the street, wringing her hands, and publishing poor little Sam’s perfections: He was “the very best of boys, and *always* true to his time. Something shocking must have happened.” If she “could but just see him once more.” Her distress was at its height, and no one had any tidings for her, when, from a mysterious hole or alley close to the agitated group, suddenly turned up little Sam! “Here he is!” was heard on all sides, then a shriek, and in a moment he was in his mother’s arms. She pounced upon him in a style that I shall never forget. but—what is she about? As I live, she has got his head under her arm, and while she punches it, and gives him a sound licking, she reverses all the compliments just now lavished on him, and almost smothers him with abuse. She’ll teach him, that she will—a wicked wretch, a bad boy—to break his poor mother’s heart! Here was a *striking* maternal trait. She will be better presently; and when she gets him in doors, and gives him his tea, and hears his excuse for being so late, she will hug him and show all the mother. As Sam Weller said, on another occasion, “It’s natur—aint it, cook?”

I believe that one of the most cruel torments inflicted upon children, is *the kiss immediately following the blow*; that it is as revolting to them as to the mature mind.

Who has not witnessed something of the same trait? I have seen a man and wife, distracted, and rushing here and there to find a child whom they had lost in a crowd. I have seen them catch the first glimpse of the little girl, and both pounce upon her in blind fury; the man using horrible imprecations, and throwing his arms about like a mad and drunken ruffian, and the woman seizing the child by both shoulders and inflicting that frightful shaking to and fro, that has, I believe, crippled thousands. Then going to remonstrate, the man has turned upon me in his fury, and said he would give it *me* too, and when he got "the little devil" home *he* would teach her to *run away* again. Following the miserable group, I have talked to the mother—and begged the man for God's sake not to punish the terrified child, but hear her story. I have congratulated myself that I did not at the outset accuse the man of being *drunk* (as I felt disposed to do), seeing *now* that he was but "drunk with choler" and misery, and with a natural, but most cruel impulse: and—we have parted *the*

best of friends, to the great benefit of the child. Speaking of NATUR, Mr. Squeers has shrewdly and forcibly remarked, "She's a rum un, Sir, she is."

Sir E. B. Lytton has been discussing the establishment of a Hydropathic Club in London. The Doctor sees some difficulties.

Douche at one, with Ned. He had felt sick, and was cured in the Douche. He then walked with me to sketch the "Devil's Oak," so called by the natives.

Having been periodically *pol-larded*, it is all warts, bunions, and callosities, and beyond the renova-



ting power of the Water Cure, although subjected to its influence nearly two centuries. It does not profess to restore the limbs that have been lopped off, nor to provide for an empty trunk a new stomach. Ned establishes himself in the bowels of the gigantic veteran, and so gives to my sketch a good idea of the girth of the body.

Although excessively hot, we were armed against it by the bath; but after the long walk came home tired, took a short Sitz, and fully enjoyed our dinner.

Returning to the subject of a Hydropathic Club, Sir E. B. Lytton remarked that *his* club is composed of a very small number of members, and yet is rich in funds: that it does not demand a great amount of members to constitute such a club.

That a house in the immediate neighbourhood of the best part of London should be sought (for instance Kensington Gore), where, in addition to a commodious house, a spacious and well-arranged garden might be found, in which a large swimming bath should be constructed, with every advantage of privacy; and luxurious dressing-rooms, with picturesque accompaniments. Of the Douche and other baths and apparatus in the house, it is only necessary to anticipate that the Spirit, which pervades the appliances of club-houses, shall undergo a course of the Water Treatment; and that, purified in taste, it be then let loose to devote the refined energies of its unfettered genius to the erection of a standard of perfection. Thus we should have the most splendid Douche in the world. The

baths (supplied with pure filtered water) would be more than commodious, and the machinery of house-keeping and attendance carried to the highest pitch.

The simple diet must yet demand the genius of a man-cook, assisted by about six women, and the early hour for breakfast and dinner be established. The RESIDENT PHYSICIAN must have been at Graefenburgh. This office would demand a salary of £200 per annum, with apartments at the Club, and permission to *practise*, and receive patients for consultation at his own private entrance.

None to be eligible as members who have not been through a course of the Water Treatment at some establishment of eminence: and no part of the process should be undergone by any member, the DOCCHE especially, without a previous appeal to the physician, and his *written* authority to the attendants.

The terms for such a Club would be about £6 a year, with an entrance-fee of £5 5s., which would pay for the furniture and equipments of the house. The advantages of the Club to Hydropathists,—in securing the best possible bathing establishment, the consultation of an experienced and skilful Water Doctor, the occasional residence (especially for a country patient) in such an institution, &c,—will

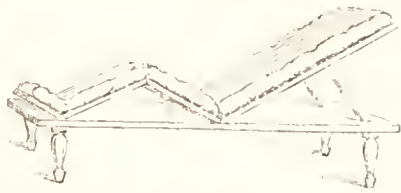
amply compensate for the charge. The Physician or Secretary will be in constant correspondence with all the principal Hydropathic Establishments abroad, —and an account be kept of all the improvements and remarkable cases communicated; with a book, in which each patient may (if he please) state the nature of his complaint, attested by his physician, on commencing treatment; and, from time to time, make his own comments on his progress. If this be generally done, much experience will be obtained as to the proportion of cures and failures.

There should be a yearly meeting of the members of the Club, and perhaps an annual public dinner.

There might also be a Gynastic Institution on scientific principles, under the immediate direction of the attendant Physician.

Publications upon Hydropathy, published at home or abroad, will be purchased; and, of course, the general newspapers, periodicals, and new works of literary interest, as is usual at other Clubs, be taken in. In short, it should have all the attractions of other Clubs (except only those of the cellar), with the superaddition of all that can be suggested for the peculiar accommodation of Hydropathists.

We now have a most interesting fellow patient. She is a young mother, who, through weakness, had been compelled to relinquish her infant to the care of a nurse, and who had become gradually so weak and helpless, that she was directed to lie upon an inclined board seven hours in the day. The spine was slightly curved. She had been ordered not to rise until she had taken chocolate and an egg beaten up with wine or spirit. On the third morning of her arrival here, she was not allowed to eat until she had been up more than an hour, and had taken two or three tumblers of water; and the bathing and the wet sheet had soon been established as every morning's process. When tired, (and always after meals) she is desired to recline upon a sofa of this shape; and *now* the positive growth of the two dorsal muscles that support the spine ("nature's own padding") has been—the Doctor tells me—considerable.



It is delightful to see the complexion—beautiful as a blush rose, and the daily progress of the renewal of strength and health; with her confident anticipation of perfect recovery.

JUNE XIV

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

OUR last day. At six I and Ned started to the Wyche Turnpike. Sketched a Scotch fir, chiefly as



an old friend whom we passed many times in each day. After breakfast to the Wells, by the Cheltenham coach, and thence to the Camp Hill.

Ned was amused by a brood of ducklings teasing a hen that was anxiously watching them, by getting into the middle of the pond and defying her. The

hen was wading up to her middle in pursuit of them, and then, feeling insecure, and almost floating, she lost her balance, made a great splashing, and got angry, telling them it was all their fault, and too bad. She then retreated to try what remonstrance and coaxing would do, and waded in at another place: still the naughty children would keep in the middle, out of her reach.

“ Was their mother dead, or had she gone out pleasuring, and left the hen in charge, as dry nurse ? ”

We ascended the hill south of the Camp Hill. It is a sort of Barbican; and Ned was delighted to think how the Camp Hill and this outpost would look—covered with soldiers; which addition, in *my* opinion, would destroy the charm of the place: however, as a recollection—it is very exciting. Dr. Card, the late Vicar of Malvern, wrote a dissertation on these hills, asserting the strong probability that the entrenchments, &c., were the work of Caractacus (see Malvern Guide). Ned quarrelled with the Guide, having had a long search for a *cavern*, which it mentioned as in this neighbourhood; and when he found it he was disgusted to see an insignificant and unsavoury hole, not five feet deep: and considered himself personally ill-used.

We went to the summit of the Camp Hill (or Prætorium, as Ned said), from which the view is most magnificent—the Herefordshire orchards yet white with blossom, and in the distance the Welsh Mountains, with their whiter tops.

Unlike the small camp, or Barbican, which has but one ditch, this hill has several, *thirty feet* deep in many parts, and these trenches (or fossæ, as Ned



says) are broken in many places, the breaches being most picturesque, and exciting to the fancy.*

There are three distinct walls (or valla) protecting the trenches, and the simple construction of this sort of camp is beautifully evident in this interesting hill, which is called the Herefordshire Beacon.

We descended on our way home, and detected a wonderful *echo*. Two ladies on the opposite hill were evidently fascinated by my Tyrolean experiments, and I prolonged the game, delighted.

We proceeded along the tops of the hills, and descended an exquisite grass walk, from six to nine feet wide, to the Holy Well. The profusion of May-

* Our old friend, the Worcestershire Beacon, in the distance.

thorn in full blossom, made this walk most fragrant. Drinking at the well, we proceeded to the foot of the hill, to wait for the returning coach, not being willing to lose our last Douche, and forbidden to have it if tired, or the pulse quickened by strong exercise.

Here we missed the glorious breeze of the hills, and had a close and dusty drive, but had earned our Douche, and had our reward. Ned behaved gallantly. We got home in good time for dinner.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has gone, full of courtesy and kind adieux.

I had begged to be introduced to a lady whose recovery seems to me miraculous, that I might receive her own report of her cure. She had been for *nine years* paralysed from the waist downwards, her limbs altogether useless. She had been pale and emaciated; and coming to Malvern, had no idea of recovering the use of her limbs, but of attaining bodily health. In five months she had become ruddy and full of health, and *then* her perseverance in being "packed" *twice* every day was rewarded. The returning muscular power was in three weeks advanced to perfect recovery of the free use of her limbs. She grew stout and strong, and now walks

ten miles daily, being in rude health. In this case I see particular evidence of that intuitive *tact* and discrimination which Sir E. B. L. so justly attributes to the Doctor, who from the first expressed a confident opinion that she would walk again.*

This day has introduced the usual alteration of hours at this season. Breakfast at eight; dinner at two; supper, seven. After dinner touched up my sketches, and after Sitz went to St. Anne's Delight, and a circuit with Miss Lentic. Green fields, trees, and flowers, will greatly aid her recovery.

This has been a most happy day, and yet at every turn I have missed my friend. At the Camp Hill, which he had longed to see with me, I thought of him with something of the same feeling that my own brother expressed at Cairo, when he wrote—
“VIDI PYRAMIDES SINE TE, DULCISSIME FRATER.”



* On my November visit to Malvern, I saw a handsome Salver, given to the Doctor by this lady, thus inscribed—
“Presented to JAMES WILSON, M.D., of Malvern, by SARAH PENNY, of Southport, in grateful acknowledgment of his attention, and skilful treatment, in restoring to her, through God's assistance, the use of her limbs, of which she had been deprived upwards of nine years. 1845.”



Let me now REVIEW the occurrences and the sensations of the past month. I look back with astonishment at the temper of mind which has prevailed over the great anxieties that, more than my illness, had been bearing their full weight upon me. Weakness of body had been chiefly oppressive, because by it I was deprived of the power to alleviate those anxieties; and now, with all that accumulation of mental pressure, with my burden of responsibility in full force, and even gaining upon me during the space thus occupied; I have to reflect upon time passed in merriment, and attended by never-failing joyous spirits.

To the distress of mind occasioned by my gathering ailments, was added the pain of banishment from home; and I have been translated to a new life of careless ease, with "jest and youthful jollity" playing about me. Any one, whose knowledge of that solid weight of anxiety and distress

that I carried to this place would qualify him to estimate the state of mind in which I left my home, might well be at a loss to appreciate the influences which had suddenly controlled, soothed, and exhilarated my whole nature, until alacrity of mind and healthful gaiety became expansive and ungovernable, and the buoyant spirit on the surface was stretched to *unbecoming* mirth and lightness of heart.

If, in the details of my Journal, any friend should find sure traces of this latter feeling, I beg to be understood as retaining those evidences of experience, because I have deemed that what I wrote "out of the fulness of the heart," ought to be preserved in a record of sensations and feelings, and to mark a most striking result of initiation into the *excitements* of the Water Cure. I have before quoted, "The spirits of Hydropathists are astounding;" and that this is not an opinion, but a simple *fact*, thousands will testify. What is the feeling that possesses me to-day?

Home sick as any schoolboy, and too keenly excited by the delightful prospect of the morrow; having, moreover, resisted the united solicitations of my generous friend the Doctor (who says, that

were I his brother, he would "tie me by the leg," for one more week), and of one who has the most cause to *desire* my return, and yet seconds his wish to keep me a few days longer, I have lost my balance, and no effort can strengthen me to battle against the *pain* of leaving this place. For the past month real cares and griefs have been whistled off, and, for the time, left me untouched: to-day, the very whisper of an *imaginary* ill has power to build up a formidable and heartfelt infliction. Again, reverting to my character of schoolboy, and going home for the holidays, in the certain expectation of "every thing that the season affords," I yet cannot part from schoolmaster, his wife, or my fellow pupils, without very painful emotion; and if I tell of *tears*, it is not because I would "make the public my pocket-handkerchief," but because I will not shrink from adding such an item of my experience, if only to evince my grateful regard to all here.

The fact is, however, important, as showing an effect of *undue* excitement, and its *re-action*.

In spite of the Doctor's repeated caution, I have for the last few days imposed extraordinary exertion on my brain. I have written numerous

letters, occasionally obeying the dictates of prudence, by performing a *single act* of proper discipline (as the Cheltenham stage, the donkey, or the donkey *chaise* might testify); but I have in the main done *far too much*: and now, having packed my portmanteau, see me a very abject and ill-conditioned big boy.

Let no one who visits Malvern, with the symptoms which took me there, forget that, in the exuberance of renewed strength and vigour, he should husband his powers; and, above all, for the last week or so of his stay, *rest upon his oars*, and go along gently with the stream—secure in the steerage that has shaped his course, and of the haven to which the tide is tending.

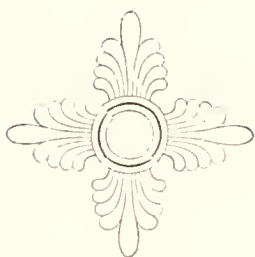
Let him throw overboard every thing that disturbs the balance of his well-trimmed boat; that he may offer no impediment to the onward course of the favouring stream, nor check the influence of the gentle airs by which he is borne along: but it is an ill return for the truth and constancy of the propitious element, to battle with and beat it in the rash attempt to outstrip the pace prescribed, and hasten to the goal.

If so contending, by unnatural speed, for the premature attainment of what (with patience) is surely within his reach, let him beware lest he brave his ill-used playfellow, till the angry surface ceasing to reflect his wonted smiles, gives back a shapeless and distorted image, into whose hideous and broken masses he may look in vain for any trace of the forms of yesterday. Let him pause while yet he may, until, in patience wooing the returning calm,—again the glassy current flows—the shadow melts to smoothness, and he finds, as I do, that there is no resource but in subjection of the rebellious and headlong fancy.

Let the Friar's grave rebuke still meet the ardent and impetuous lover who "stands on sudden haste."

"WISELY AND SLOW; THEY STUMBLE THAT RUN FAST."







THE SEQUEL



LONDON, NOVEMBER, 1845.

I RETURNED home to be half scolded for not having yielded to the Doctor's anxious wish to keep me at Malvern another week, and I must not omit to mention the state of body in which I was when he so urgently desired me to stay. I had for two days experienced a *critical* result, much to be desired at the Water Cure, and which Dr. Wilson had been anxious to produce, which had not deprived me of a single walk, nor the comfort and enjoyment of a single meal; but which, on subsiding,

had left me in a state very unfit to battle against mental anxiety and over exertion; and then, the bitterness of my vexation and disappointment on returning to my home, shaken from that state of confidence in my perfect recovery, which my letters had expressed, brought on a false alarm; and the idea that I had a rush of blood to the head, and was in danger of apoplexy, took me captive.

This was the DISTURBANCE noticed by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, which, instead of being goaded and aggravated, as I have told, should be tenderly and watchfully conducted to its healthful issue. For the experience of those who resort to the Water Cure, the following sentence should be written as a golden rule, or rather the golden rule based upon it should be implicitly followed:—

“AFTER THE BRACING, A DISTURBANCE TAKES PLACE, PROLONGED MORE OR LESS, AND NOT TILL THAT CEASES IS THE CURE REALLY ESTABLISHED.”

I was at this time most anxious, for the sake of the good cause, to conceal as much as possible from my relatives at Worcester, with whom I had arranged to stay two days, the state in which I was. I was also very reluctant to add to my own distress the pain of causing Dr. Wilson any disappointment.

I therefore did not consult him; and so, the effort to *seem* what I was not (being superadded to the actual state of the body), confirmed and aggravated the distressing symptoms.

I devoted myself to the frequent use of the Sitz and Foot Baths during my stay, from which I derived great relief, and resolved to cause *a seton* to be inserted in my neck on my return home. I was unfit for any accession of excitement. I went to the Cathedral to look on the stone coffin of King John (to me King JOHN KEMBLE); but I soon found, by the emotions which this most stirring object excited on its own account, that it would be better for me to have accompanied my boy, who had gone to the Porcelain Manufactory.

On my arrival at home the seton was inserted (although the surgeon who performed the operation protested against the necessity of it), and this induced a fancied security, which was, so far, well. I then wrote to the Doctor, regretting that I had not done so sooner; and by his letter (from which I quote below*) my mind was disabused, the seton

* "Although (as I told you) you ought to have remained with me a few days longer, and so been spared all this

removed, and my balance speedily restored. A sharp attack of lumbago then gave me something very *real* to battle against, for which Dr. W. ordered me the "sweating process" on two successive mornings; on the second of which all traces of lumbago had vanished.

I was told at this time, by good-natured friends, that the good effect of the treatment in my case was a mere "flash in the pan;" that it had subsided to a very disagreeable re-action, and that I ought to go away for change of air. I was then, however, secure in my estimate of the attack, and convinced that this interruption to my progressive advance could no more be attributed to the processes of the Water Cure, than, after running five miles, immediately after dinner, up hill, the consequent indigestion and inflamed stomach could be laid to the charge of the good dinner, which, with fair play, would have fairly digested.

trouble, I much regret that you should have put yourself to so much pain. The *seton* that you must trust to, is avoiding excitement and overwork of stomach and brain. A few hours in bed, with warm fomentations, would have set you right. What you have suffered is (in its effects) similar to HYSTERIA in women."

A steady purpose and a settled confidence now possessed me.

“It is, as the frame recovers from the agitation it undergoes, that it gathers around it a power utterly unknown before; as the plant, watered by the rains of one season, betrays, in the next, the effect of the grateful dews.”

Confident in the all-sufficiency of the Water System to complete what had so far been carried on, I stood my ground (that ground being the Regent's Park), resolving that the rules which I had adopted should have full play without the extraneous advantages of country air, and that I would not stir from London, nor remit my occupation.

I quickly completed the fittings of my Hydropathic dressing room, that I might continue my wet sheet packings; and this I did daily for three weeks, and then (by the Doctor's desire) was packed for a fortnight on alternate days.

I have, in many attempts, so utterly failed to depict my grateful experience of the luxurious and balmy rest engendered by the *dreaded* wet sheet, that I turn with delight to Sir E. B. Lytton's paper, where, after describing the mode of packing, he adds,

“The momentary chill is promptly succeeded by a gradual and vivifying warmth, perfectly free from the irritation of *dry* heat—a delicious sense of ease is usually followed by a sleep more agreeable than anodynes ever produced. It seems a positive cruelty to be relieved from this magic girdle, in which pain is lulled, and fever cooled, and watchfulness lapped in slumber.” MAGIC GIRDLER! Such is pronounced by experience a free translation of the uncomfortable words, “WET SHEET.”

I may as well here remark that the sheet should be



soaked and wrung out the night previous to the packing, and (twisted lightly) should be coiled and placed

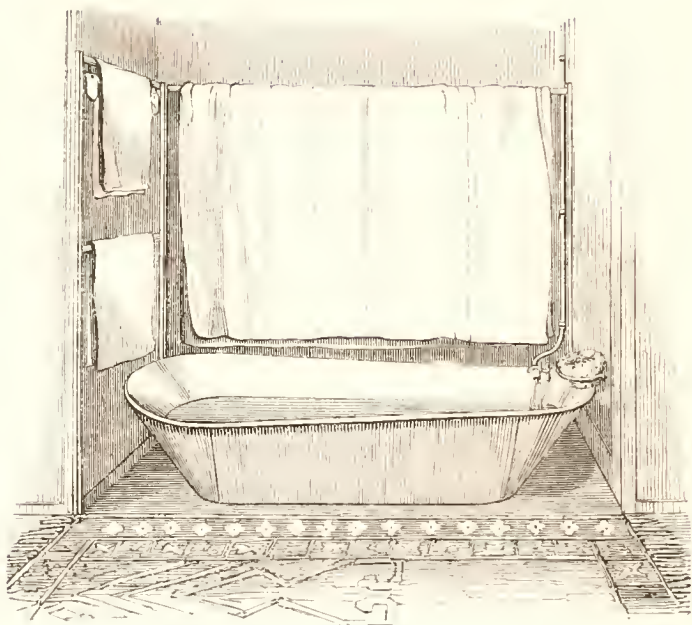
in a dry basin, to be ready for the morning's use.

My assistant, who (spite of an unconquerable hydrophobia) packs me, “under protest,” in the most perfect style possible, has yet a lingering doubt and distrust; and I have sometimes thought that when my eyes close in that delicious sleep, known only to the initiated in the mysteries of the “magic girdle,” I am suspected of shamming.

Yet from this soothing state we "miserable Water Patients" are not thrust to endure any unhappy reverse. The desire to lie a little longer is checked by a sense of inglorious inactivity; and we are quickly alive to the experience of the previous day, when, stepping into the invigorating cold bath, every sense was sharpened in anticipation of the lovely morning's walk.


"The bath which succeeds refreshes and *braces* the skin, which the operation had *relaxed* and softened; they only who have tried this, after fatigue or in fever, can form the least notion of its pleasurable sensations."

The reasons urged by Hydropathists against the use of the Shower Bath, and in favour of the Shallow Bath, are conclusive: that with the former the reaction on leaving the Bath is to the *head*, while the re-action which immediately follows the use of the Shallow Bath is to the lower extremities. I must confess, that I never experienced any but the most refreshing result from two years constant use of the Shower Bath; yet it is evident that the daily repetition of a process which causes a determination of blood to the head, might in *any* case produce ill effects, and be in *many* highly dangerous. I was,

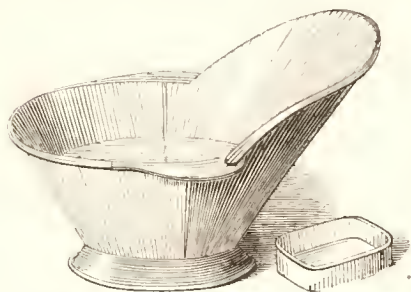


therefore, willing to discontinue the Shower Bath, which (although I had used a large quantity of water) had become a mere plaything since I had experienced the effect of the more efficient bath; and the pipes which had supplied the Shower Bath and conveyed away the water after use, were diverted to serve the new Bath, which is of zinc,* 6 feet long, 3 wide, and 18 inches high, of a shape to give good

* Zinc has a great advantage, not being susceptible of rust; but being not so strong as tin (or, rather, *iron* tinned), it must be carefully used, if not a fixture

elbow-room for exercise while bathing. The expense of fitting pipes to supply the Bath, and to empty it, cannot in any case be great: and is well bestowed upon a luxury on which depends much of our daily comfort. Lacking the assistance of a bath attendant, I have used much more water than generally composes the "Shallow Bath." Before stepping into it, I wet my head, face, and chest, according to rule: then, with a large sponge filled a dozen times with water, I give my head an excellent Shower Bath, *while sitting in the water*; which, when I lie down, rises above me, and I have a complete immersion. I have towels of coarse lincaback, which are thick and very absorbent, and yet *soft* in texture (for I believe that to scratch the skin is as injurious as to "currycomb" a horse). Of this towelling I have small bags made,  of the size of the hand (the thumb extended), which I use as *polishers*, when the towels have done their work. Gloves of this kind, made of the finer material, are a great luxury in washing. A long rail, three or four inches from the wall, receives the Wet Sheet after use, to be again soaked at night.

My Sitz bath is of the shape now most in use, and Foot bath a rounded oblong 12 inches by 10, and five inches deep.



The *habitual* use of the Foot bath is a great luxury. Doctor Wilson's advocacy of it is imperfectly noticed

at page 211. Of the Sitz I have more to say.

Having taken a tumbler full of water on leaving my bed-room, I drink another after the "packing," and a third after the bath;* and then, being quickly dressed, I start across the Park to Prinrose Hill.

It is melancholy, that the want of a slight effort to break through a bad habit should deprive so many thousands of the luxury of the early morning's walk. The new habit, once formed, is always persisted in, and, to a Londoner, it gives a daily taste of the country.

* For those who cannot command the use of such a Bath, *The Dripping Sheet*, used by Hydropathists, is an excellent substitute; and for children especially, who *dread* the Cold Bath. A sheet, dipped and soaked, and only partially wrung out, is thrown over the person: and an assistant helps to rub well the whole surface.

The smoke and filth of the atmosphere have been swept away by the night wind; and before the impurities arise which are engendered by a dense population, we leave the town, and taste untainted air; and while our renewed energies are intent upon the blessings of the new day, in the very enjoyment they are reproduced, as if every object responded to the happy and wholesome excitement.

No bad weather deprives me of this walk; nor do I stop to quarrel with the north-east wind, "which, when it bites and blows upon my body," I take thankfully, and ask no questions. I have much to think of in these early walks, and therefore do not seek variety beyond that which ever-changing Nature presents.

I like the *monotonous* route; in which I accomplish many desirable points. I get away from the town, where they are shaking the mats and dusting the doorways; from those architectural monsters, miscalled terraces, that skirt the park; whose false face conceals the honest brick, and in which the same staring, unblushing material, in vile mimicry of stone, and tortured into incongruous and unseemly shapes, glared hideously from every side—lording over the green grass, before the trees had

come to an age to speak for themselves, until the very bricklayers gave the place the nickname of "Compo-Park." But let me dwell upon the *charms* of the Park, its elevation, and its delightful situation. Of immediate access by those who most stand in need of the influence of fresh air, the very character of the neighbourhood lends it a charm. At morning and evening how happy to see the pale face of the operative breathed upon by the pure air. On Sundays—I know no sight more interesting than the poor striving wife escaping from the close pent house, dressed in her best—her husband carrying the baby, and in every thing insisting that she shall rest from her labour; groups of poor children, looking bright and happy; and every object bespeaking refreshment and rest.

But where was I?—oh! starting for the early walk, as usual. Escaping then from the pavement, I have a well-formed path. As I advance, I rise high above the houses; and the top of the hill is a mark, which completes the half of my walk. If the distance be obscured by mists, I yet am refreshed by the sight of green fields and trees, beautiful even in their Winter nakedness; and the Sun seldom fails at that early hour to show some sign of greeting,

while in the most sultry season it is ever cool and refreshing. In fact, I am prepared to deny, on the faith of a water drinker, that there is such a thing as bad weather for the early walk.

I lost one walk at Malvern, "in regard of the wet," and it shall not be my fault if I lose a second anywhere. It has been seen that, on that occasion, I lost a merry happy trip, and the opportunity of assisting at the rescue of a young woman in difficulties. Suppose that I look forth in the morning, and confess that *it pours*, I am immediately *sure* that it will abate before I have had my bath, that I may be out to see it clear up; and in the mean time I know that the rain is doing some good.

When I get out, I have double enjoyment of the raised gravel walk, and the double-soled boots. The "pelting" is not "pitiless," and I anticipate the treat of retorting upon those who, cold and lazy, come to me and say, "What a wretched morning!"—that it is an unqualified and atrocious falsehood. What is this blessed disposition to be pleased, but the same feeling that makes it enjoyable to rise in the dark—sure of daybreak by the time you are dressed; the clock has told you this: the prospect of an *hour* of darkness

might try the temper. A *bath* at twilight is delicious, because you know that each moment brings on the dawn. 'Tis the pleasure of *anticipation*. Either the shortest day has passed, and every night gives way a little—makes one more concession; or, the shortest day will *soon* arrive, and then——.

In the mean time, how happy to look *forward*, and to find that the habit of so doing brings *present* satisfaction, and is abundantly remunerating.

Bad weather!—Why, when you have been ten minutes in the air, the glow on the surface makes a light rain delicious; and I take off my hat to it. I see some few *riding* round the park, and occasionally one or two *driving*; but so becomforted, and great-coated, and chin deep in neckcloth, that I pity their wretched substitute for the healthy glow of exercise. Rely upon it, that *walking* is the best exercise, *riding* second, and *driving* last; and as to weather before breakfast, any weather is not only endurable, it is enjoyable: we may be fastidious at noon. It is, however, the *bath* that renders the early walk supremely delightful; without it there is much of effort in the enjoyment, at least with those who are not used to it.

There *is* one trial,—FOG, the “*cochon d'air*” of

our island, as I once heard it called. Well, fog is not at early morning suggestive of *smoke*; and *if* otherwise flavoured, there remains this true consolation,—the hope that it will clear off; for I cannot quite agree in this matter of taste with a hackney coachman, who once said to me, “Lord love you, sir, I *feeds* upon the fog.” Again—fog is never, at this elevation, so thick as in the town; and getting to the top of the hill, I look *over* it to some indication of sun-rise; then returning, and passing *through* it with complacency, I am comforted by the thought, that there is no fear of losing myself, as a relation of mine did, in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, where he fortunately encountered a poor old woman; and, apologising for having almost “brushed noses,” said, “Pray, my good woman, can you tell me where I am?” “Law, sir, why—why *there* you are!”

Then there is the anticipated glow on getting back to breakfast, at double quick pace, and giving demonstration of Sterling’s assertion, that this is far better than shivering at home, or sitting in inglorious ease by the fire.

What an accession do I earn of self-respect (not *conceit*,—oh, no!) in braving the elements, and finding myself one of three only in the park at that

early hour; the others being a mechanic with his tools, and a young pale needlewoman, who dares not be too late at her employers. Perhaps some labouring gardeners are at work in the park; and when I see one of these, whose wife has built up a little comfort for his breakfast, I am disposed to say, "Well, if you come to that, I too have earned my breakfast, and *I* have had an umbrella held over me for twenty years; by which, but for my own fault, I should have been sheltered from all harm, and every breath of trouble.



But then there is the poor old park-keeper, who controls my beat; with his feeble gait and bent body. No velveteen coat will arrest his cough, and he is shut out from the glow produced by exercise. It is not the weather for *him*; but he *must* open his gates at seven, and take his rounds. As I am careering along, if I stop to speak to him,

with the warm blood in full play, it is like crowing over him: and I soon found that to talk distressed him. I have dreaded the coming November for him, and the other old man who walks with two sticks to help him: but, in good time—he tells me that he has just been “superannivated off at two and twenty pound a year,” having been twenty-two years in his service, and that the other man goes with him. So—they will be well housed in the inclement season.

It is most important to be well shod, and generally quite unnecessary to be laden with two coats. I am led to remark this by seeing, every morning, a little boy dressed for his walk to school, with a large worsted “comforter” shutting up his mouth, “muffettees” for his wrists, a large oil-skin cape, and *thin shoes*, with cotton stockings! So is he prepared by the anxious mother’s hands to cross the park in wet weather.

And here is another variety—a gentleman past the middle age, but full of vigour; cork soles step out from beneath his long cloak, which is secured in front; the stand-up collar covers his ears; a thick “comforter” touches the tip of his nose, and he surmounts all by a Templar travelling cap; this

gentleman amuses his fancy by the idea that he is *out!* Walking he *is*, but carrying with him a nasty, close, ill-ventilated house, from the only window of which he protrudes his eyes and nose. From the external influence of the fresh exhilarating air he is shut up; while the partial access to his lungs (for he did *not* wear a "respirator") might have suggested a treat to his thirsty *skin*.

But I have one word to the Ladies, and on the subject of *dress* too. Any time these fifteen years I have encountered at morning, noon, and afternoon, a lady, who entirely enjoys her walk. She is of commanding figure, and as tall as a Life Guardsman. She has never yielded to the vile fashion of pedestrian costume, that qualifies ladies to sweep up and gather on their train every impurity of the pavement or the path; or, shrinking from that, obliges them to occupy both hands in holding the dress "high and dry." There she walks, with her nice well-formed ankles, clearly (and cleanly) confessed, and with gait and action free and graceful.

Because I left off under clothing at Malvern, and always throw off wet clothes on my return from the walk, *I never take cold*. The glow which follows the bath does not subside, but is sustained

by exercise, rendering additional clothing unnecessary. I *never* wear two coats for the early walk. In fact, I feel that, with stout boots, warm gloves, and a light hat, the slightest clothing suffices.

A Hydropathic skin is your true flannel waist-coat, and the best protection against the elements.

“It is by hardening, rather than defending the tissues, that we best secure them from disease.”

I have certainly established a reputation already as an early walker; and greetings are either looked or uttered as I pass the “happy few.” I have one particular friend, who sweeps a portion of the gravel path which the sheep have occupied during the night, and whenever I happen to time my walk so as to pass him while so engaged, he *always* says, “Good mornin, sir—*as* EUJL;” and then, pausing in his work, he stops me by the question, “Did you happen to see the other man in the broad walk?” When this very question had been repeated some six or seven times, and as often answered in the negative, which he seemed to expect, as he always rejoined, thoughtfully, “Ah, well!” I became alarmed. What can it mean? Is “the other man” his fellow-labourer, who *ought* to

be out with him, and lies a-bed; and does he want my evidence of his neglect of duty? Or is he in some dread of "the other man," whose absence he notices by the uncertain sound, "Ah, well!"—or have we found a MISTER HARRIS? It is quite certain that after he has greeted me by the compliment to my punctuality, conveyed in the phrase "*as eujl*,"* he always puts the same question—in the same attitude—and gets the same reply. Giving this point the careful discussion that its importance demands, I at last "resolved unanimously" that his simple motive was the desire to be sociable, and that, his resources in small talk being limited, he was not ready with variations of courtesy.

I acquired the habit of looking north and south, as I passed the broad walk. I *never* saw "the other man,"—I don't believe that any one ever did.

I am beset by one nuisance—a ruffian with his nets and traps, on one or other side of the hill; who watches the flight of the happy little birds,

* I spell the word as he pronounced it, being quite sure that if some railroad shares should place him on a footing with our friend JAMES, and the gift of "reading and writing," which, as Dogberry says, "comes by nature," should be revealed to him, *he* would so spell it.

decoying them by a villainous chirruping of his own, and with a company of chorus singers, enclosed in cages, or, fluttering, tied to sticks (poor little unconscious traitors!), and drawing his string as some few alight for a moment within the influence of his snare. There he is soon after daybreak, even on Sunday mornings, with Varney's bellish whistle, luring them as they fly.

It is some comfort that although I cannot take the pipe from his mouth, or his hands from his pockets, the grass is always wet, and his hour's work must keep up a perpetual cold; and yet this unworthy thought brings with it reflections upon all kinds of *Sport* (so called), from the diversion of shooting, where the game is sure at every turn—and at an easy distance, to the petty trade of this man, for which he was probably fitted in his boyhood by the pitiless and cruel sport of "bird's-nesting." He works *for his bread*, though at a brutal trade, and sells his victims for the amusement of cockneys, to be shot at as they are let loose, one at a time, and probably killed,—or maimed and left to die.

I often see, by the side of the dirty canal, two or more mechanics patiently standing upon the clay, or, having gathered a heap of wet grass,

take a long and most pernicious "Sitz," with a rod and a float, where they are shut out by clay banks and black poplars, from the fresh air above them, and breathe a sweltering fœtid malaria; and when I pass over the bridge, I wonder by what perversion of mind they can derive even momentary pleasure from dragging out of its element a tortured fish, which is only relieved from the hook to be thrown away as useless. But, (say the advocates of angling), it is not in catching the fish, but in waiting for it,—in the opportunities given for quiet thought, and studying the beauties of nature, that the charm consists. Does no passing thought intrude, of time devoted to little else than wanton cruelty? But alas! for all the varieties of sport. It is sad that nature should be outraged by the gradual initiation of those whose hearts were not formed to cruelty, into what *was* revolting to the instinct. I cannot but think the two instances which I have given, as in the one case pitiable, and the other disgraceful. It is told of PALEY, that being asked, after a long day's angling, whether he had caught any fish; he said, "No.—but I have written a sermon." So, while one hand of the severe Disciplinarian was occupied by the

rod, the other must have been engaged with pen or pencil. I have seen anglers so thoughtful, that, to set (I suppose) a good example to the fish, they are constantly nibbling their nails; and both these cases are worth remark, as exceptions to the rule, for which (as far as my *passing* observation goes) I can vouch—that the early angler, while gazing abstractedly at the water, and holding his rod, has the digits of his other hand engaged with a perseverance worthy a higher aim—in a search into the deep recesses of his nose.

The sports of the East are upon a larger scale than ours, more daring, and consequently more exciting; they seem exalted to the very height of butchery, and yet demand our admiration at the display of courage in man and beast.

A propos of the East. A relation of mine, always better satisfied at succeeding in his *aim*, than in the result of his shot, brought down a monkey from a high tree. The poor creature, mortally wounded, was able to catch at the branches as it fell; and having *so* reached the ground, — was shocked to see it as large as a child of three years. He put away his gun, and hastened to it. The monkey, placing its hand on the wound,

looked up into his face with an expression that seemed to imply, *What have I ever done to you that you should kill me?* He took it in his arms, and tried to stop the bleeding; while the creature, growing weaker, yielded itself to the comfort that he gave:—

“And the big round tears,
Chased one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous course.”

Still there was the expression of *reproach*, heightened by the misery of poor —, who at that moment would have given even his life for the recovery of his victim. He then took it gently to a pool, to put a period to the protracted sufferings of nearly an hour, and exerted his resolution by immersing it in the water. Holding it during the brief struggle, he turned from the sight; but when all was still, and he ventured to look, there were the monkey's eyes *wide open* under the water, with the same sad reproachful expression, and fixed upon his. From that day he never used his gun; and that hour's experience embittered his life.

I must, however, admit that there is one admirable thing, a result of sporting,—a shooting jacket, the most convenient and comfortable of morning coats. But enough of this digression. I wonder

that the eloquence of expression put forth in the marvellous language of Edwin Landseer, and still reproduced at every turn, does not enlist a more extended sympathy with the victims of "sport." See the "Stag at Bay," and cherish the emotions which, to awaken, has been the first great aim of the Artist; and then think—that he too—is a Deer-stalker, as ardent and impetuous as the rest!

I know a little boy, who, going out with one of the initiated, to shoot rabbits, and being desired to run along on the other side of the hedge, to start the game, carefully and tenderly turned the noses of two or three of them to their holes, and told them to go in to their mothers; and when one escaped from his well-intended pursuit, and was seen and sacrificed, his tears fell fast upon the victim: and yet of that sympathy, and those tears, he was ashamed in presence of the sportsman.

I return to the subject of the early walk.

Soon after I came from Malvern, a warning voice was raised by a friend in these words (he, too walked in the park before breakfast)—“ You walk too fast, and too far, in the morning: if you have such a stock of strength, keep a *stock in hand* for the day's demand.” I was startled by the seeming

reasonableness of this remark, and for three or four mornings I *sauntered* in the park, remaining my full time in the air, but without brisk exercise. I returned with a degree of lassitude new to me; did not enjoy my breakfast; and was not half so fit as before for the day's work. It then became evident to me, that far from expending my energy in the activity of the early walk, I was gaining power, *taking in* a stock of strength; and that in the very fatigue consequent upon quick walking is the germ of a creative power, begetting renewed energy: so that, after my early breakfast of bread and butter and water, I am soon anxious to be up and away again.

I am yet aware that the habit of *quick* walking, which is rendered necessary by the cold bathing, is only to be followed at the early hour, and before the digestion has been set at work. This seems to be a great point. I have imbibed about a pint and half of water since I rose, and have eaten nothing since eight o'clock on the previous evening. The absorption produces nourishment, but the digestive organs are at rest. Every one must experience distress from hurried walking during the after part of the day.

It is clear that, in my case, the brisk walk is a *preparation* for my daily work; and the exhilaration which accompanies it is often shown by giving way to a sudden impulse to start off and run at full speed. But the Hill is not a place to run away from—better to linger our full time on the top: Hampstead in view—the dew sparkling on the glistening grass, and CONSTABLE in our hearts. When was there a fresh morning in spring or summer that did not suggest this charming artist? Or look into the Camera-obscura, and *there* see what a Constable Gallery you find.

The animal enjoyment of early morning is most remarkable in the DOG. How delightful to open the door, and see him, with his boisterous bark, first leaping his thanks recklessly at your face, and then off at the top of his speed—presently returning in full trim, and telling you all about it. He is a glorious companion—I *must* keep a dog. How singular that the HORSE has no sympathy with this feeling! He looks out listlessly and lazily, as if the light and the air hurt him, and is glad to turn in again. The CAT, also, hates the light (naturally).

I linger upon a subject, which is inexhaustible; and I beseech others to teach themselves to enjoy it.

See! the example is sent forth from the Palace. "The Queen and the Prince Albert took their accustomed early walk this morning." If such advocacy fail to "effectually excite" a spirit of imitation, who can hope to be heard on the same side?

And yet, for my part, I never glance at this announcement without a *mental* shake of the head, which means as much as Lord Burleigh's, and may be thus rendered:—None can possibly taste the full enjoyment of the early walk, nor draw from the exercise half its benefit, who does not take it *before breakfast*—having drunk a glass of water, and renewed the morning's energies by a cold bath.

Before I went to Malvern, I had suffered from giddiness, even on hastily rising from my chair; and the effort to mount the stairs always distressed me by palpitation and pain, to such an extent, that I often was obliged to recruit myself by lying on the bed for relief.

Now, even after the violent exercise of running up or down a hill, I have never experienced the slightest inconvenience; and my knees, which always failed me in any attempt at quick walking, are as strong and serviceable as I could wish.

Doctor Wilson had written to desire me not to produce any *exhaustion* by walking too far before breakfast. I therefore do not exceed two and a half miles; and here again is a great advantage, in the measured and habitual route (which I often pace thrice in the day). It forbids me to break a wholesome rule; and by its observance secures the comfort of punctuality in my return.

At one o'clock I am again free to walk, returning in time to take a ten minutes Sitz before dinner. Unable in this instance fully to follow the rule to walk always *after* the Sitz as well as before, I at least run to the top of the house and back, which suffices to complete the re-action.

The SITZ is in all weathers a luxury, even in the coldest. The warm atmosphere, engendered under the blanket, increases its comfort and efficacy. Yet I have a rule that doubles and perfects the enjoyment of the Sitz—I always drink a glass of water, and well sponge head and face before I take the bath.

Since I wrote the above, I have purchased an item of experience. Having in November walked at noon about ten miles, I returned very warm, and immediately took my habitual Sitz. Having a

companion chatting to me, and being perfectly at ease, I did not show any disposition to move until reminded that more than twenty minutes had passed. As the dinner had been some time ready, I went at once to table: and that night I had cause to regret not having taken five minutes run *after the bath*. A sharp attack of lumbago rendered the "sweating process" again necessary, of which two repetitions (followed each time by the Cold Bath) cured me, as before.

Mem. If I cannot walk for a few minutes after the Sitz, to take it but *five* minutes in cold weather, or in any case when in a perspiration. The above may be noted as an excellent receipt to *produce* lumbago;—with as effectual a remedy.

The advantages of the two o'clock meal are undisputed, and it is a pity that it cannot be more frequently adopted. The appetite is always ready at this time, unless habit, or a late breakfast, has taught it to wait. The fact, however, seems to be, that, under the *name* of luncheon, a very large proportion of the higher and middle classes take their chief meal at two o'clock; the late dinner being a formal and expensive ceremony, or a very unwholesome supper.

In my case it is fortunate that I can adopt as a settled habit, not only early hours for meals, but all those rules which I believe are most conducive to health, without any sacrifice of home comfort, or neglect of home duties; and I detail them to show that the course of treatment pursued in the great majority of cases (as exemplified by my own) is not a process involving any discomfort or serious privation, or demanding a great sacrifice of time. The division of my day into eight o'clock for breakfast, two for dinner, and eight for tea or supper, seems to secure a reasonable interval between each meal for rest, for work, and for exercise; but the adoption of these hours must be consequent upon the habit of rising early and retiring early; and is not generally practicable. Common sense will readily suggest how to modify and adapt, in our pursuit of health, the customs and the circumstances of which all are in some degree the slaves.

I believe that it will be happy for those who are able to follow me in the following routine:—I rise before six, drink water, and go *instantly* to the bath (if five minutes—or *two* must intervene, it is well to be clad in a warm dressing-gown); then, having bathed, drink again, and speedily get out

into the air, returning in time to complete my dressing before breakfast; Breakfast at eight; after resting, occupied till one; drink, and walk, returning in time for a ten minutes Sitz before dinner; Dine at two; rest for half an hour, and by no means work or write during that time; (Dr. Wilson had written thus:—"Write as few letters, and as short as possible; and *never* immediately after dinner. Nothing so surely sends the blood to the head, and irritates the stomach;") then work, and at six out again for a walk: Drink twice between dinner and supper; another Sitz, and Supper at eight; to which it is a great luxury to sit down with an appetite, unknown to those who merely take tea or coffee immediately after dinner, to chase away the uneasy sensation induced by a full meal: rest, then write or work, and to bed before eleven. As I drink *ad lib.* at meals, I have calculated that the quantity of water which I take daily is about four pints. The Doctor seldom prescribes more.

It has been much disputed whether during the meal we should drink at all. Dr. Wilson consults the will, and the effects, in that case, and therefore I have nothing to fear in following my inclination.

Water drinkers soon become "epicures in the

simple regimen." Not only is the purest water sought and obtained, but the bread must be perfect, the butter undeniable, and the mutton either Welsh, Devonshire, or South Down. Happily London meets every demand for luxury. Robins's Patent Filter is an invaluable friend, and the cool sparkling water is transferred to a bottle of undeniable *shape* and brightness.

I am anxious to dwell with full emphasis on the fact, that the great (I may say *miraculous*) effect of the Water Cure in my case, has been confirmed and carried out in LONDON, as a result of careful initiation at Malvern; and so I must show reason for differing from those half advocates of Hydro-pathy, who seem to infer that patients who feel a sudden accession of strength and stamina, fall back, on leaving a Water Cure Establishment, to a state which demands a return to the course of training which they have lately gone through. I would repeat with Sir E. B. Lytton, "Do not *begin* to carry on the system at home, and under any eye but that of an *experienced* hydropathist;" and again, "If" (having escaped from the Doctor's immediate eye) "a critical action should ensue,

return to the only care that can conduct it to a happy issue ;” and yet, I would remark, how fully has the explicit promise of Dr. Wilson been realized by me, “If you will give me a month, I will put you in a way to manage yourself;” and I am convinced that (in the majority of cases) being fairly started by a cautious and experienced hydropathist, who, like Dr. Wilson, looks first to his patients, last to his fee, the means have been placed in our hands of confirming our restoration to health ; and that the necessity of returning to the Doctor, is generally the result of a return to bad habits, and the patient’s own fault.

Sir E. B. Lytton has told most eloquently his own experience on this head ; but let me not incur the danger of being bumped or sent to Coventry, if, “out of school,” I allude to certain traditions current at Malvern, which *also* tell of picnic parties ; of ices and champagne : for a retrospect at my own virtues, exercised under most trying and tempting circumstances, gives me freedom of rebuke ; and if I must be punished, I beg to be “pumped upon,” and to suggest the Douche as an engine of a fifty pump power, to which infliction I will patiently submit, and go to Malvern for the purpose. Now

if a patient, in the exuberance of his schoolboy feeling, will play such tricks, and break out of bounds, even under the Doctor's care, we may shrewdly suspect that, getting back to his associates, with London hours and old habits, he has *himself* to blame for the necessity of a renewed appeal to Malvern and the elixir vitæ

On the subject of *diet*, there is another bugbear exalted by those who, by dogmas or by ridicule, oppose the advocates of the Water Cure. I am often asked—"Was not your food very coarse, the diet spare and disagreeable? Don't you live upon mutton and bread and water?" I have to reply that the diet is *generous*, the table supplied sumptuously, and with reasonable variety. Not only is there the perfection of plain cooking, but every meal offers something to *provoke* appetite. With the exception of *pork*, I believe that no meat is excluded from the Doctor's table (and what is poisonous in a hot climate, may well be deemed unwholesome in *any*). I am far from admitting that any meat is quite as wholesome as roast mutton, which is the standing dish of every day's dinner, and I do not think that I was ever diverted from it by any greater dainty; but I can truly say that for many

weeks this last autumn I was altogether unscrupulous in my diet, having freely enjoyed the luxuries of the fruit season, with pies and puddings, and that I felt no shade of difference in the comforts of digestion. I can almost fancy that it matters not what I eat.

It must not, however, be supposed that Dr. Wilson authorised this reckless experiment, or that he concurs with some German Hydropathists, who assert that "Water will digest any thing, except the tongs and fire-irons—which are decidedly unwholesome." He wages war against all "insidious and provocative meats,"* as consistently as against all fermented or exciting drinks.

* Serjeant Talfourd was pleading before a jury at Oxford for a father, who refused to pay a tavern bill for his son: "Consider, gentlemen, the items of this account; here are no *sobor* meats, such as you or I should authorise for our selves or for our sons. I find no mutton chop, no rump steak, in the whole list; nothing to renew the spent energies of the aspirant for college honours—no honest and ingenuous meats, but crafty and designing meats—insidious and provocative meats—"Wild duck with cayenne pepper!" Oh, gentlemen, which of you being a father—which of you having a son, on whom rest his hopes and his ambition, would feed that son, or permit any tavern keeper to feed him, with wild duck and cayenne pepper! What horrible enormities

I have made an experiment, and my strength has so well stood the test, that I believe, in my case, no *extreme* caution is necessary on the score of diet; and I think of this with great surprise, recollecting how severely I used to suffer for the least irregularity, by ulcerated mouth and tongue, and other demonstrations of an indignant stomach.

Of all forms of opposition brought into play against the Water Cure, by the prejudice or caprice of those who would "clap a padlock" on the pump, none is so offensive as the sarcastic smile; as if they who have been substantially benefitted by it were the subjects of a fancy or a whim.

There is nothing so very easy as to attack with ridicule that which is unassailable by reason; and it is distressing that such a course should have the power to cause the least vexation: but they who use this weapon well know that it bears a sting, and are, perhaps, the very persons who, if any casualty should befall one whose prostrate energies have

might not a young man perpetrate whose diet was *wild duck* with hot peppers! Alas, gentlemen, let me not think that you can, by your verdict this day, stamp with your authority," &c., &c. [Quoted from memory.]

been renewed by the invigorating processes of Hydropathy, would pounce on the new visitation as the direct result of a system, into the broad principles of which they refuse to look !

It is also commonly urged against the system that it is no *new* discovery ; but it would be ingenious to find in this objection any thing to diminish our confidence in it ; and, in the mean time, they who through its agency taste the blessings of restored health and vigour may well afford to meet the vacant smile of incredulity, and stand against the sneers of prejudice.

But, again, the most unscrupulous course of opposition is that pursued by the very first and foremost of the Medical Professors. A patient, consulting his physician as to the propriety of an appeal to Hydropathy, is told that it is highly dangerous and frequently fatal ; and this is said by those who in the same breath admit that they know nothing of the system, and refuse to give any attention to its principles.

A friend of mine, afflicted with a disease of long standing, and pronounced incurable, was attracted by my statements and a work by Dr. Wilson, and desirous to go to Malvern. Having consulted two

physicians of the first rank, she was positively *forbidden* to make the experiment. She appealed to a third, a fourth, and a fifth:—all were agreed in the opinion that the first step would probably result in death. Not yet subdued, her husband made the journey to Malvern, and in a careful consultation with Dr. Wilson (at which I was present) he detailed her symptoms, and the verdict pronounced by the physicians, concluding with this remark, “I dare not *permit*, much less advise, this step; as there would be evidence enough to *hang* me in the event of a fatal result.” Dr. W. pronounced the case “of doubtful cure,” and said that if the treatment should eventually succeed it must be by perseverance. He repelled indignantly the assertion that there could exist the remotest danger in any of the processes, judiciously applied; asserting that if they should fail to produce a cure, the system could not fail to improve the general health, so as to enable the patient to discontinue all medicine, and induce that perfectly healthy state of body which presents the only hope of recovery in a case truly said to be beyond the reach of medicine.

My friend returned; but first underwent the wet sheet packing and bathing, that he might

report satisfactorily his own experience ; and his wife, with a stout heart, at once resolved to go to Malvern, and thoroughly submit to the Water Doctor's authority.

The final result remains to be proved. In a few days she had endured all the inflictions, which were to produce sudden death, not only with impunity, but the happiest results. The "wet sheet" proved (as it always proves) a luxury ; and the first grand triumph of water over medicine was quickly achieved. It had been suggested to the Doctor, that her *temper*, always impatient, might rebel against the troubles and difficulties attendant on the packing, the Sitz, &c. He replied, "I never yet found a temper that could stand against the influences of the Water Cure ;" and he had the pleasure of witnessing, in this case, that the fresh and joyous spirits arising from the various applications of the Water Cure, induced a resolution to persevere, although the daily packing and bathing were attended with great difficulty, from her inability to take exercise. It is most refreshing to look at her, and doubly so to hear her detail her enjoyment of her new habits. She has never tasted medicine since she went to Malvern, nor has she the least

occasion for it. Here is a case in which "Nature herself *has been* placed in a way to throw off the disease. The constitution is not only amended—it undergoes a change."

Who shall say that the course pursued by these professors is justifiable? Happily, there is a principle in our nature that revolts at any attempt to "throw dust into our eyes;" and any suspicion of a desire to veil the truth *provokes* inquiry. But this is a state of things that cannot last long. What Leslie has admirably remarked on Art may be applied here: "It is well in all things, as we go on, to look behind us; but what advance can we hope to make with our faces constantly turned backwards."*

The mass of intelligence and profound science which, as I have truly quoted, grasps the most abstruse and hidden points, and knows *best* what seems scarcely accessible by deepest research, will not long scorn the simplicities of reason, and rebel against the teaching of Nature. "We must either advance or retrograde;" and *when* learned professors of physic give their minds to the study of the theory of the Water Cure, in *all such cases* the examination results in an acknowledgment of the broad princi-

* Life of Constable, page 358.

ples of the science. Of the eminent medical men who have advocated the principles of the Water System in some degree, I may quote the last who has been mentioned, as his name is familiar to me, having heard him spoken of by a learned physician, as a philosophical man, of enlarged views, and great medical skill and experience. I allude to Dr. Forbes (I believe Physician to the Queen), who edits the "Foreign and British Medical Quarterly Review;" in the January number of which is an article favourable to the Water Cure, which has excited great attention.

I have an intimate friend, a "regular" practitioner, of great shrewdness and intelligence; his active mind ever on the stretch to add to the stores of his learning and experience; who has watched me ever since my return from Malvern (now ten months); and who knew—no one better—the state in which I went there. In astonishment at the alteration in my condition of body, and the healing of my tongue (that marvellous index to our state of stomach), having protested against my determination to have a tape drawn through the back of my neck, and desiring me to substitute for it (with other remedies for what I thought *fulness*), fre-

quent sponging of the head with cold water,—this single-minded surgeon was at first my alarmist. Regarding my daily routine of “malpractices,” he would say, “What are you going to do *now* when you get home?” “To have a Sitz.”—“What! having bathed this morning, will you now go and sit in cold water for ten minutes?” “Yes, I do so daily.”—“By Jove, it ought to produce *congestion*.” “To be sure it *ought*, according to your theory; but as it never *did*—as the Sitz never did in any one instance produce congestion, but has often *relieved* it—as the Sitz never was known to do any harm whatever—I hope it will not be a traitor to *me*.”

Still my friend was dreaming and uneasy. When I packed my little child in the wet sheet, he begged to be at hand. He witnessed the state in which she was before the application; he watched the sweet coming rest; and when the hour had passed, he tested (watch in hand) the soft moderated pulse. When she was released from the magic girdle, he saw her bathed; he saw her refreshed, and ready for the gentle walk; and then went home to think.

At length, having a patient in *typhus*, which horrible disease had baffled the united skill of his brother physician and himself—when the sufferer

was pronounced in a hopeless state, and not likely to live through that day, he entreated to be authorized to apply the wet sheet, which was only consented to as the case was past hope. He got an experienced hydropathist to superintend the operation:—the patient, who had not closed her eyes for five days and nights, immediately fell asleep:—the malignity of the fever was subdued, and that night she was *out of danger*. My friend has from time to time said fifty things well worth noting down, as relating to the Water Cure; but should they be recorded—that is *his* affair.

I intend to “pack” *him* in the wet sheet.

Inquire then, after the manner suggested by Sir E. B. Lytton, and “do not consult your Doctor.”

Yet here I pause. Before I went to Malvern, I had been watched and tended with consummate skill, and I have every good reason to believe that to the control which my physician exercised over the leading symptoms of my ailment—to his profound knowledge, and the gentleness with which he earned my confidence and secured my affection, I owe my life. I *did* consult my Doctor; and he fully concurred with my wish to go to Malvern, and

in the fact that "there is philosophy in Hydropathy," anticipating for me a good result. He had, moreover, for a long time confined his directions to me to the injunction to seek peace of mind in the resources of my happy home, and the exercise of the affections, avoiding as much as possible the appeal to medicine, for, as he truly told me, the symptoms which were gaining on me were beyond its reach. With this grateful expression of well-earned confidence in my Physician, I repeat the rule to which I have instanced an exception,—“Do not consult your Doctor.” Bear in mind that “the members of a learned profession are naturally the very persons least disposed to favour innovation upon the practices which custom and prescription have rendered sacred in their eyes.” An engraver upon steel or copper is not the person to consult upon the propriety of getting a sketch lithographed.

To descend a step lower for an illustration. Your Tailor in St. James's Street gathers that you think of wearing a light summer coat, and not of his making. In his high professional feeling, and deep regard for your character, he objects and remonstrates. “Indeed, sir, you *could not* wear such things as those—they are *made by women!!!* made

by women *in the winter*, in hundreds and thousands:" as if he would imply,—no man with the feelings of a gentleman could possibly associate with such a coat any of the comforts for which a coat is intended. And yet it *is* just possible that a man may be found here and there, who will not only entertain the opinion that a woman may be as fitly and *fittingly* occupied with a needle and thread as her lord and master; but who, when wrapped in a covering made under such disgraceful circumstances, will not be *chilled* by the idea that such things are made in hundreds and thousands, in the cold inclement season, by women?

So much for the philosophy of the exercise of common sense, uncontrolled by a prejudiced or interested adviser. Do not consult your tailor.

The broad principles of Hydropathy will make their way by the force of truth, and the irresistible sway of *experience*, and, whether acknowledged by instinct, as in the case of the post-boy, who never puts on his top coat until he is wet through, and by the monks at the holy well, of whom I have written; or used under the disguise of "wet dressings," or "linn and oil skin," I am convinced that the time

has arrived when the Science will be acknowledged as not less gigantic in its results, than it is simple and genial in its principles and practice.

“The remedy is applicable to all—to all who would not only cure a complaint, but strengthen a system, and prolong a life.”

“It acts first on the system, lastly on the complaint; placing nature herself in the way to throw off the disease.”

“It admits of no remedies which are inimical to the constitution. It bequeaths none of the maladies consequent on blue pill and mercury, on purgatives and drastics, on leeches and the lancet.”

“I would not only recommend it to those who suffer from some grave disease; but to those who require merely the fillip, the alterative, or the bracing, which they seek in vain in country air, or a watering place.”

At a Water Cure Establishment “the whole life is one remedy—the hours, the habits, the discipline, tend perforce to train the body to the highest state of health of which it is capable.”

“If even to the weak and languid the Water Cure gives hours of physical happiness, which the

pleasures of the grosser senses can never bestow; what would it give to the strong man from whose eye it has but to lift the light film—in whose mechanism, attuned to joy, it but brushes away the grain of dust, or oils the solid wheel.”

It is easy enough to make converts in favour of early rising, the cold bath, and the walk before breakfast; and I am surrounded by friends who thank me for having advised the glass of water on leaving their bed, the cold ablution, and the walk; and who think that it must, indeed, be a serious attack that cannot be conquered by those simple means: and this is an initiation to the Water Treatment, which is very likely to lead to a further adoption of its rules.

An intimate friend, whose wife remains as yet impracticable, told me lately that, having returned from his early walk, and finding his two children still in bed, he proceeded to carry out a sudden impulse, by sponging the elder vigorously, to her great delight. Having dried and rubbed her, he attacked the younger, and holding her by one leg, commenced operations, when, between kicking and laughing, the process was quickly completed. He

was now aware of something like a malediction proceeding from the great bed, where the mother, chin deep under the clothes, had kept up a demonstration of opposition to all this, and with desperate resolution, he inflicted a thorough sponging to *her face*. What followed he could n't tell, for he ran away on the instant, just catching a glimpse of a countenance so excited and flushed, that it might have given vent to a torrent of abuse or imprecation, if education and good feeling had not exerted a restraining power.

Read how Sir E. B. Lytton treats the idea that the Water Cure is either severe or hazardous: "With children, its effects, really and genuinely, can scarcely be exaggerated; in them, the nervous system, not weakened by toil, grief, anxiety, and intemperance, lends itself to the gracious element, as a young plant to the rains.

"When I see now some tender mother coddling, and physicking, and preserving from every breath of air, and swaddling in flannels, her pallid little ones, I long to pounce upon the callow brood, and bear them to the hills of Malvern and the diamond fountain of St. Anne's. With what rosy faces and robust limbs I will promise they shall return! Alas!

I promise and preach in vain ; the family apothecary is against me, and the progeny are doomed to rhubarb and the rickets."

But the author does not so lightly dismiss this part of his subject: "You, O parents, who, too indolent, too much slaves to custom, to endure change for yourselves, to renounce for a while your artificial natures, but who still covet for your children hardy constitutions, pure tastes, and abstemious habits—who wish to see them grow up with a manly disdain to luxury—with a vigorous indifference to climate—with a full sense of the value of health, not alone for itself, but for the powers it elicits, and the virtues with which it is intimately connected,—the serene unfretful temper—the pleasure in innocent delights—the well-being that, content with self, expands in benevolence to others—you I adjure not to scorn the facile process of which I solicit the experiment. Dip your young heroes in the spring, and hold them not back by the heel!"

Not having yet quoted what I consider the most remarkable and interesting passage in the letter of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, I now anxiously append

what observations I can make in corroboration of it. I here give the entire paragraph.

“Water thus skilfully administered is in itself a wonderful excitement; it supplies the place of all others; it operates powerfully and rapidly upon the nerves, sometimes to calm them, sometimes to irritate, but always to occupy. Hence follows a consequence which all patients have remarked: the complete *Repose of the Passions* during the early stages of the cure; they seem laid aside as if by enchantment. The intellect shares the same rest: after a short time mental exertion becomes impossible; even the memory grows far less tenacious of painful impressions; cares and griefs are forgotten; the sense of the present absorbs the past and the future; there is a certain freshness and youth which pervade the spirits, and live upon the enjoyment of the actual hour. Thus the great agents of our mortal wear and tear, the passions and the mind—calmed into strange rest—Nature seems to leave the body to its instinctive tendency, which is always towards recovery;” to which I would add, Nature seems to cherish, and to exult in the “instinctive tendency” of the *mind*, which is always towards

good. And this is my deliberate estimate of the results of emancipation from the artificial and unnatural indulgences of habit, and a zealous and trustful perseverance in a system which is healthful to the mind as to the body—salutary and saving in its influence.

“ALL that interests and amuses is of a healthful character.”

The new excitement “supplies the place of all others.” A very simple illustration of this, is the habitual neglect of newspapers (PUNCH is not a newspaper), by those who, like me, have lived in the habit of opening the “folio of four pages” (now, alas! occasionally four and twenty), impatient of delay, when the boy is late; and conceiving vague resentments against the poor little fellow, who has laboured six miles in the dark winter’s morning; by cutting off his Christmas box, or opening a safety valve in the determination to “speak to him” when he comes again; then, looking over the miracle of daily labour in the full expectation of lighting upon something important or interesting, and when the result is *nothing*, yet satisfied to have read and comed that nothing—all this anxiety and expectation to be reproduced on the morrow. This excitement ceases

utterly at the Water Cure. It may be tenacious for a day or two (as in the case of Mr. Townley), but in the vast majority of instances that I have seen, the system, which works "always to occupy," begets a disregard of the great world; and the mind effectually works to throw off every painful impression which the memory had not either cancelled for the time, or *divested of its sting*.

But if it be objected, that this sudden accession of energy, to whatever channels it may be directed, involves a correspondent *re-action*; and that, the passions being laid asleep, their *waking time* will surely come, and they will stalk in double strength to their possession: I say, this is not so: the intellect has shared the purification of the body; we have tasted "hours of *physical* happiness that the pleasures of the grosser senses can never bestow;" and we feel that a refinement of well-being has been made palpable by enjoyment, and that its attractions are not a matter of speculation.

I have heard of the mode of life at Graefenburgh, of the discomforts, the un-English habits and peculiarities of diet, cheerfully endured by our countrymen, the patients of Preissnitz; where,

towering above hardships and severities, is the high and buoyant sense of enjoyment that possesses *all*, making them utterly regardless of the uses that would be intolerable under other circumstances, and constituting them a joyous and happy community, rich in their own resources, and mutually animating each other. I read of a late festival at Graefenburgh, where the royal visitor, in whose honour the show was got up, desiring to see the *patients* of Priessnitz, was directed to the mass by whom he had been surrounded during the day.

After a very graphic estimate of the hours, the habits, the discipline at the Water Cure, Sir E. B. Lytton writes,—“Compare this life, O merchant! O trader! O man of business! escaping to the seashore, with that which you there lead; with your shrimps and your shell-fish, and your wine and your brown stout; with all which counteracts in the evening, the good of your morning dip, and your noon-day stroll!—What, I own, I should envy most in the robust, hearty man, only a little knocked down by his city cares or his town pleasures, after his second week at Dr. Wilson’s establishment—yea, how I should envy the exquisite pleasure which he would derive from that robust-

ness made clear and sensible to him; the pure taste, the iron muscles, the exuberant spirits, the overflowing sense of life.

“If even to the weak and languid, the Water Cure gives hours of physical happiness, which the pleasures of the grosser senses can never bestow: what would it give to the strong man, from whose eye it has but to lift the light film; in whose mechanism, attuned to joy, it but brushes away the grain of dust, or oils the solid wheel?”

The quick response which meets the influences of the Water System upon the whole frame is that which most surprises and captivates the mind. The means by which the body is thus quickly purified, washed of all that has inflamed the nerves and the blood, have purged the mind of prejudice and passion, and so tranquillized the whole system, that the patient always *believes* himself far stronger than he is; and so, keeping in advance of his actual state, the chief danger consists in that overtaxing of the bodily powers that results in temporary relapse, and the free indulgence of the *appetite*, which, in its demand, occasioned by un wonted strength, must be checked and moderated. It

seems scarcely possible to bring the headlong will into subservience to the wisdom of the rule, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." In such a state, if any of the vexations, which in the town are ready at every turn to harass and perplex, should present themselves, how lightly are they viewed. If Law should arise, with its threats of pains and penalties, it is difficult to conceive that we are within its reach. All the irritating annoyances that often prey upon the mind, sour the temper, and "rankle to the death," are airily put aside, as interposing between the soul and its health. Then is the judgment cool, and waits upon the conscience; vice is laid bare in its deformity; there is no more glozing—no attempt to keep the disguise with which a deceitful heart has too long been furnished. Moral deformity has ugly names. The sight so clear, longs for even brighter—purer vision; and the faculties, eager to discriminate, distinguish evil from good by the very nicest shades.

Equally remarkable is the light in which the temptations of the town, its luxuries and sensualities, are viewed. We regard such subjects with an essential feeling altogether new, and under an aspect which we earnestly long to perpetuate in our

experience. How is it, that, with an accession of more than youthful strength and energy, with joyous, exuberant spirits, and with an "overflowing sense of life," the evil influence is stripped of its allurements, relaxes its hold, and leaves the tempter's surest weapon pointless? This is the work of THE MOST MERCIFUL who blesses the participation in "the streams of goodness that flow from Him," by the subjection of those passions which are fed and fostered by a heated and excited *brain*, or a diseased organization, and *in spite of which* a state healthy to the soul can scarcely exist; and so gives us to experience such a sense of being as we may hope to see refined and carried to perfection in the HEREAFTER.

Of the town it is not denied that the habits and pursuits are more or less tainted and corrupt, and the recreations a mistake; for, joining in all, as if such excitement was a matter of necessity, the intellectual slave of custom and fashion still looks with longing to the country.

It seems to me that the vast majority in towns habitually neglect, in their excessive occupation, the duty of attention to the *immediate* wants of the poor.

While ostensible acts of charity, munificent donations to every great and benevolent project for the relief of the needy, are multiplied; and vast accumulations of money are dispensed by persons "whose business it is;" while new churches are endowed, and in the district charity schools children are constitutionally instructed in the principles of *High or Low Church*; while our hospitals are palaces; and the British character, for generosity and humanity, bright among the nations,—there is yet a morbid feeling pervading the streets, that shuts the heart against the first impulse of charity; there is the habit of turning away from the appeal of the most needy, under cover of the shallow plea that "there is so much imposture," and this is undoubtedly (as a rule) characteristic of the town. It cannot be doubted by those who take the trouble to know, that actual starvation may be found in our crowded streets; and it is more easy to ascertain this fact, than to calculate how great may be the *result* of "small beginnings" in the pursuit of that duty, which—active without parade, and "done in secret," has the abundant blessing which is involved in the precept, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Eugene Sue, immortalised by his crusade against the stealthy Jesuits, has with exquisite pathos made a starving artisan plead for the luxurious classes, "Les riches ne savent pas;" and has done his best (though after a manner horribly French), to make known the miseries and degradations of the poor. On our own ground, and at every turn, DICKENS meets us with his characteristic benevolence and good fellowship, while PUNCH and the PRESS follow on the same side, and never tire in the cause of humanity.

Punch's peculiarity of figure is not *backed* by any mental deformity. He always stood up manfully against evil (who has not seen him in moral majesty liek the evil ONE in the face of day, to the delight and edification of the multitude?)—and although his conduct as a husband has been stigmatised as not altogether correct, it is impossible to look at him, and not admit that there are "faults on both sides." Of late, however, all that is fresh and healthy and English in his own distinguishing humour, has received an impetus. This has been felt in every corner of the land; and I hope that the influence that has been at work with him may be as extensively known and appreciated. I have

just now been told that Punch's stomach having been out of order, gout, that most *genteel* of ailments, had visited him, and soured his temper; and that, having gone through the processes of the WATER CURE, his bodily health has been speedily established—the gout washed away, and his May-morning sympathies enlisted in favour of HYDROPATHY. Thus it is that he has become better company than ever. I hope he will tell us all about it. Fancy "PUNCH AT THE WATER CURE," with illustrations by Doyle and Leech,—the magic Wet Sheet, the contemplative Sitz, and the immortal Douche.

The aim of Dickens and the rest is to induce us to "begin at the beginning:" to feed the hungry, to give an impulse to those who are almost without hope; to *enable* them to work, and encourage them to seek instruction; to teach those "who come of untaught parents, and who may give birth to another untaught generation,"* till they feel the appetite for mental improvement, and thirst for the blessings of religious instruction; to do a little each in his sphere, to render unnecessary the greetings of 154 P,

* Letter in advocacy of the "Ragged Schools," by Charles Dickens.

or the delicate attention of the Bumbles of the workhouse.

A simple case will illustrate my position. A poor woman has sat down on the step of an unfrequented doorway, not so much to rest herself as to relieve the child, who seems in the extremity of weakness, and is as wasted and haggard as her miserable mother. The child, too old to be carried, soon falls asleep, and the policeman promptly and roughly desires the woman to get up. For a moment she remonstrates, and entreats—the child can't walk, but after a little rest they *may* be able to get on—she has looked about for such a place, where she can't hinder anybody. What is that to him? she must *move on*. "For God's sake" is but a beggar's appeal—he is used to it. She rises, and the frightened child cries and moans, and refuses to stand; and then the mother, for one only instant—in her agony—speaks bitterly to the poor child, but checks herself and fondles her. Endurance has schooled her well. Now, what is such a poor creature to do, if not one of the passers by will give a few minutes to comfort her, not by trying to convict her as an impostor, but to show,—

"To one who else were lonely, that another,
Of the great family is near and feels?"

Why, in that case, she could only look forward to the still continued walk of utter destitution, protracted till one or the other drop dead in the streets. She stands now close to a colossal sheet of plate glass, whose value alone would suffice to feed and clothe her for years, and behind which is exhibited, to tempt the "first class passengers," enough of luxury alone to support fifty such. Is she hungry? "Not much—the child has had a good breakfast." It is the only remaining one of six—and she has been a widow two years. She could immediately get work, and has a trade (mat making), but she cannot work while she must hold one hand to her child, and has no means of procuring a lodging where she could leave her a few hours to rest. She is afflicted with a heart disease,

and has *thrice* been discharged from hospitals "incurable." The child, having been "run over" by a carriage, has been well tended at the hospital; but on recovery has a malady, beyond the reach of art. She is "out of her mind," and subject to frequent convulsions. She had not begged; but hearing (and truly) that the Lord Mayor is a "kind good man," she had gone to the Mansion House, but was repulsed from the door by the servants. It is enough to tell, that sixpence more than sufficed to feed both that day, and to pay for a night's lodging, and to remunerate a woman for watching the child, while the mother went to one of her own sex, who had the heart to comfort and to help her; and that five shillings (three would have done, she said) took her out of the streets, and set her up in her trade.

Granted—there is a peculiarity in this case. The poor woman has one only child, and is a widow: therefore, although they may be housed for the night in the work-house, she must not leave the child there during the day; nor can she get any one to take charge of her, *for fear she should not return*; and so they walk on together.

But the Lord Mayor, who signs the contract for turtle for four thousand, during his year of rule (as I have been told), and who receives the heartfelt commendations due to his hospitality, "ne savent pas."

Yet it would be a shame to *seem* in any degree unmindful of the munificence of the rich, whose large and liberal bounties are profusely poured forth on all great occasions, and whose alacrity in responding to the demands of new charities is the pride of our happy country; it is only in "small things" that there is a deficiency—existing where it

is most felt, and caused by the headlong bustle of town-life, and a mistaken notion respecting the most direct way of alleviating distress, in the pursuit of which little more is necessary than a small capital of gentleness and sympathy, which is everybody's heir-loom, and which yields interest cent. per cent.

How palpable is His example, who "went about doing good," and who, not condemning the strict requisitions of the Formalist and the Pharisee, said, "These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone."

But, as, in treating of the water, I have often shown that tendency to get out of my depth, which exhibits little more than indiscreet boldness; so, having now got into the crowded streets, it is evident that I am losing my way. Let me then get back to my last starting point, which was simply the question between the country and the town—between healthy and unwholesome excitements; and which, as I proceeded, seemed to be involved in the point which has engaged me in much anxious thought.

Looking at the moving, interesting masses that we see in towns, with every variety of solicitude

marked in the careful faces, it is not to be forgotten that a large proportion of those whom we see intently labouring on, are striving to accomplish a certain end, which shall enable them to get *away* from the toil and bustle; yet the very eagerness and impatience which goad them on, exhibit them as slaves of an unsound intellect.

Eminent authorities are quoted as putting forth this opinion: "Not one in a hundred is *sane*." And if, indeed, "*anger*" be "brief madness," what shall we call *revenge* and settled *hatred*? What is *envy*, that would exalt itself by pulling down a rival? What is *avarice*, built upon the greedy, griping, striving vigilance that poisons the heart, and then absorbs every other energy? What is headlong *ambition*, which urges on its course heedless what is overturned or trampled on between it and its object? That all this is truly said to be madness, none will deny; but there are the nicer shades which equally bespeak a disordered mind. Who is there, whose judgment (however limited its scope) is, upon every subject, unbiassed and free? Is there no bargain made for some darling indulgence, no attempt to still the conflict by a perverted reasoning, and to reconcile wrong with right in consideration

of the weakness of our nature? The class who record their true verdict against us, are not (by the materials of their art) gifted to "minister to a mind diseased," wide and extensive as is the range for the undisputed sway of medical science. Yet, as in the matter of religious faith thousands bow their prostrate mind, in slavish submission of their conscience, to the priests and monks; so with the body, the great majority, too much the creatures of habit to think for themselves, yield their common reason in blind subjection to long usage, and the prescriptive guidance of the physician. For both of these classes there is a WATER CURE.

It would be most unbecoming in me to attempt to undervalue the great achievements of science, or to forget that of Nature's gifts are—

"many for virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different;"

and still more unpardonable to be heedless of the Providence that gives "the fruit of the tree for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine;" and yet, referring to the sentence which I have quoted, I see the very perfection of that "leaf" depending upon the "waters that issued out of the Sanctuary."

I merely assert the *limited* power (direct though

it be) of a pill, or a potion, or a tonic, "and all that;" having the immediate effect for which it is administered, and yielding *temporary* relief, but exercising no influence on the nerves, or the brain, or the mind, but to harass and to irritate, and, with every renewed appeal, to help to bring on a state of body which results in actual dependance on the artificial aids.

Having ventured upon unreserve, and trying to strengthen my position by such simplicities of reasoning and experience as I am able to give, I say that it seems to me clear and indisputable, that, except in cases of actual organic disease, the discovery of PREISSNITZ, to which, year by year, the stores of experience have added weight, and which has been tested by evidence not to be gainsaid, exhibits the elements of a system, powerful to release the diseased or enfeebled body from the accumulated evils of an artificial existence; and that the characteristic marks of that relief are imparted at once to the *whole frame*, which responds with alacrity to the exhilarating influence.

"We ransack the ends of the earth for drugs and minerals—we extract our potions from the

deadliest poisons—but around us, and about us, Nature, the great Mother, proffers the Hygeian fount unsealed, and accessible by all.”

Although I feel that I am venturing beyond my power to maintain by argument my position, I yet am strong in the *presumption*; because in detailing my experience, I am supported by others—by men of high intellect, who having sought the ordinary relief from toil of mind, or bodily suffering, by habitually leaving the immediate excitements of the town, for the alleviation afforded by the delights of travel, and the full enjoyment of social and domestic affections, have yet experienced and appreciated the impulsive influence which I have asserted, and which I believe to be simply and securely based upon the sympathy between the mind and its frail tenement.

A relative of mine, very amiable and *conscientious* in her way, was severely rated by her best friend, for undue compliance with a bad custom, which engrossed her sympathies, *killed* her time, and obtained such an ascendancy over her, that every evening was devoted to the *cards*. Recreation it was *not*—it was her chief employment; and any

other occupation was the mind's relief. In reply to the remonstrance addressed to her, she said that she felt she had authority for such compliance with custom, "for you know, my dear, the Scriptures say, Be ye conformed to this world." Poor soul! When she was told that the words are, "Be *not* conformed," she was in despair, confessing that she had "lived for thirty years upon the license given in that one text." *

In like manner it seems to me that in the BOOK OF NATURE it is written, — Be not conformed to a system (however profound), which deals with a single ailment—helps you out of the ditch, and leaves you weak and spiritless on the brink—ready to tumble in again. I believe that the multitude, content with "ancient error," and yielding to priestly guidance, do not take the trouble to appeal to Nature's Book, with more than that superficial glance that they give to the Book of Life, by which they are scarcely qualified to appeal *from* the voice that of late we often hear from the pulpit, asserting that the Revealed WORD is a *deficient* rule, and

* It was the same cursory glance at the Book that excited her astonishment at finding such a sentiment as—"Hang all the law and the prophets."

teaching (in effect), "Search *not* the Scriptures." If I am wrong, I am in the peculiar and disagreeable position of believing that I have come to my senses—having something to show to back that opinion—and yet being more *mad* than ever.

In the avowal that I make, I am far from disregarding public opinion, and painfully alive to the danger of offending against good taste; not so bold as to defy *ridicule*, but horribly afraid of it,—yet from all this I would not shrink, by stopping short of the purpose with which I set out. I will only add, if such a power as I have asserted *is* placed within our reach—if the sacrifices to be made for its attainment *are*, in the event, less than nothing; of how great importance is the adaptation, in some modified degree, of the habits of Hydropathists to the YOUNG, fresh to receive impressions—surrounded by allurements, and courted by every attractive form of intemperance; and whom we long to see strengthened in all that bears the appeal to calm and sober judgment, or plucks the mask from impurity.

I see that these few pages, which have occasioned me more anxiety than any thing else connected with my journal, are gloomy and crabbed. I cannot

help this. My simple aim to speak truth, and to deal with the subject as unreservedly as I dared, has been accomplished; and I will, therefore, not regret having, in the effort, brought my mind to something of the tone of the melancholy moralist—

“It is good to be sad—I do love it better than laughing.”

A very elegant little “Tribute to Hydropathy” has been sent to me by a friend (by J. E. Eardley Wilmot, Esq.,—Cleaver, Baker Street), from which I would gladly quote, did my plan permit any extension of matter. It is full of interest, and most attractively penned. I cannot resist transcribing a sentence or so. At the Water Cure “The mind is constantly kept either passive or amused, and becoming gradually disengaged from the pressure of disease, expatiates in new ideas which are of a gay and cheering aspect.” “It is wrong to drink large draughts of cold water *without exercise*. Of the immediate *local* influence of the processes of the Water Cure, by stimulating the circulation where it is most needed, Mr. Eardley Wilmot remarks, “When a part becomes affected, the blood flows more rapidly into it, than when in a state of health.”

The author also advocates the very palatable idea, that in some cases Wine is admissible.

One more sentence and I conclude, with a recommendation to all who feel an interest in the subject to read the whole essay.

“The ascent of steep eminences acts beneficially upon the chest and diaphragm.”

I wish “the chest and diaphragm” joy of the Beacon, the Camp Hill, and the whole range of the “steep eminences” of Malvern.

In my sure and steady progress it has been a great comfort to me, that even when struck with a panic on my return from Malvern, and when the dread was upon me that my suffering was in some sort a consequence of the Water Treatment, I refused to take the prescribed medicine, and wrote to my Water Doctor. I knew the danger of applying to drugs to remedy an evil apparently resulting from water. Having had several returns of an eruption on the back and legs, and, carefully watching this symptom, I held myself in readiness to start off to Malvern to be *treated* by the Doctor. Alas! I had no such excuse. The pimples subsided, and after six weeks altogether ceased. So with the neuralgic

pains. They did not *suddenly* leave me. On my return they frequently visited me, but changed in character, confined to the leg and neck, and at intervals gradually lengthened; until, with a feeble apology for a twinge, they entirely ceased, at the expiration of two months from my departure from Malvern.

Who can say, after the evidence that I have given, that the course of treatment adopted at Malvern produces nothing beyond a sudden and evanescent hilarity, and an unnatural stimulus? I say advisedly: if the result, quickly produced, be not sustained and confirmed, it is either the patient's own fault, or, probably, his inability to persist in the rules laid down by the Doctor.

My six months experience warrants me in indulging the confident hope that the blessings enjoyed by me are substantial; that the happy effects of the Water System are yet *increasing*; and that the earnest enthusiasm which warms my advocacy of it will still be fed by an enduring sense of freedom from bodily ailments, and from any apprehension of relapse.

But, in the spirit that shall "nothing extenuate," I desire to admit in this place, that there is a *direct result* of the Water Cure, of very fre-

quent occurrence, and so calamitous in its effects, that it is often known to destroy the peace of whole families; and which (rather than deal in mere assertion) I will illustrate by one case; because I can vouch for its accuracy, having, indeed, been made the depositary of the sorrows of one who was deeply interested for the unhappy sufferers. It is a case which, in its details, might well occupy an elegant pocket volume; but I give the leading facts:—

A very worthy couple, past the meridian of life, and who had been married eighteen years, had no children. They had lived an artificial life of much gaiety, and had deemed it necessary to have a physician in close attendance for ten or twelve years; in spite of which enviable advantage, and the benign influence of the frequent presence of the doctor, even at the dinner table, both had gradually, sympathetically, and exactly keeping pace (like a true English couple), become seriously ill! Captain Claridge's book was placed (by some designing person) in the hands of the lady, who, true to the attributes of our first mother, gave it to her husband, and they jointly searched among the forbidden leaves.

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Soon after their return from the Water Cure, in

perfect health, the husband was observed to be retired in his habits, and frequently engaged with a legal friend, who had usurped the chair at the table formerly occupied by the physician. He was often in close consultation, also, with his wife; and the lady's maid mentioned to her cousin, that she heard the crackling of parchments on such occasions.

* * * *

There were great rejoicings at the birth of the little girl; nor did either parent exhibit the least vexation because she could not inherit the estates, their fortune being large, independent of the Castle and the family acres. The nephews and niecés, who are the subjects of this distressing tale, knew that the *will* in their favour must have been superseded; but, thank Heaven! the estates were yet safe (being entailed, in the event of uncle not having an "heir male").

Now, mark the thorough-going malignity of the Water Cure, only qualified by that deliberate and cautious conduct that, "wisely and slow," too surely attains its full purpose. The little girl had scarcely attained the age of twelve months, when, on the anniversary of her very birthday—an HEIR was born!

Thus was the sure expectation of thirteen

children of a highly esteemed M.D. balked, and their prospects nipped ere they had budded—and all this through the avowed agency of the Water Cure.

Another and another addition was at reasonable intervals made to constitute what may now be truly called “the family circle” (when the party is assembled at the round breakfast table); and the habits of Hydropathists being the rules of the house, it must be confessed that the children, who have inherited the constitution of their parents, exhibit a formidable array of healthful faces. I may add, that the eldest boy has, at this time, attained an age which qualifies him to advocate the principles in which he has been trained; for, having detected the lady’s maid peeping through the key-hole, and having deliberated, squirted a quantity of ink into her eye, he stated, that he did it to give her an opportunity of trying the Water Cure.

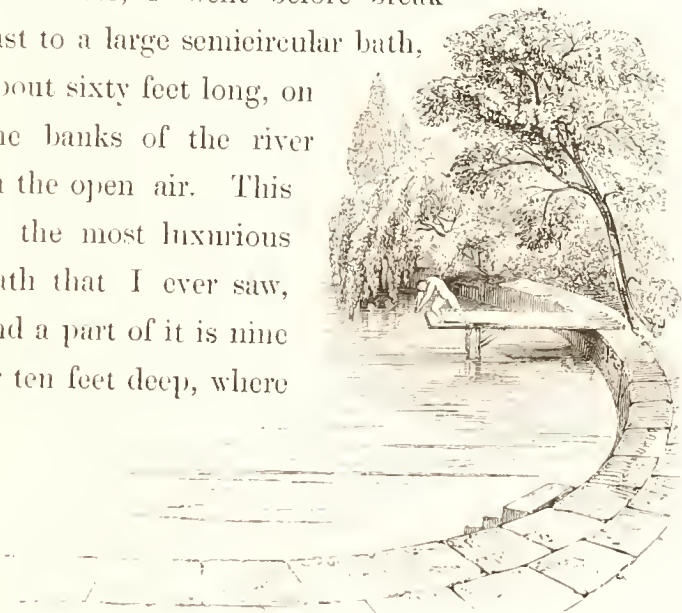
In the inference which is implied in this tale, let me not be misunderstood. I candidly admit that many people who have never been Water Patients have babies. Let any sceptic, who desires to be convinced, go to the Regent’s Park on a fine Sunday afternoon, and conviction will flash upon his mind. All that I assert is, that there is

a marked and characteristic distinction between water babies and "wine and beer" babies ; between those who come into the world under the influence of *spirits* mighty to destroy, and the more fortunate whose sponsor is the lovely and the faithful UNDIS.

I may as well make a passing remark upon the luxury of bathing in the river or the sea, the only obstacle to the full enjoyment of which is *fear*, and the only evil, remaining in the water too long ; and yet there is no exercise in which confidence is so soon acquired as swimming. Until a boy can swim, he must not be *so* daring as to plunge where he has not ascertained the depth, even in the presence of those who could assist him in any danger, but when sure that he is not out of his depth, let him learn to fear nothing, and to trust to the certainty that while he is self-possessed he is safe. Let him keep his eyes *open* under the water, which is in every one's power, and this will give increased confidence, while no limb is stiffened, but action is free and unrestrained. He should rest upon the water as on a feather bed, and it will not fail him. Before the plunge, he should wet his head and chest, which will enable him to take a longer dive.

I am not aware what is the most healthy hour for this bathing, as I have heard conflicting opinions, which, however, only vary between the time before breakfast and an hour or so before dinner.

Being at Bath during the early part of this last November, I went before breakfast to a large semicircular bath, about sixty feet long, on the banks of the river in the open air. This is the most luxurious bath that I ever saw, and a part of it is nine or ten feet deep, where



a board is projected for plunging; the rest being of the uniform depth of about five feet.

Having, in some sort, expressed my sense of obligation to Docter and fellow-patients, there is yet one debt of grateful regard that I have scarcely ac-

knowledged: and before I proceed to my promised conclusion, I would fain enjoy a *flight* to Malvern; once more exercise my valued privilege, and standing before the threshold, where sits enshrined the lady of the house, hear the gentle voice that used to welcome my request to be admitted.

I would show myself in better condition than that in which I last took leave; and then, mindful of the attributes of an English wife, and of the privacy which is her chief content, I would pause (as I do now) for want of words briefly to convey the tribute of my thanks for kind and considerate attention, for the harmony of our happy evenings, and for the homefelt spirit, that, playing about the quiet of that retirement, diffused its graces to bespeak to all the house "the agréments of Malvern."

I would then play with the boy, kiss the baby, cordially and gratefully shake hands with the lady, and wish the present race of patients joy of the influence that pervades the circle, through "the noiseless solicitude of a heart genuinely kind and good."



Having arrived at the end of the notes which I had (ill) arranged to guide me in writing this Sequel, I desire to wind up with an appeal full of the kindness and cordiality that should be the essence of a FAREWELL, and thus concluding as I commenced, to invest in the language of SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, the sincerity of my own wishes.

“HERE then, O brothers, O afflicted ones, I bid you farewell! I wish you one of the most blessed friendships man ever made—the familiar intimacy with Water. Not Undine, in her virgin existence, more sportive and bewitching—not Undine in her wedded state more tender and faithful, than the element of which she is the type. In health you may find it the joyous playmate, in sickness the genial restorer and soft assuager. Round the healing spring still literally dwell the jocund nymphs in whom the Greek poetry personified mirth and ease. No drink, whether composed of the gums and resin of the old Falernian, or the alcohol and acid of moderate wine, gives the animal spirits which rejoice the Water drinker. Let him who has to go through severe bodily fatigue try, first, whatever wine, spirits, beer, porter, he may conceive most

generous and supporting; let him then go through the same toil with no draught but from the crystal lymph, and if he does not acknowledge that there is no beverage which man concocts so strengthening and animating as that which God pours forth to all the children of Nature, I throw up my brief. Finally, as health depends upon healthful habits, let those who desire easily and luxuriously to glide into the courses most agreeable to the human frame, to enjoy the morning breeze, to grow epicures in the simple regimen, to become eased in armour against the vicissitudes of our changeful skies, to feel, and to shake off, light sleep as a blessed dew; let them, while the organs are yet sound, and the nerves yet unshattered, devote an autumn to the Water Cure."



POSTSCRIPT



LONDON, JAN. 1846.

TO JAMES WILSON, M.D.

&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR SIR,

Opening an Arabic MS. at what, in my simplicity, I thought the title page, my attention was caught by these words, written on the fly-leaf by a former possessor:—"This book, like all other Hebrew books, begins at the latter end."

When the mysterious characters which composed that page were explained to me, I was impressed by the earnestness with which the work was concluded, and sent forth by its author (after the manner of Eastern writers) as something upon which he might invoke a blessing from "the Giver of all Good."

It is with this impression, and an approach to the same feeling, that I desire to conclude my Diary; having experienced, and witnessed enough of Hydropathy, to justify my belief that it is the greatest blessing that Providence ever revealed for the preservation or restoration of health; and actuated by an earnest wish to help, by a detail of my experience, to excite that spirit of inquiry into the principles of the science, which I am in no degree qualified to explain, never having (as I before stated) read any book on the subject.

So "respicie finem," my dear Doctor; take up this as you would study any "other Hebrew book," and think it no ill compliment, that I introduce your name at the *end* of my Journal; while I do my best to show you that "the pith is in the postscript."

Five months had passed since I completed my short course of training at Malvern, when I wrote the *foregoing* Sequel; since which time I have continued, in spite of opposition, "foreign and domestic," to pursue my drinkings, bathings, walkings, and occasional packings, implicitly obeying the simple rules laid down by you; and so far from having to retract any item of my statement, I pro-

ceed with confidence, confirmed by habit and experience; freed from the slavery of purgatives and tonics, and having attained that moral courage which has warranted me in practising, in a small way, upon two of my children, with the happiest result in both cases.

The elder, aged eighteen, I found, after a sleepless night, in a burning fever; the skin dry and hot, as if it had been exposed to a furnace, with the exception of the feet, which were quite cold. The tongue, although she had been drinking water all the night, was dry and hard—of a dark yellow colour with a red streak in the middle: she had also been vomiting. Having given her a simple emetic,* I put her feet into cold water for ten minutes, and having well rubbed them, they were quickly warm. We then swathed her in the wet sheet, when she slept for an hour. Only awakened then by a tap at the door. She immediately slept again for another hour, when she was in a *steaming* heat, and *feeling* quite well. The tongue had become in two hours uniformly *white* and *moist*.

* The emetic administered by hydropathists is simply warm water, and often *cold*, which *exhausts* still less.

After full enjoyment of the cold bath, being quickly dressed, I took her into the park. There was but a slight return of fever at night, and on the following day she took a long journey. The attack was quite subdued.

The younger, six years old, I "packed" for a violent cold attended with fever. I was told that she was getting well before I attacked her; but I thought not. In any case, the packing refreshed her, and she *enjoyed* it, sleeping soundly for an hour in the "magic girdle," and the following day was perfectly well.

Upon another occasion in February similar symptoms in the same child demanded the same treatment. She was *whole packed*. Our friend the Apothecary witnessing the entire process—the soothing influence, the sweet sleep to her who had not closed her eyes all night, the subsiding of the pulse which had been 148, the perfect ease engendered, and all in one hour! Then the *tepid* bath, and the gentle walk with Papa to complete the cure. *She was quite well!* The fever had been drawn from her. It had escaped through the open pores, and we took it away in the hot sheet and blankets that had encased her. Then were the

pores (the outlets) elosed by the bath, and the patient so protected from cold.

In giving you a summary of my present state of body, as contrasted with that enfeebled and shabby condition which induced my appeal to the Water Cure, I begin, for consistency's sake, "at the latter end;" of which I have nothing to tell, but that "Nature's own padding" (as you call flesh and muscle) has considerably increased upon the bones, and added to the comfort of a siesta.

Dismissing this subject, I proceed, by an easy transition, to the *kitchen*; and here, in place of the miserable disorder which reigned in every department, I find a state of regularity, which has existed, without the slightest interruption, since the second week of my visit to Malvern. Who shall say that this result alone is not worth a month's residence at Malvern, and a good excuse for a month's happy holiday? It is worth years of penance and mortification. I have heard that "stomach is temper;" and all will admit, that while a naturally bad temper will be modified by a good digestion, the most perfect temper could scarcely preserve its balance in the miseries and tortures of dyspepsia.

Leaving you to settle the catalogue of diseases or ailments arising out of a disordered stomach, I wish you joy of the fact (as I believe it to be) that the Water Cure, properly administered, *never* fails to induce that regular and healthy action of which the stomach is the centre.

“Hence it follows that nameless and countless complaints, proceeding from derangement of the stomach, cease as that great machine is restored to order.”

In my case I may state, without reserve or qualification, that what I eat proceeds to its destination, without leaving the slightest trace of its progress, by heartburn or any inconvenience whatever, and is there speedily cooked and laid aside by the most approved process.

You desired me to sit still after dinner, and to sleep if possible. It is possible, and very pleasant; and although I feel it to be now *unnecessary*, except as a remedy for unusual fatigue, I have indulged in it, and contracted the habit.

I now *drop* a few words in praise of my right leg, and will then resume the ascending scale, in my detail of bodily perfections. The halting gait which I took to Malvern having been conquered by

a few days training, and the stiff knee made practicable, I soon attained that degree of strength which was not exhausted by my walks of twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen miles in the day; and this power has been fully maintained up to the present time.

Not having very clear ideas respecting the various offices of the heart, liver, and lungs, I will only remark how well they keep their places; how quietly and unobtrusively they perform their several duties, not reminding me of their presence by any irregular or fluttering pulsation, by any inactivity requiring a stimulant, or by the least discomfort of any kind.

The right arm and hand are as sensitive and efficient as ever; the free healthy circulation extends to the fingers' ends, and "my hands are of your colour." Thus has been established that good fellowship between "the belly and its members," which not only constitutes the chief animal enjoyment of life, but controls and soothes every form of mental or nervous excitement.

I now arrive in my retrograde course at the head; and here I am utterly at a loss to convey to you my estimate of the manifold good resulting

from your treatment, and which involves the blessings of renewed memory, of mental energy, and entire emancipation from that leaden weight of sluggishness, which no effort of discipline could in any degree control; with strength of sight restored, and an autumnal crop of young hair on my head, where the soil had yielded no return for two years' watering with the Shower Bath.

What cannot the Douche accomplish?

Under this *head* I may as well remark, that I have no occasion to resume the use of spectacles, unless in copying a miniature or a Daguerreotype, which demands a magnifying power; or when fatigued by writing, and proceeding immediately to work by lamplight. Let me not forget that when I went to Malvern, I could not even use my pen without glasses.

What more need I add? In place of a wasting and enfeebled frame, of constantly returning low fever, which never left me more than a few days' interval of comparative ease, of a prostration of mental power, which made my life burdensome to myself and useless to others, and of the habitual endurance of those neuralgic symptoms, from which there was but one step to the loss of mus-

cular power on the right side, I am now stronger than I have been for ten years past, and equal to any exertion of body or of mind. I have gained a stone in weight,* since I left the balmy air, the holy water, and the lovely hills of Malvern: I have established an appetite expensive and insatiable; nor have I ever occasion, after a meal, to think what I have eaten, feeling my digestion equal to the management of "a donkey and a hamper of greens;" and the last symptoms of neuralgic pain, which had lingered in the leg and neck only (and left no *numbness* on subsiding), have long since vanished.

My mouth and tongue had been for many years a misery to me. The least irregularity of diet was followed by severe punishment; and any indulgence in fruit or other acids, was the cause of ulcers in the mouth and soreness of tongue, to which I had become so inured, that I never thought to be relieved from the habitual pain: and as an excuse for perfect articulation, I was often obliged to plead,

* I have once more visited the weighing machine, in this present month of May, and I find that, far from having lost the additional *stone* that I had gained in six weeks, after leaving Malvern, I have increased in weight between eight and nine pounds.

“I am not drunk, but have a sore mouth.” Of this distressing symptom I have never had the slightest return. When, by the advice of Dr. —, I left town, he said all that he could (conscientiously) to cheer me: he hoped that I might wear out the predisposition to disease, by total cessation from all labour of body or mind, by the new milk and rum, and the sarsaparilla system; but he frankly added, that I “must not expect to make *old bones*.”

How stands the case now? I feel that I have a sense of capacity of mind to meet and battle against any difficulty that may create a demand, and a strength of body that, I think, I *never* knew before. It is no presumptuous confidence that encourages me to look forward in thankfulness and trust to the enjoyment of that period when “old bones,” the frame work of a healthy fabrick, shall help to constitute the latter portion of life—“my real, my younger youth;” when, reverting to the blessings, which I may date from my adoption of my present habits, I may say—

“*Therefore*, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.”

I leave to others the question *how* and through

what channels the internal and outward application of cold water arrives at its result ; I have only to state that result in my own case, and to attribute it duly to the agent administered by you.

I have done my best to show how, with implicit faith in a system of which I knew nothing, and in you, of whom I had learned all that should inspire the fulness of confidence, I have pursued the habits in which I was initiated at Malvern ; and have thus arrived, through God's blessing, at a state of perfect bodily health, which leaves nothing to be desired but its continuance.

I must not omit to mention that my son exhibited, on his return, that remarkable change which you anticipated, and which you saw abundantly realized before we left Malvern ; and that in his case there has been no *disturbance*—no check to the progressive improvement.

Let me trust that the invasion of your household privacy, which is necessarily involved in the publication of my Journal, will not be in any degree disagreeable to any party concerned ; that the jesting spirit that has possessed me may not be deemed offensive ; that I have not in any instance, where I have professed to quote your words, made

any material mistake ; and that, in every case, I may rely upon the kind interpretation of my motives.

I hope that I have told enough to disabuse the mind of many a sufferer who has shrunk from the fancied severities or discomforts of the Water Cure, and to induce many more to *dive* deeply into the subject, and to rise to the surface (upon which alone I presume to play) as full of health, strength, and energy, as he who, in the spirit in which he commenced this letter, desires to follow the example of the devout Muslim ;*—

PRAISE BE TO GOD, THE LORD OF ALL CREATURES,
WHO HATH SENT DOWN FROM HEAVEN,
AS A MEANS OF PURIFICATION,
WATER.



* Koran, chap. xxv. v. 50.

P P S



MAY 1, 1846.

By anxious occupation, and the desire to add many wood-cuts to my volume, for which I could not make time, I have been induced to delay the publication. It also seemed to me advisable to qualify myself for adding a

FEW LAST WORDS

on my winter's experience of the habits that I had contracted and established; and so to meet the objection to the use of cold water, so often urged, that it may be very well in the hot weather, but in cold and frost! Now I say, without qualification of any kind, that I cannot conceive any state more calculated to induce in me a morbid state of body, than a return to the daily routine of habits which I have altogether thrown off; and yet those habits were simply the beaten track of the vast majority, and by no means inconsistent with sobriety. The

hours, the rules, the habits, that I *have* adopted. "tend perforce to train the body to the highest pitch of enjoyment of which it is capable." And this in winter *as* in summer, with some slight modifications in my practice.

I will not, however, deal too largely in assertion, but, as far as I am concerned, go into detail,—seek to give up a point where I can, even if I had tried to establish it as a strong-hold, and say with the showman—

"Look, and you shall see."

To discipline my mind, therefore, I begin with making concessions.

CONCESSION 1.—In the hour of rising, I slowly and surely *slid* on from six to half past, until within a month of the shortest day I made a decided *halt* at seven. It was then but fair to *sit up* an additional hour, and, by taking leave till half-past eleven, to strike a balance with Time.

CONCESSION 2.—I have accepted invitations to dinner occasionally; but (there I *had* them) I dined at home at two, and *suppered* in company at seven: and this I have done, not only with impunity

(except on one memorable occasion, on which I shall enlarge), but with advantage; taking no wine, eating with becoming, genteel, moderation, as young ladies who have had their substantial luncheon; and *walking* home to bed in reasonable time.

CONCESSION 3.—I have *once* been to the play; and thus broken my vow, to avoid for a time late hours and overheated rooms and crowded assemblies: but then, I came away *early* (just seeing the commencement only of the afterpiece,) and although the rain was considerable, I *walked* back according to rule. The inducement was the amateur performance, projected and got up by Dickens. *He* must not attempt any thing that he is not to do as well as it *can* be done. It was this feeling that made me jealous for him, when I saw him stand up to speak at a public dinner. In two minutes I was at ease. He is the very best after-dinner speaker that I ever heard: very earnest, impulsive, and eloquent, and altogether free from affectation or formality. The same anxiety took me to the private play at Miss Kelly's Theatre. I applied to the Fountain-head (I must honour him with a hydropathic title), and was admitted. Not having

read the play, I hoped to have the benefit of the fable as well as the embodied characters. Vain hope! The gentleman who first stepped forward was highly Tractarian; the words were absorbed by gesture and deportment gentlemanly, deliberate, solemn, and impressive; but if one *might* now and then catch a word—surely the words are of *some* value, especially when one seeks to mark the opening of the story—But Bobadil! The admirable costume, the perfection of swagger, the forbearance of extravagant action, in a case where he might have taken license, the highly wrought PICTURE, was not all—the colour of *language*, the lights and shades of *voice*, the perfection of *emphasis*, “the sound an echo to the sense”—all bespoke consummate skill and discretion. After the *disgrace* of Bobadil—poor creature! I never saw any thing so perfectly abject, even in a practised actor. Every grace of diction (for *Pistol* has his graces) seemed intuitive, and the result was a masterpiece—for a gentleman.* I thought Master Stephen not funny,

* I am reminded, by my own remark, of a question once addressed to me, respecting a friend of mine, whose name was mentioned. “Is he an *artist*, or a *gentleman*?” (She is not likely to forget having *put* that question, or conceived that idea.)

but *quaint*, which is a higher quality, and the whole character elaborately and skilfully filled up. Brainworm too; but of Kately I am at a loss to express my admiration, or the surpassing effect upon the “wonder-wounded hearers.” I *think* it was overacted—*too* full of power; but so highly wrought, and impressed by the most beautiful voice that I ever heard—I rejoiced that the personation was *full* blown. I have seen Lablache, with bearing as full of the *mind* of a great artist, and the same masterly control of action. I never saw any thing *more* admirable. It seemed to me *not* the result of deep study or practice, nor of imitation. All this would have secured him from over-acting, and helped him to rein in his impulse. It was a rich display of natural gifts, without which no cultivation could have produced the result. But if I write down Bobadil “second best,” because, *me judice* (that is, I being a judge), Kately’s position is indisputable; let not the said Kately—in his conceit perchance—conceive that I mean to exalt him as a paragon; far from it. I saw on that occasion what was, to me, the richest treat of the evening, and “beat every thing else to a spanking smash.” This was the appearance, bodily and in

magnificent costume, of our friend, "that Townley," the water patient of *one week*; to whose sensitive delicacy, Bardon paid a tribute never to be forgotten (page 157). Oh, could Bardon have seen him that night! The wonder was, that he was not "shy of any body seeing of him" in such abundance and splendour of dress—all feathers, and lace, and spangles!—Not a bit of it. There was the same distinguishing, complacent, quiet manner, all among the diamonds; and the same expression of countenance, heightened with rouge. I saw at once how it was. Compliant and kind, ever ready to oblige, he had put on a rich dress, but not changed *characters*—assumed the clothes only. His rôle was that of a *gentleman*, to which he was in the manner born—a *Town* gentleman; and so he had only to learn the words, and move about as was his habit: and very well he did, though I thought he wanted his eye-glass now and then. Let me say, that discretion of habitual ease and good manners is not so readily carried on to the boards; and it is no slight praise to accord to our hero that, *as* I saw him at the Doctor's, *so* I found him, in all but costume, at Miss Kelly's Theatre. Had his character told of country life! Poor Mr. T., he would have

made a sad mess of it, unless he had prepared himself by a week or so at Malvern; and any getting into *low* life quite out of the question.

I hope this is not impertinent. I have been led unintentionally from the beaten track, while making my confession of having had an intellectual debauch, and pleading my excuse; and have rejoiced to get away from Self: yet it is hardly fair, that those who are kind enough to go along with me in my egotistical detail, to walk with me, bathe with me, and drink with me, should on coming home to my quiet study, find

A CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.

CONFESSION 4.—I have ten or twelve times been unable to get to the top of Primrose Hill, as the path has occasionally been impracticable, even by my sturdy high-lows; but I have been even with it, and had my revenge; walking twice as far on the nearly level ground in or around the park. I rejoice in the commencement of the enclosure of Primrose Hill, which has been purchased by Government, to be included with the park; and to which all will have free access. There will be a tunnel under the road, and gravel paths for pedes-

trians leading to the summit. *Then*—I shall not pause at the foot of the hill.

The question of the erection of some national monument on this commanding eminence, which, but for its situation, would be a contemptible hillock, has been long discussed, and I think I can settle the point.

To be sure, the idea of a colossal statue of George IV, the "Regent," who gave the Park its name, might be appropriate—but, oh! that the breezes might convey, through the shrubs and trees of the park, and over the chimnies and steeples, to the "Woods and Forests," *my* suggestion—A PUMP. Let designs be sent in for competition. Thus, in addition to its own attractions, might be alleviated the *aggravation* of looking every morning upon that exquisite oblong filtering bed of the West Middlesex Water Company (with its playful ripple, and the white sloping sides), into which we dare not plunge. I have often speculated upon the probable penalty that would be incurred by undressing under cover of the bank—rushing to the edge, and plunging into the brilliant basin, to swim to the other side. If the man at the cottage manned the punt, and put out to stop me, he could

not catch me till I had accomplished the feat, and then—a guinea at Marlborough Street Police Office would be well spent; and the idea uppermost at such times is that “expense is no object.”

One of the very few early walkers, whom I have met upon the hill, was a well-built gentleman, who had always bathed—I knew it by the flush on his face; yet the mere bath would scarcely account for his excited and energetic manner—rushing to and fro, as if he could scarcely contain his joy. At length, one morning, he spoke; “Have you been in the canal?” “No! I always bathe at home.”—“You *ought* to go into the canal; you are wrong; you should see the *ripple*. I do every morning; there’s nothing like it. (Then, with great energy) The police won’t disturb you if you go before half-past six; take your towel—here’s mine—plunge in and swim across; and then in again, and back to your clothes.” I ventured to suggest dead cats and dogs: he hastily replied, “No such thing!—no such thing!—all fancy: I go in *every* morning! The fact is, I have been bit by a dog, and (with tremendous energy) *I don’t like it!!!*” I remarked, “Why, surely you don’t mind that; I saw my brother once *covered* with the saliva of a dog raving

mad, and it never hurt him ; he just *cauterized* the wounds. Don't think of it." To this he answered, " I am glad to hear you speak *so*, for everybody else tells me, when I say what has happened, *I had rather you than I*, or something of that sort. The dog takes his meals, and seems pretty well ; I give him his water every morning, and he drinks it, so there can be no *danger* ; and as to *me*, I say there's nothing so beautiful, so exquisite, as the *ripple* on the surface."

I met an intimate friend one fine morning on the hill, and, in my delight to see him stout and well, I concluded that he had been to the water. " Not a drop of it, my dear fellow ; Doctor Jephson's system with rest, air, and exercise, have set me up. Truly we arrive at a given point by various paths. I am curious to see how *those* to the top of Primrose Hill will be varied.

Hydropathists *have no corns*. The Water Cure is the sure eradicator and annihilator of these excrescences ; by the frequent washings and friction counteracting the evil influence of *leather* boots and shoes.

CONCESSION 5 might have been merged in Concession 2, but in the fulness of my resolution

to confess to the utmost, I treat it separately, that I may "point a moral," which shall be, BEWARE NESSELRODE PUDDING, and in the words of Doctor Wilson, beg the thoughtful reader to "have mercy on his stomach."

Accepting an irresistible invitation, I sat down to dinner. (The luxury of an occasional excess of this kind is greatly increased by the opportunity afforded of enjoying *extra* water doings in the preparation; an additional Sitz, and head and foot bath before dressing—but of the *pudding*.) The whole party was hard upon it, calling it horrible names; and the charming young lady who presided over it (for it was too sensitive to be handed round) was accused as a dispenser of "*poison*." I could not endure this; my affection for the one suggested complacency towards the other; and asserting that a Hydropathist might eat any thing (but "that was my brag"), I made a reckless application for a portion of the pudding, and to the admiration of my friends rushed desperately "in medias res."

It was very nice indeed. I had a *second* small portion. "The proof of the pudding was decidedly *not* in the eating," for on the following morning

* * * * *

By perseverance on the second day in the simple diet, and drinking an honest gallon of water, the enemy was driven out; but the sensitive state thus induced, rendered me open to any scoundrel that might be prowling about the house. *Influenza* had taken the round of all but the water patient, and finding me in this condition, pounced upon me, a helpless, spiritless victim, and got the advantage of me. I wrote to the Doctor, opened my "medicine chest" (consisting of sheet and blankets), and on the next morning packed for two hours. The head-cold kept eyes and nose weeping, and the sore throat reminded me of bad old days, and after my cold bath, I put on my *great coat* for the early walk. I drank like a fish, had "mercy on my stomach," perfectly cured my sore throat by a wet *compress* round it at night; and by another wet sheet fomentation for two hours, (followed by the cold bath), was perfectly restored.

But for my indulgence in this atrocious, delicious, infernal compound, I should have passed the winter without ache or ailment of the slightest kind, excepting a sensation rather more than satisfactory after dinner on Christmas Day, but which passed off, as much as I wished, during a nap of

twenty minutes, leaving nothing of unpleasant retrospect on the mind; and even that temporary effect was not the result of the soup, nor the turkey, with its accompaniments, nor of the "second help" to pudding—it was the holly, with its bunch of red berries, that was stuck in the middle.

I may here quote Dr. Wilson's directions to me in reply to my letter, although the abstemiousness, the packings, and the compress sufficed to cure me thoroughly, nor did I use *tepid* water.

"If comfortable in the sheet, remain for two hours. If the morning be *wet*, do n't go out. Bath at 65 deg. Fahr. for two or three minutes. Not to go out of doors after four, p.m. this severe weather."

"Influenza is not to be bullied."

If more be necessary, one "sweating" in blankets.

CONCESSION 6.—I *once* wore a great coat for the early walk, as stated above, and confess that the necessity for it was brought about by my own fault.

CONCESSION 7.—My new crop of hair has *not* made the bold and successful advances so confidently promised by my friend Bardon, and to this

day insisted upon as certain by my boy. Shut out from the chance of *seeing* it, until it chooses to look over the horizon, like an array of masts indicating the approaching fleet, I can only speak to *touch*, and I must confess that it is *downy* to a fault. I would not for worlds doubt the truth of my informant. Oh, dear no! the top *was*, as he says, "so very *shiny*;" there was no *sign* of growth; hydro-oxygen microscopes might attest it; and, *of course*, the hair *is* longer and thicker every time he looks at it,—in his opinion: yet there may be an error in judgment. I have tried to discipline my mind to bears' grease or castor oil, just to prove him right; but no,—Nature revolts at it.*

CONCESSION 8.—I have to admit, that *twice* during the winter, the weather, which had been dull at daybreak, cleared considerably at ten o'clock. I have asserted the reverse as a rule; and this qualification merely offers exception sufficient to prove it. In Devonshire it is a common saying of the Sun, "When he gets up so peart he seldom lasts

* Although very fine, the growth is undoubtedly thick, and has three times demanded the use of scissors. The perruquier showed me the cuttings.

long;" again, I say, let us greet him *when* he "gets up."

CONCESSION 9.—I have to confess that I have taken TEA ten or twelve times, but then I was poring over my Journal, and anxious to dissipate an obtuseness that sometimes prevails with us who are "literary," and to be stimulated to a good evening's penmanship.

Having retired into my private character, I turn again to the water (*for* tea), having lost my excuse for such an excess, and merely reserving the right to drink tea always at ——'s. As to an *occasional* cup, I like it, and I can afford it.

CONCESSION 10.—Pleading the same excuse as for the last offence, I have occasionally (but very rarely) put on my spectacles. I have them on at this moment. Having been writing more than five hours, without intermission, my eyes are fatigued; but when I have completed my unusual task I shall again lay them aside.

CONCESSION 11 —I have written a book—taken out my ink-bottle, and "put my foot in it." I have done this in a reckless and thorough-going manner; and although I have keenly enjoyed the

excitement of the unwonted task, as I did the iced pudding, and have found it in the result decidedly unwholesome; yet (thanks to the water) it has not proved indigestible. If I had but thought that it would have occupied so much time—but never mind. What a happy thing it is that the deluded scribe, while in the heat of his labours, always *thinks* that he is making money. But for this pleasant fancy, how many a butterfly would never “spread its shining wing,” how many an interesting bantling would never come to the birth, or still-born never see the light—(but that is a delicate subject, do n’t mention it.) How many an “elderly,” longing, in his enthusiasm, to advance a good cause—for a consideration; would have shunned to turn himself inside out for the amusement or instruction of his fellows. But let The May Fly “hum its busy lay,” and we shall see whether he bears the germ of reproduction.

There, I have “made a clean breast;” I can find nothing more to confess as number 12, and I’m glad of it, as “there’s luck in odd numbers.”

Now for a little experience:—

Desirous to see what charms I could squeeze out of the last week in November, I went to Malvern. I had heard that the winter at a Water Cure Establishment is the best time for going through the process; and as in all that I have noted down I have gone by experience more than hearsay—"let us see."

Seated in a coupée of my old friend, the Birmingham train, with my "back to the horses," I had the carriage all to myself, like a fine gentleman. I am *compelled* to ride in a first-class carriage, being under petticoat government, and constantly desired to bear in mind that it is matter of history that no *fatal* accident has ever occurred in a first-class carriage (except the *burning* at Versailles). I always regret this compulsion, as I am quite sure that the second class carriages contain the *better* class of travelling companions. On this occasion I had the luxury of being the very last of the train—not even a truck attached to me; and this position has its peculiar advantages. The *speed* has an altogether new aspect, and is full of remarkable and beautiful characteristics. Seated in one corner, I brought my eye *so* to bear upon the rails, that *one* formed a perfectly vertical line; and the radiation

from what seemed a point in the distance, with the swift gliding along the line of the bridges and station-houses, as my fancy-suggested, was a prolonged and quiet amusement. There was nothing to dread, as usual in a rail-road carriage; no whizzing—rushing—crashing sound of an “up-train,” obscuring, for a moment, the light on that side, and making it difficult to feign composure; and yet the speed seemed to me more wonderful—more palpable, for immediately after the first glance of the train, which had been almost in contact, you look again, and it is a furlong off; at least, then slowly diminishing “fine by degrees and beautifully less,” you are sorry to find diversion to other objects. Where a *curve* occurs, it seems to be formed so gradually, so very gracefully, and, of course, is so gentle in the foreground, so sudden in the distance, that it seems to be giving a lesson in the variations of the “line of beauty” for your own especial instruction. Passing through a tunnel, I saw a remarkable effect. A man was walking in the other direction, with a large torch in his hand. He was pacing slowly and deliberately, and as he planted each foot it seemed to *slide* 100 yards at least, and in four steps he was out of sight—an admirable illustration

of seven league boots. The torch, too, gave a lurid and romantic character to the incident, and the smoke from our engine filled the space and put out the speck of light at the farther entrance to the tunnel prematurely.

In another moment we were thus: and it was



amusing to see, frequently, a group of labourers, who were at work upon the line, stepping from either side on to the track of our train, the moment we had passed, and quietly refreshing their hands and resuming their tools.

The tremendous power of this magnificent system was never so felt by me before; nor the associated feelings so full of interest.

Then there were the long, delicate lines of wire, full of *intelligence* at that very moment; by which any thing that occurs in London on Sunday morning, is told at Birmingham on Saturday night! This phenomenon being accounted for by the variation in the Sun's time.

I longed to see an engine advancing towards us on the same line, and was gratified by witnessing the performance of this feat at one of the stations. We were not in motion; and our friend, who had *pulled* hitherto, gave a few puffs, and was off to a considerable distance; then returning, and passing my coupée, I knew he was intending to get upon the same rail. As he advanced, such seemed his fury that I almost doubted his restraining power; nearer and nearer he came on—the monster swelling as if about to burst, just to show me what he *could do*, if ill-disposed; and then, with a smile at my passing idea of being “walked into,” and treated like Hood's “spoiled child,” he made a parade of his exquisite discretion and forbearance, by gradually lessening his speed, until he saluted us with a touch that would have scarcely killed a fly, and said,—What do you think of *that*?

I passed a most delightful week at Malvern, more than fulfilling my sanguine self-assurance, and accomplishing more than I intended.

I found the happy house quite turned inside out. There was "the last rose of summer left blooming" with Mrs. Wilson; "all her lovely companions" not "*faded*" but "gone." She had returned home quite cured—had experienced a slight relapse, and resolved to get back to Malvern for the winter, to "make assurance doubly sure."

Now of the November weather. I had three successive days of glorious, bright, sunny weather, just varied enough to make keen the sense of such good fortune. Having done my sketches, and through the kind attention of the poor woman who had charge of Peachfield Lodge (the late Dowager Lady Lytton's house), finished at leisure my general view of the hills, I had an exhibition such as I had earnestly longed to see, but had never witnessed—a day of tempest, and hurricane, and whirlwind. As I mounted the Beacon to grapple with it, I with great difficulty stood my ground, and was several times fairly turned round in a whirlwind; but when I reached the summit, it was awfully grand. I thought my coat would be torn

to shreds; with my cap in hand, I remained there half an hour, sometimes enveloped in the cloud, and then in bright sunshine for a moment: but little was to be seen around—the rushing sound, the gathering gusts of wind were tremendous; to get upon my old friend, the turf pyramid, was impossible. When I got back, I found that there had been great fears of mischief and damage: but little occurred.

On the following day I had (as if it was all arranged *for me*) a splendid day of great varieties of effect. Before sunrise, on the terrace walk by St. Anne's, I carefully drew a splendid effect, the harbinger of a brilliant day: long lines of mist were stretched along the plain, soon to be dissipated by the sun, which gave golden promise. Even without the glorious colours—the bright blue melting into yellow, the red and orange brilliancy in close contrast with the cold *neutral* grey of the clouds, and the rich variety of intermingled tints—the *forms* alone, in their exquisite gracefulness and *balance*, might seem the result of the elaborate *arrangement* of some great artist. Such scenes as this are the greetings of the early riser.

While busy with my pencil, I was startled by a

1885-1886





few sharp stinging salutations on my drawing hand, and the report of a gun. I had seen two very young gentlemen with their dangerous playthings; and now, turning quickly, I made towards one whom I supposed my assailant, with,—“I say, young gentleman, that is rather too good a joke:” but he propitiated me by assuring me that “indeed” it was “the other boy,” and pointing down the deep ravine, where I could by no means reach him, although his ugly shot had reached *me*.

During the whole morning the wind was still prevailing, but the sun brilliant, and such fanciful exhibitions of gorgeous skies, that I thought, had I been an artist, I could have painted fifty, any one of which would have been surpassing in colour and forms.

Then came a day of doubtful mysterious character. Bardon told me at five that it was raining. When I got out at seven it was splendid, and so on till eleven. There *had* been rain; and, desiring to go in search of an old elm, I got into a lane which was unequivocally muddy. Looking a-head, and determined to make the best of it, I passed that swamp, and achieved the distant dry patch which I had kept in my eye; but then—I found the next

stage impassable, and returned crest-fallen to take the beaten road, resolving to profit by the lesson, "Long lanes" entail a "turning," in November. However, I attained my object.

On the following morning I mounted to the Beacon to see the sun rise, and it was well worth the trouble even had the path been affected by the late rains; but not so,—it was a keen delicious frost, the mossy turf crisp and crackling under the feet, and the only visible disturbance of the clear bright atmosphere was the glowing breath that was exhaled by me.

The next day was positively characteristic of November. I need not enter into detail. Still I had, and enjoyed, the early walk; and, having groomed myself and had breakfast, I thought how remarkable is my uniform good fortune. This day, now, is precisely what I ought to have desired. I had two drawings to do, which to neglect would have been mortifying and ungrateful. How fortunate that I had no temptation to go out, and how doubly fortunate that my two sitters would have double patience for the same reason. I could say ten times more of the weather, but really I think I have, in my enthusiasm for the peculiar charms and

advantages of every kind of weather in our delicious varied climate, been a bore already. I *will* however tell that I drove from Malvern in full sunshine, and a genial though fresh cold morning.

I was glad to hear that the Doctor had bought some valuable ground, and is about to build a new house, to be the most complete establishment known, with sixty bed-rooms and sitting-rooms, splendid baths, with abundant supply from the purest Malvern springs. The chief dining-room will contain two hundred guests; it is seventy-five feet by thirty; and drawing-room to match; a large swimming-bath; gymnastic and billiard-rooms; covered walks for wet weather, and every appliance for the more delicate invalids. The site is near the Abbey, which shelters the house from the direct north wind.

Now of the question between summer and winter at the Water Cure. It is a good idea of Dr W.'s, "Find yourself nearly well by the spring, that you may have then to *complete*, not *commence* your cure;" but I will speak of it simply as a matter of luxury. There is no *hardship* in the winter that one would not thankfully undergo in being washed of our ailments. I confess then, that

I think it a trial of resolution to *commence* it in the winter. Situated as I was, it was delightful. The evenings devoted to music and the charms of the fireside; and, moreover, I had been initiated—had learned to look to the entrance of Bardon with his coil of linen as a luxury: but had I been a *patient*, with all the inexperience of what could be done in the autumn, I fear I should not have fully acquiesced in it as a pleasure—the being packed at candle-light; the long dark evenings (not enlivened by any artificial lighting as in towns, and rendering the walks dangerous as well as cheerless) being passed at home, except when the moon presides. To be sure there are billiards, chess, gymnastic tools; and there is the *hope* of finding, as I did on this last occasion, agreeable society among the patients; but it is not like the summer experience, when the day is fully occupied by the alternations of bathing and walking, and when the evenings' exercise extends to within an hour of bed time. I think the very best times to commence are spring and autumn; and am *sure* that, having so commenced and learned to enjoy the processes, it is above all advisable to keep it up through the whole winter, for I know that there are strong reasons in favour of the unanimous

opinion of the authorities, that the cure *proceeds* most surely in the winter. *And many like it better.*

On this day of going to press, the *First Anniversary* of my journey to Malvern, I cannot forbear to quote a case which I have close at heart, and which occurs just in time to give me the pleasure of recording it. A lady, a near relative of mine, reduced to the lowest state of nervous exhaustion, who, when she ventured to leave her home, went in dread of meeting even her dearest friends, and whose sufferings were most severe; who, after a long course of medical treatment, "was nothing better, but rather grew worse," had been anxiously urged by me to go to Dr. Wilson. Not summoning courage to face him, she yet went to Malvern, determined to try the air and the water of the place, and in the hope that rest and regularity of diet, &c., would benefit her. Having been there a fortnight, and her debility and nervous symptoms increasing, she appealed to the Doctor in dread and despair.

After three days of gentle Water Cure Treatment, the scene was changed—the worst symptoms rapidly disappeared; she could smile, and walk, and talk, and experienced not only the soothing and tranquillizing influence of the *wet sheet*, but that

exhilaration and confidence that resulted from the annihilation of all her fears and misgivings.

On the Doctor's third or fourth visit, the patient, like a person awaking from a horrid dream, and asking what she had been doing, said to her maid, "Count how many phials I have emptied in the last four months." "Forty dozen, ma'am."

In eight days she, who had been too sensitive to speak, even to her relations—who shrunk from the very mention of cold water, and who was scared to terror by the consciousness that she breathed the same air as Dr. Wilson, wrote to me from the Doctor's house (in which she was domesticated), that she felt "wickedly disposed;" that she had been teasing the Doctor; that when she could n't reply to some question of his *for laughing*, she was delighted to be suspected of an hysterical affection; that she intended to practice upon her pet maid, the cat, and the cook; in short, she gave sure evidence of a return to the light and happy spirit which had only been quelled by long-continued and gathering illness, and by the troubles of the heart. It is thus, that all the groundless apprehensions respecting the danger and discomforts of the Water Cure are dispelled: it is thus

that, with alacrity, our nature bounds in quick response to the influence that involves emancipation from "the evils of an artificial existence," and that excites to merriment by the *foretaste* of health and peace.

At this time, also, the *life* of a lady, an intimate friend of mine, has been saved by the action of cold wet sheets, with cold wet towels to the head; by which, a dreadful inflammation of the brain—with raving delirium, was subdued "like magic." In one hour she smiled, with returning consciousness, and with peace and ease. Thus, without the lancet—without any process that could weaken or distress her already enfeebled frame, has a most valuable life been preserved.

Upon the subject of hydropathic doings *at home* in the winter, I have promised a few words:—

Although it is allowed by all Water Doctors, to raise the temperature of the water for bathing to 60 deg. Fah., I have never "mixed my liquors." Why should I use tepid water, when with me the re-action is immediate, the glow even before friction? I have so entirely enjoyed the bath, in the coldest mornings, that rather than put warm

water to it, I would have *iced* it. It is no exaggeration to assert that I have never on any occasion shrunk from the first dip: I have still gone to the bath as an unqualified luxury. The Sitz, too, I have had quite cold, but have not remained in it more than three or four minutes in the severe weather.

To test the efficacy of this bath, it is not a necessary qualification to go through a course of the Water Treatment; nor (as I believe) to obtain a medical certificate of its innocence, as an occasional resort, in any state of body.

Bearing in mind, that it is not to be indulged in soon after meals, this luxurious appendage to a dressing-room may be safely used in any of the following cases:—

In sultry weather, where indolence seems the only resource, a Sitz of five or ten minutes at noon will suffice to protect against the enervating effect of heat, and to rouse from listlessness and inactivity.

If two or three hours have been occupied by anxious conversation, by many visitors, or by any of the troubles and perplexities of daily occurrence, a retirement to the dressing-room, and a quiet Sitz, will effectually relieve the throbbing head, and fit

one for a return (if it must be so) to the turmoil and bustle.

When it has been impossible to take the accustomed exercise before dinner—when great exertion of mind, and close application to writing, or any other sedentary occupation, has been allowed to absorb the time, and engross the faculties—a Sitz of five minutes, preceded by a glass of water, and sponging the head and face, will *seem*, by its refreshing and invigorating action, to supply the lack of exercise and fresh air; and by a strange, though striking and undeniable agency, if too much fatigue in the open air has induced that painful exhaustion which incapacitates for home duties or comforts, and we feel that nothing can recruit Nature but a couch or an easy chair, the alternative of the Sitz is a never-failing and luxurious reviver.

If an anxious letter is to be mentally and maturely weighed, or an important letter to be answered, the matter and the manner can be under no circumstances so adequately pondered as in the Sitz. How this quickening of the faculties is engendered, and by what immediate action upon the brain it is produced, I cannot explain. I give my experience, and invite others to test it by practice.

I have before remarked, that if, restless and unable to sleep at night, a Sitz of one minute be indulged in, the result will probably be a sound and healthy nap.

In the coldest weather, it is most remarkable that the quick re-action after the Sitz (helped of course by the use of coarse towels) produces a glow that is imparted to the whole frame, and begets sympathetic energy and activity.

I forget whether I have noted, that when sitting in the bath, the hand should be used (though not incessantly) in rubbing gently the surface of the skin.

I have noticed a few cases in which the influence of the Sitz produces *temporary* results of the most grateful and salutary kind. For the more substantial and profound effects of this bath, which (as Dr Wilson says) are experienced by frequent, habitual repetition, and which have duly exalted it as one of the most important agents of the Water Cure, I refer to the Doctor, and to the many disquisitions upon its manifold virtues. My own experience has constituted the Sitz an invaluable friend; although I am not qualified to tell in what degree I am indebted to that particular process for

the perfect health of body with which the "harmonious whole" has blessed me.

I repeat here the saying of a patient, who fully appreciated the habitual use of the bath, and called it "HATCHING HEALTH."

I have not reduced the quantity of my drinkings, having acquired a taste for my established quantum, and the habit of drinking at least a pint before I start for the morning's walk.

But of the EARLY WALK—my hacknied subject—I must give a last word as a vent to my estimate of the exhilaration which is so delightful as a preparation for the daily work.

When the habit has been established, it will happen, with us who feel the value of time, that some resolution will be formed to cut short the accustomed distance. We have anxious occupation for the day, or pressing engagements for which there is barely time; there is a necessity for more than usual exertion *during* the day, or we are *rather late*. These are the prudent suggestions of a well regulated mind; but when, starting for the *curtailed* walk, we feel the influence of the morning breeze, the good intention grows weaker and

weaker—until, having thrown the resolution to the winds, that they may fight it out together, depend upon it the resolution gets the worst of it. The mind assumes a higher tone, and discards the narrow thought, born of the night, and of the half awakened fancy.

If the early walker be of the “restless, striving, brotherhood,” of literary life, he will soon be careful not to forget his tablets. Experience will tell him to look back upon the emanations of the fresh and buoyant fancy, noted down at such times, as taking the lead amidst the manifold results of his mental labours, and giving a glow of health, and a happy and humanizing tone to all the rest.

No enthusiasm in a good and wholesome, though selfish, cause, was ever more thoroughly and successfully sustained, than my joyous perseverance in the early walk through this winter; and I may safely attribute to this good beginning of every day the enjoyment of that tone of body which has *never felt the cold*.

Of the power too which my frame has “gathered about it, wholly unknown before,” I may indulge a boast, having walked more than seven miles the first week in January to an early breakfast, without

the slightest fatigue, and of course without any food; if I except the fact, that, having advanced five miles, and making for a pump that hove in sight, I was diverted by the sound of clinking tin cans close to me, and so took in *milk* instead of water.

I could, however, give evidence of growth of muscle, and still increasing strength, having, in the last month, far exceeded the distance that I have quoted above; but I will positively dismiss the subject, with two items of experience which tell of the enjoyment of winter's weather, and with a summary and unqualified profession that my daily routine constitutes a life of luxury—the luxury of laborious and varied occupation and strict expenditure of time, with that capacity for exertion that involves the full enjoyment of life.

One morning, after a fall of snow, which followed upon a hard frost, giving to the branches the character of frosted silver, and weighing down the slender twigs of the maythorn as if with full blossom, I saw at the bottom of the hill that *one* sensible person had been there before me.

The foot print was the mark of a West End boot, and the wearer had stepped out with a firm-

ness that showed decision of character. There was no hesitation, and evidently no intention to stop short of the summit; nor had he taken long strides, as if desirous to get over a disagreeable self-imposed task. On he had walked in full enjoyment; and, following my leader, I paced round the table-top of the hill, where yet his was the only other foot mark; then, delaying a reasonable time, to be on equal terms with my friend, I accompanied his homeward step. He had no *corns*.

Arriving at the Park, there was a confused arrangement of marks of a different character. She had evidently waited (not long) for him who now modified his pace to that of his companion; and, by his side, close to him, and exactly keeping step, "still they went coupled and inseparable," to breakfast. The new foot was the perfection of delicacy; the boot—"channel soled." It was a shame and a sin to think of obliterating the mark; *I* could not do it, so kept clear. Well, never mind—I had found more than my match for once. No one had come to meet *me*,—but never mind.

Again,—on a boisterous frosty morning in the last week of December, after the coldest of baths, and with a pint and half of water battened up within me,

I started off at break of day: the wind so brisk that it bore along the small crisp particles of snow and sleet, like frozen foam, *horizontally*. There was I, without great coat or umbrella, meeting its headlong violence, as pelting in my face it glanced off at a stinging touch.

Entering the park, I was aware, by the biting wind, that I had by mistake put on summer trowsers. If you come to that, said I, the point is soon settled—two can play at that game; and a slightly accelerated speed brought the glow to the surface. What did I want of warm clothing: the blessed lamp of health was well fed and burning within me? I never in my life more thoroughly enjoyed happy and humanizing cogitations than during the three miles so paced. For a few minutes, as the wind prevailed even beyond its bent, the sound peppering made the nose ache, whose warm glow was speedily diffused to the tingling face. It was a merry, romping, capering game. As the wind prevailed in sudden gusts, and fairly whirled me about, and sent me on another tack, it was delicious to turn and face it, and shout again with delight at Dickens's description of a head wind. I was better off than the American packet, "with fifteen thousand Samp-

sons in one, bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempted to advance an inch."* *I* had the firm gravel path on which to plant my feelers; and the ship having *something* to hold, was better off than a balloon! But the *sleet* had no more chance than Mr. Green's *bubble* of battling against the wind, so made the best of it, and went along in company on friendly terms. When, fairly beaten at a turn of the path, and careering *with* the wind, at the top of my speed—and again about, and braving it, hot with the contest—how often it seemed to cry, There's for you!—take that!—and now—another!

I have before remarked how refreshing it is, when glowing with exercise, to receive the small rain or sleet, on the face, or bare head. No external *radiated* warmth will produce this effect; it is the *inward* glow coming to the surface, and rejoicing to be for the moment checked—hugging itself in the confidence of having an abundant reserve of power ready to carry on the game.

It was no bad confirmation of my appreciation of the enjoyment of that morning, when, at ten o'clock, the ungovernable elements, of their own

* American Notes, chap. 2.

accord, rested from their sport, and subsided to a quiet, indolent, fall of snow; whose lazy, fat, and lumpy particles had scarcely energy enough to elbow each other, and none to resent the insult. The wind had exhausted its spirits, *getting up* so early. Nothing was ever so deliberate as the cautious deportment of the large feathery flakes; fearful of hurting themselves or the chimneys, they paused,—stepped gently over them, and, meeting a lull on the other side, yielded to their spent energies; until fairly exhausted, they stooped, and, alighting upon any thing, careless of all but rest, and too tired to move—there they stuck; self-committed to mother earth—their time was come.

Not so my book. Conceived in merriment and thankfulness; and sufficiently advanced in growth to show that it is not a result of parental heedlessness, and premature birth; its full habit has been brought on by activity and healthful airs. Deliberate it *is*, but neither indolent nor tired; nor in any fear of hurting itself by journeys, however long and venturesome.

If the effort to keep moving has been evident in repetitions, or has resulted in tediousness, let

me plead, that “were I as tedious as a King, I would bestow it *all*” on my *subject*.

If, in the warmth of an unskilled advocate, I have been hurried on to indiscretion, “My masters” will “not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve,—that I am an ass.”

If any Malvern friend whom I have *elbowed*, should consider himself unfairly jostled, and “if a merry *meeting* may be wished,—Heaven prohibit it.”

I “have committed” *no* “false report :” “Moreover,” I “have spoken” *no* “untruths ;” “Secondarily,” I am *no* “slander ;” “Sixthly, and lastly,” I “have belied” *no* “lady ;” “Thirdly,” I have *not* “verified unjust things ;” “and, to conclude,” kind reader, “I wish you well—Heaven restore you to health !—I humbly give you leave to depart !”



May, 1846.

A CATALOGUE OF NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS

PRINTED FOR
MESSRS. LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
LONDON.

CLASSIFIED INDEX.

AGRICULTURE & RURAL AFFAIRS.

	Pages
Baydon on Valuing Rents, &c.	6
Crocker's Land Surveying	9
Day's Agricultural Chemistry	9
Greenwood's (Col.) Tree-Letter	12
Johnson's Farmer's Encyclopedia	15
London's Encyclopedia of Agriculture	18
" Self-Instruction for Farmers, &c.	17
" (Mrs.) Lady's Country Companion	17
Low's Breeds of the Domesticated Animals of Great Britain	19
" Elements of Agriculture	19
" On Landed Property	18
" On the Domesticated Animals	18
Whitley's Agricultural Geology	32

ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND ARCHITECTURE.

Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art	6
Budge's Miner's Guide	7
De Burtin on the Knowledge of Pictures	9
Eastlake's History of Oil Painting	10
Gruner's Decorations of the Queen's Pavilion	12
Gwilt's Encyclopedia of Architecture	12
Haydon's Lectures on Painting & Design	13
Holland's Manufactures in Metal	13
Lerebours On Photography	17
London's Encyclopedia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture and Furniture	18
Maitland's Churches in the Catacombs	20
Porter's Manufacture of Silk	21
" Porcelain & Glass	21
Reid Dr. on Warming and Ventilating	25
Stevens Engine (The), by the Artisan Club	5
Urie's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines	31

BIOGRAPHY.

Arkin's Life of Addison	5
Bell's Lives of the British Poets	6
Dover's Life of the King of Prussia	10
Dunham's Early Writers of Britain	10
" Lives of the British Dramatists	10
Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England	11
Graig's Lives of the most Eminent British Military Commanders	11
Griest Mrs. Memoir and Correspondence	11
James's Life of the Black Prince	15
" Eminent Foreign Statesmen	15
L'Estrange's (M.) Life of Dost Mahomed	21
Leshe's Life of Constable	17
Life of a Travelling Physician	17
Mackintosh's Life of Sir T. Moore	19
Maunder's Biographical Treasury	21
Mignet's Antonio Perez and Philip II.	21
Robert's Life of the Duke of Monmouth	25
Roscoe's Lives of Eminent British Lawyers	25
Russell's Bedford Correspondence	26
Shelley's Eminent Literary Men of Italy, &c.	27
" Eminent French Writers	27

	Pages
Southey's Lives of the British Admirals	28
" Life of Wesley	28
Townsend's Lives of Twelve eminent Judges	30
Waterton's Autobiography and Essays	31

BOOKS OF GENERAL UTILITY.

Arton's (Eliza) Cookery Book	5
Black's Treatise on Brewing	6
" Supplement on Bavarian Beer	6
Collegian's Guide	8
Domegan's Domestic Economy	10
Hand-Book of Taste	12
Hints on Etiquette	13
Hudson's Parent's Hand-Book	14
" Executor's Guide	14
" On Making Wills	14
London's Self Instruction	17
Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge	20
" Scientific and Literary Treasury	21
" Treasury of History	21
" Biographical Treasury	21
" Universal Class-Book	21
Parke's Domestic Duties	23
Pycroft's Course of English Reading	24
Riddle's Eng.-Lat. and Lat.-Eng. Dict.	25
Robinson's Art of Curing, Pickling, &c.	25
Short Whist	27
Thomson's Management of Sick Room	30
" Interest Tables	30
Tomlin's Law Dictionary	30
Webster's Encycl. of Domestic Economy	31

BOTANY AND GARDENING.

Abercrombie's Practical Gardener	5
" and Main's Gardener's Companion	5
Calcott's Scripture Herbal	7
Conversations on Botany	8
Drummond's First Steps to Botany	10
Glendinning On the Fine Apple	11
Greenwood's (Col.) Tree-Letter	12
Grimbold's William III. and Louis XIV.	12
Henslow's Botany	13
Hoare On the Grape Vine on Open Walls	13
" On the Roots of Vines	13
Hooker's British Flora	13
" and Taylor's Muscologia Britannica	13
Jackson's Pictorial Flora	15
Lindley's Theory of Horticulture	17
" Orchard and Kitchen Garden	17
" Introduction to Botany	17
" Flora Medica	17
" Synopsis of British Flora	17
London's Hortus Britannicus	18
" Hortus Lignosus Londinensis	18
" Encyclopedia of Trees & Shrubs	18
" Gardening	18
" Plants	18
" Suburban Gardener	18
" Self-Instruction for Gardeners, &c.	17
Repton's Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture	24

	Pages		Pages		
Rivers's Rose Amateur's Guide	25	Mignet's Antonin Perez and Philip II.	21		
Rogers's Vegetable Cultivator	25	Milner's Church History	21		
Schleiden's Scientific Botany	26	Moore's History of Ireland	21		
Smith's Introduction to Botany	27	Moshem's Ecclesiastical History	22		
" English Flora	27	Müller's Mythology	22		
" Compendium of English Flora	27	Nicolas's Chronology of History	23		
CHRONOLOGY.					
Blair's Chronological Tables	6	Ranke's History of the Reformation	24		
Calendar (Illuminated) and Diary	15	Roberts's Rebellion, etc. of the Duke of Monmouth	25		
Nicolas's Chronology of History	23	Rome, History of	25		
Riddle's Ecclesiastical Chronology	25	Russell's Correspondence of the Duke of Bedford	6		
Tate's Horatius Restitutus	29	Scott's History of Scotland	26		
COMMERCE AND MERCANTILE AFFAIRS.					
Gilbart On Banking	11	Stebbing's History of the Christian Church	28		
Lorimer's Letters to a Master Mariner	17	" History of the Reformation	28		
McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce	19	" Church History	28		
Steel's Shipmaster's Assistant	28	Switzerland, History of	29		
Thomson's Tables of Interest	30	Sydney Smith's Works	27		
Walford's Customs' Laws	31	Thirlwall's History of Greece	29		
GEOGRAPHY AND ATLASES.					
Butler's Sketch of Ancient and Modern Geography	7	Touke's History of Prices	30		
" Atlas of Modern Geography	7	Turner's History of England	30		
" Ancient Geography	7	Tytler's Elements of General History	31		
Cooley's World Surveyed	8	Zumpt's Latin Grammar	32		
De Strzelecki's New South Wales	9	JUVENILE BOOKS,			
Forster's Historical Geography of Arabia	11	<i>Including Mrs. Marcet's Works.</i>			
Hall's New General Atlas	12	Boy's (the) Own Book	6		8
McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary	19	Conscience's Flemish Sketches	8		13
Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography	22	Dawes's Tales of the N. American Indians	13		14
Ordnance Maps, and Publications of the Geological Society	23	Howitt's Boy's Country Book	14		19
Parrot's Ascent of Mount Ararat	8	Mackintosh's Life of Sir T. More	19		20
HISTORY AND CRITICISM.					
Adair's (Sir R.) Mission to Vienna	5	Marcet's Conversations— On the History of England	20		20
" Negotiations for the Peace of the Dardanelles	5	On Chemistry	20		20
Addison's History of the Knights Templars	5	On Natural Philosophy	20		20
Bell's History of Russia	6	On Political Economy	20		20
Blair's Chron. and Historical Tables	6	On Vegetable Physiology	20		20
Bloomfield's Translation of Thucydides	6	On Land and Water	20		20
" Edition of Thucydides	6	On Language	20		20
Bunsen's Egypt	7	Marcet's Game of Grammar	20		20
Cooley's Maritime and Inland Discovery	8	" Will's Grammar	20		20
Croce's History of France	9	" Lessons on Animals, etc.	20		20
Dahlmann's English Revolution	9	Marryat's Masterman Ready	20		20
De Sismondi's Fall of the Roman Empire	9	" Settlers in Canada	20		20
" Italian Republics	9	" Mission; or, Scenes in Africa	20		21
Dunham's History of Spain and Portugal	10	Mauder's Universal Class Book	21		24
" Europe in the Middle Ages	10	Pycroft's (the Rev. J.), English Reading	24		24
" History of the German Empire	10	MEDICINE.			
" Denmark, Sweden, and Norway	10	Bull's Hints to Mothers	7		7
" History of Poland	10	" Management of Children	7		8
Dunlop's History of Fiction	10	Copland's Dictionary of Medicine	8		10
Eccleston's English Antiquities	10	Elliotson's Human Physiology	10		13
Fergus's History of United States of America	10	Holland's Medical Notes	13		17
Grant (Mrs.) Memoir and Correspondence	11	Lefevre (Sir Geo.) on the Nerves	17		23
Grattan's History of Netherlands	11	Percira On Food and Diet	23		21
Gaiccardin's Hist. Maxims	12	Reece's Medical Guide	21		26
Haisted's Life of Richard III.	12	Sandby On Mesmerism	26		32
Haydon's Lectures on Painting and Design	13	Wigan (Dr.) On Insanity	32		32
Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages	13	MISCELLANEOUS			
Horsley's (Bp.) Biblical Criticism	14	Adshrad on Prisons and Prisoners	5		7
Jeffrey's (Lord) Contributions to the Edinburgh Review	15	Bray's Philosophy of Necessity	7		8
Eightley's Outlines of History	15	Clavers's Forest Life	8		8
Lang's Kings of Norway	16	Cocks's Bordeaux, etc.	8		8
Lemprère's Classical Dictionary	17	Collegium's Guide	8		9
Macaulay's Essays	19	Colton's Læcon	8		9
Mackinnon's History of Civilisation	19	De Bartin On the Knowledge of Pictures	9		9
Mackintosh's History of England	19	De Morgan On Probabilities	9		9
" Miscellaneous Works	19	De Strzelecki's New South Wales	9		10
McCulloch's Dictionary, Historical, Geo- graphical, and Statistical	19	Dunlop's History of Fiction	10		11
Mauder's Treasury of History	21	Good's Book of Nature	11		11
		Graham's English	11		12
		Grant's Letters from the Mountains	11		12
		Guest's Malinquinog	12		13
		Hand-Book of Taste	12		14
		Hobbes's (Thos.) Complete Works	13		14
		Howitt's Rural Life of England	14		11
		" Visits to Remarkable Places	11		11
		" Student-Life of Germany	11		11

	Pages
Howitt's Rural and Social Life of Germany	14
" Civilisation and Christianity	14
Humphreys' Illuminated Books	15
Illuminated Calendar and Diary for 1845	15
Jetty's Four Contributions to the Edinburgh Review	15
Jones's Life of the Water Cure	16
Lectre, Sr. Geo., On the Nerves	17
Life of a Travelling Physician	17
London's Mrs. Lady's Country Companion	17
Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays	19
Mackintosh's (Sir J.) Miscellaneous Works	19
Michelet's Priests, Women, and Families	21
" The People	21
Müller's Mythology	22
Necker De Saussure's Progressive Education	22
Perry On German University Education	23
Peter Plinney's Letters	24
Perry's English Reading	24
Rawton's Debater	26
Sandby On Mesmerism	26
Sandford's Parochialist	26
Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck	26
Smith's (Rev. Sydney) Works	27
Smith's Common Place Book	28
Taylor's Statesman	29
Walker's Chess Studies	31
Welford On Language	32
Wigan (Dr.) On Insanity	32
Willoughby's (Lady) Diary	32
Zumpt's Latin Grammar	32

NATURAL HISTORY IN GENERAL.

Cuvier's Popular Conchology	7
Dowdell's Butterflies and Moths	10
Drummond's Letters to a Naturalist	10
Gray's Figures of Molluscan Animals	12
" Mammalia	12
" and Mitchell's Ornithology	12
Kirby and Spence's Entomology	16
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